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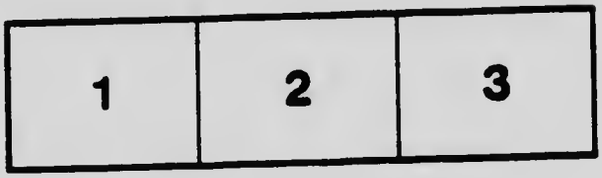

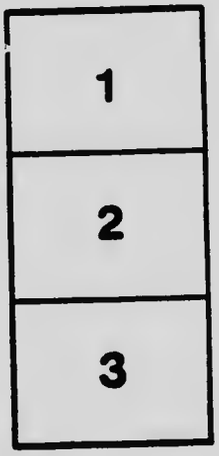

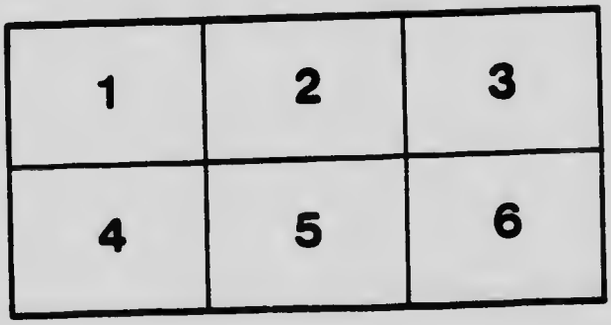

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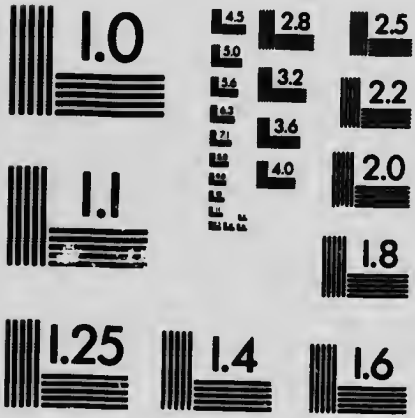

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THE

NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

BY

CHARLES E. WHITING

Second Reader

Authorized for use in the Schools of New Brunswick

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

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THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC COURSE

Its Inspiration As the literature of the world is the flower of its folk-lore, so music — the great tone-poems of the masters, is the florescence of folk-song. As true appreciation of what is excellent in literature is possible only with knowledge of the folk-lore in which it is rooted, so a just appreciation of what is excellent in music, is possible only through familiarity with the folk-songs which have forerun and typified the larger and more complex compositions. Sprung many of them from undiscovered sources, living for hundreds of years on the lips of the people, passing from generation to generation and voicing each to the next its tenderest and most sublime emotions, they stand to us as more than song, more than story, — a veritable artery of emotional life and feeling pulsing in unbroken rhythm from the earliest times to the present day.

Its Pedagogy As the development of the child follows the development of the race, so his development in music should follow its development in the race. The New Public School Music Course is based upon this fundamental principle of education. The folk-song is its key-note, its *motif* and its theme. Upon the folk-song it stands, an earnest effort to lead the children in song to the heritage of the ages which is rightfully theirs.

Its Material Many of the melodies were obtained by the author and others directly from the peoples by whom they were developed and sung, carefully reduced to writing at the time and subsequently verified. Others, ornamented and used as themes by the masters, have been followed toward their source, divested of that which was not theirs in the mouths of the people, and restored to their former simplicity of tune and time. Still others stand as they have stood since the memory of man.

Its Arrangement The aim to differentiate in the minds of the pupils that which is cultural from that which is purely technical, the former material has been grouped as Songs and the latter as Exercises. As accuracy and fluency in sight-reading depend upon the singer's working knowledge of the tonic relation of tones known as movable dō, and as the success of movable dō depends upon constant change of key, the Songs and Exercises have been set in key-rotation rather than in key-chapters, thus securing the advantage of continual change with the convenience of consecutive study,— by page and title in the Songs, and by number in the Exercises. The pedant looking for the development of all possible difficulties in melody and rhythm will note with regret the absence of exercises in the more unusual varieties of measure, of certain accidentals such as flat-five, seldom met with in song except in exercises mechanically constructed expressly for introduction into school music readers, of some keys in the minor mode, and other problems incident to an exhaustive treatment of sight-song.

The educator, however, interested in the development of the child rather than in the elaboration of sequence, will commend their careful exclusion. If the child is to love to sing, he must be given songs not newly written for the purpose and whose enduring worth is yet unknown, but songs whose age-cherished existence has delighted the ear and inspired the tongue of succeeding generations; and if he is to acquire fluency in reading, the few minutes a day allotted to the subject must be devoted exclusively to such problems as are essential to his progress within the limits established by circumstance and environment. For convenience when many or all divisions of a school are gathered for opening exercises or on other occasions demanding united effort in song, the patriotic selections have been grouped as Assembly Selections and appear in all the books of the series identical in melody, rhythm, harmony, text, title and pagination, an arrangement the advantages of which are manifest. The several books will be found free from cues to pupils, scale diagrams, development exercises, instructions to teachers, and all matter more properly belonging to a Teachers' Manual.

Its Application The Supervisor will observe that no attempt has been made in the books to force upon his teachers a method of instruction which may or may not coincide with that which his personal experience has developed and successfully established in the schools whose conditions have been to him a life-study, and whose needs no other can know so well. The New Public School Music Course is not a method of instruction but a collection of original and selected, properly graded, and conveniently bound material, intended for use as follows: In schools under music supervision, in connection with the methods already established by the supervisor in charge. In graded schools without music supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Graded Schools. In ungraded schools without supervision, in connection with a Teachers' Manual for Ungraded Schools.

Its Readers The First Reader assumes on the part of the pupils a sight-reading knowledge of all combinations of the tones of the diatonic major scale in the several keys, and of measure up to and including the equal division of the beat The Second Reader includes songs and exercises embracing the fractional division of the beat, a more extended use of accidentals, the minor mode, and two-part song. The Third Reader involves the sub-fractional division of the beat, a more remote approach of accidentals, an extension of the minor mode, and greater freedom of voice in the continuation of two-part song. The Fourth Reader introduces three-part song, which in the Fifth, with its two editions, the G Clef edition for girls' schools and the F Clef edition for boys' schools and mixed schools, affords the largest possible opportunity for real interpretive work.

All the Songs and Exercises in this Series of Music Readers, except when some Composer's name is given, have been composed and are owned by the Author.

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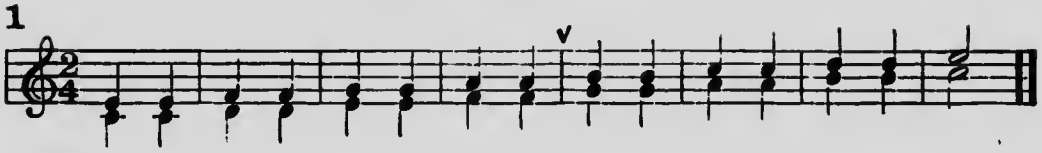

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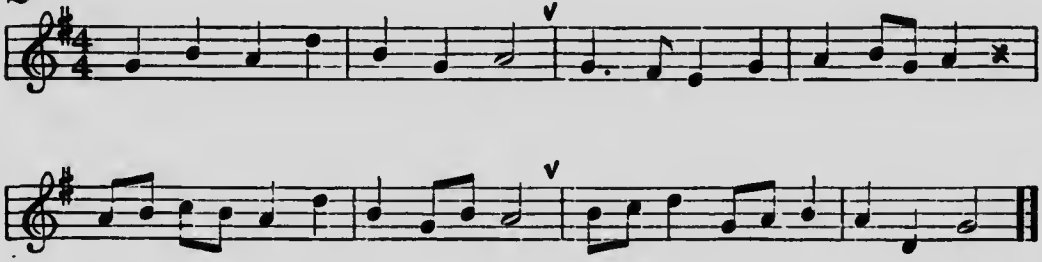

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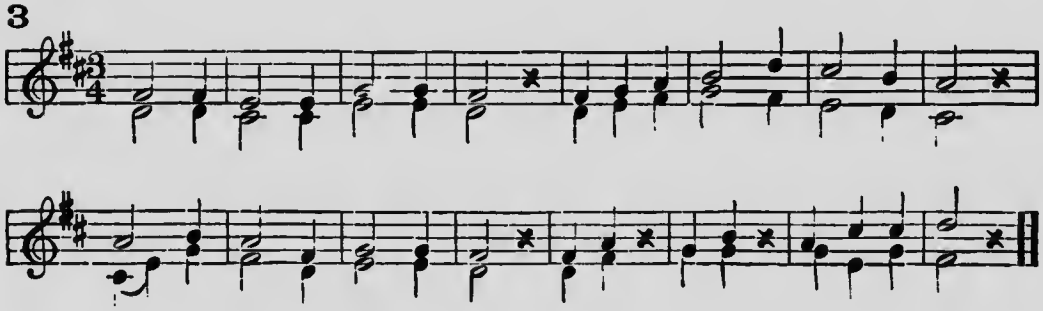

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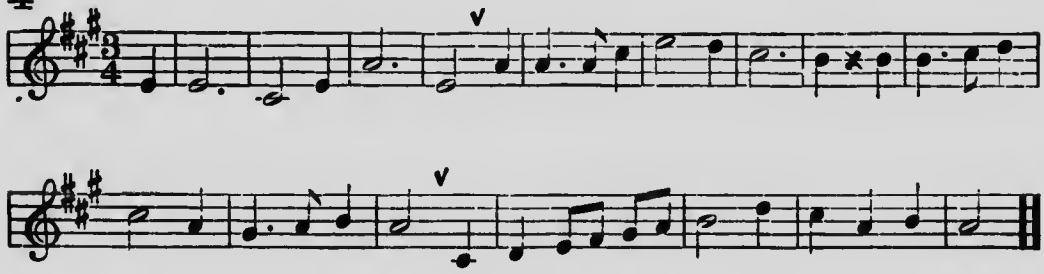

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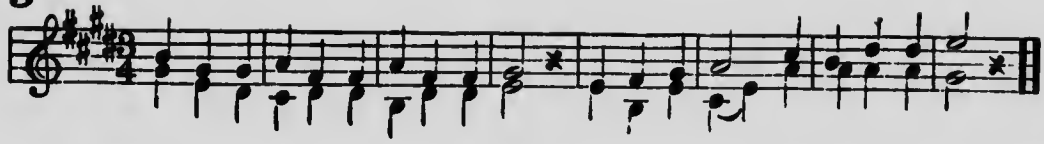

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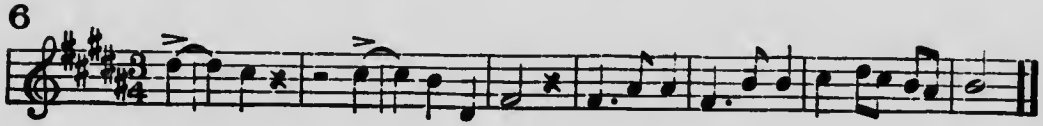

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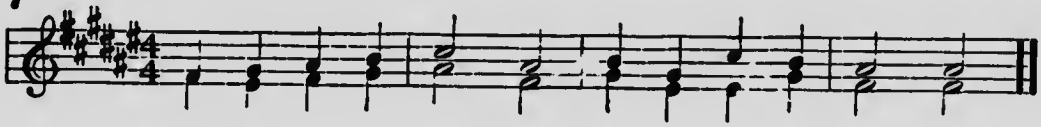

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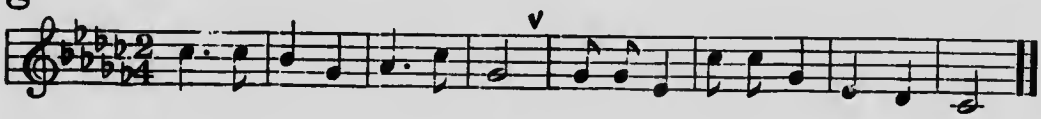

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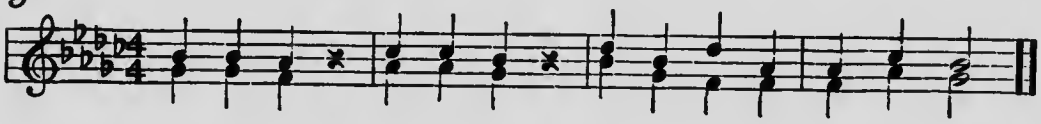

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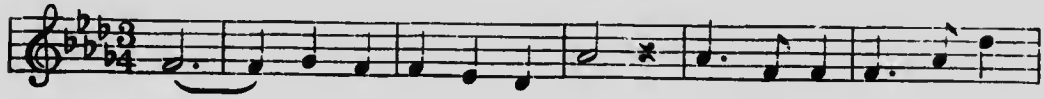

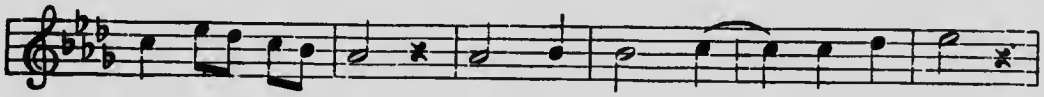

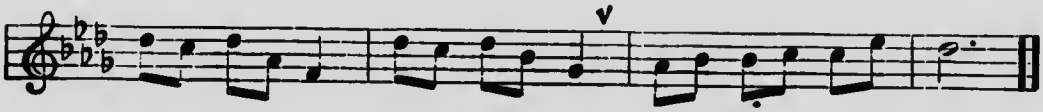

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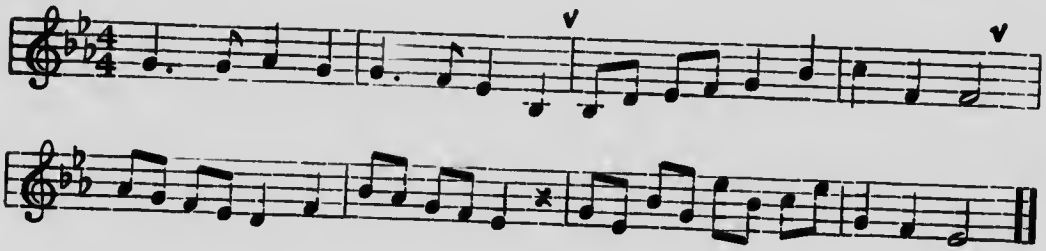

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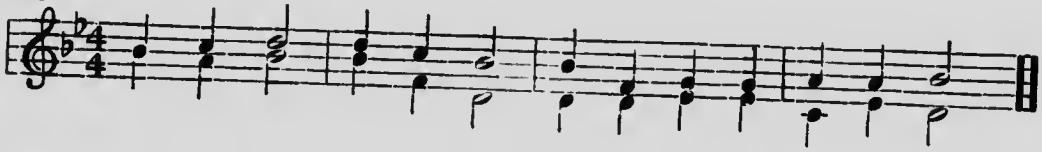

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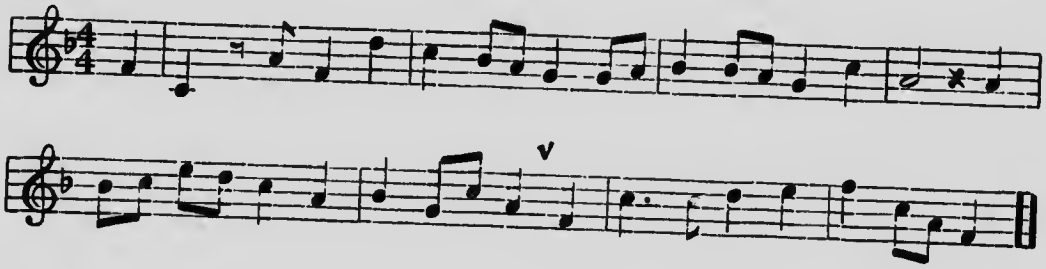

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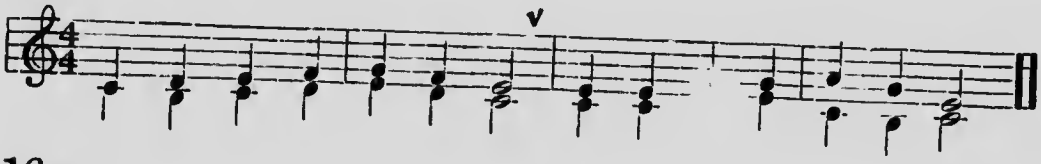

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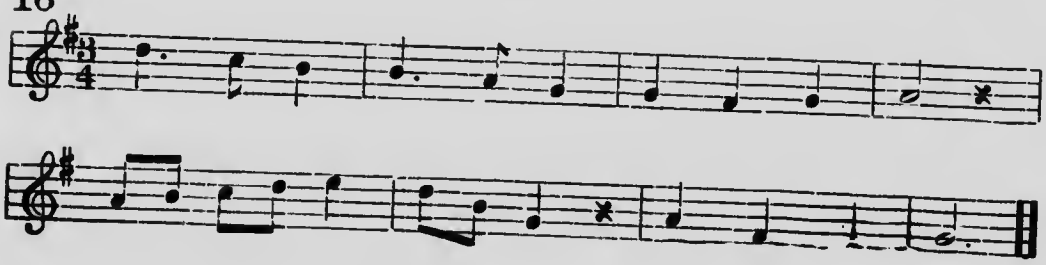

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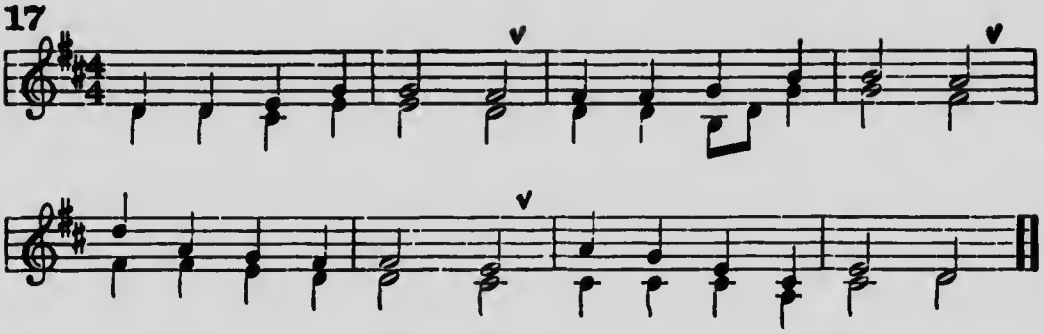

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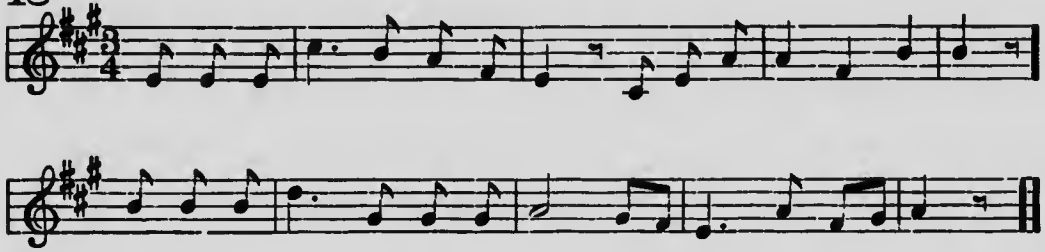

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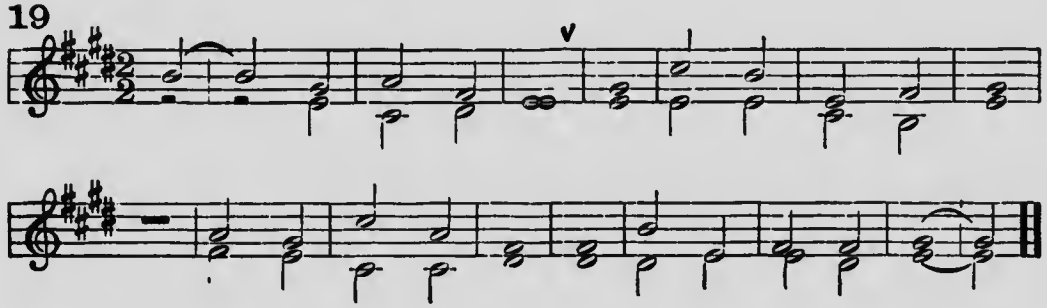

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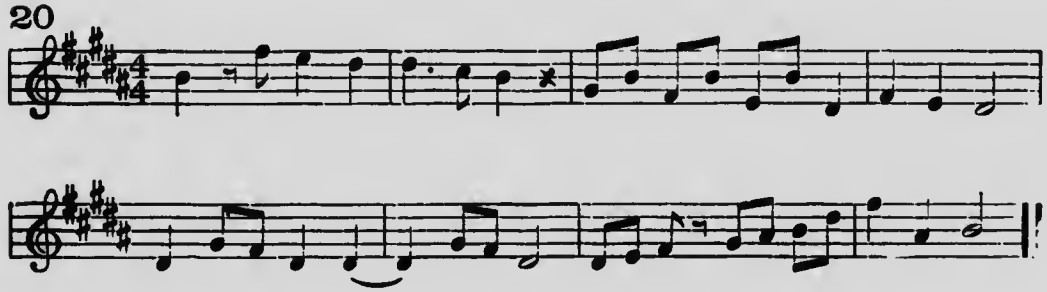

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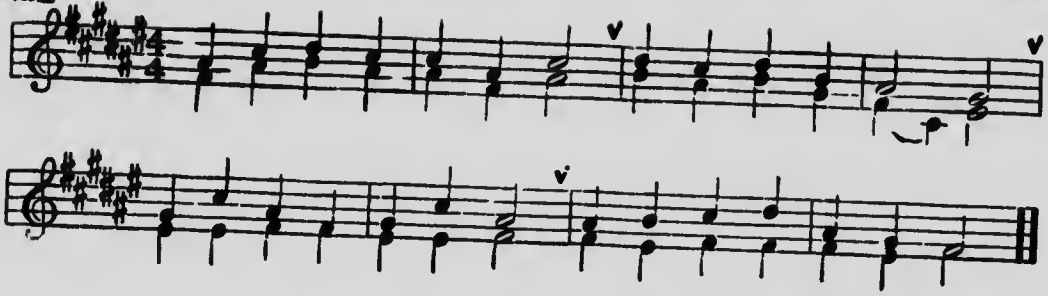

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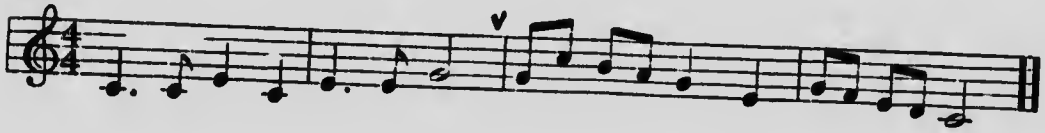

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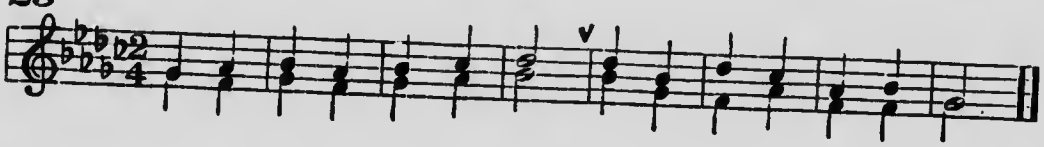

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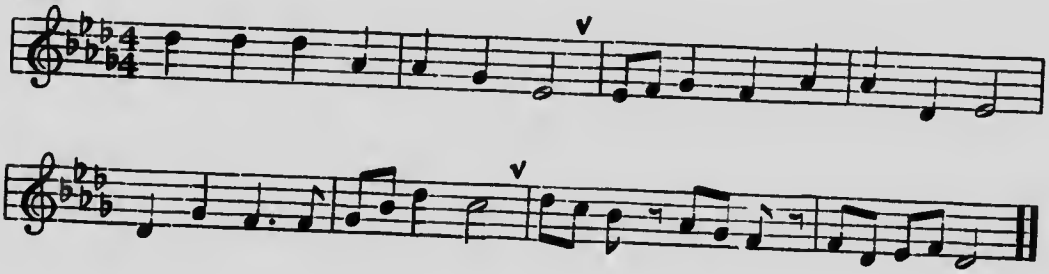

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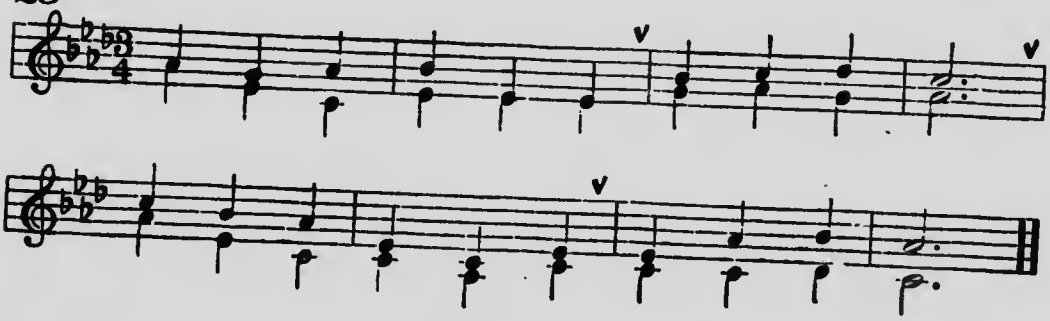

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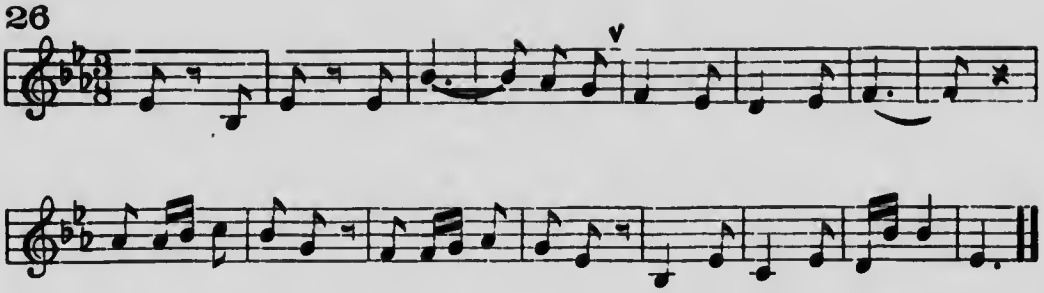

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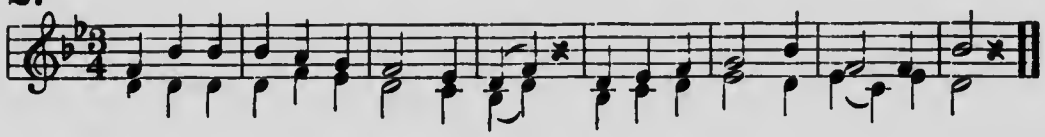

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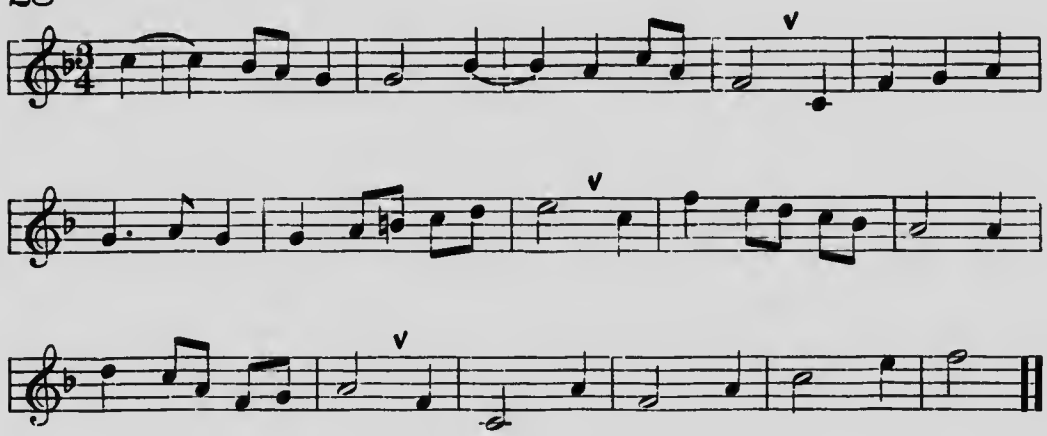

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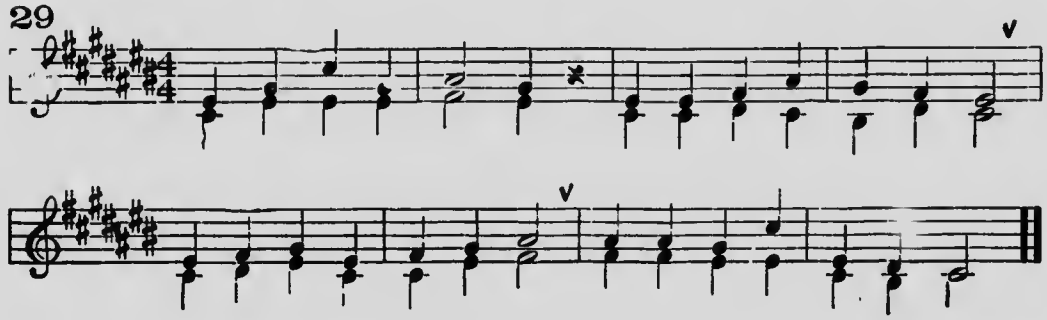

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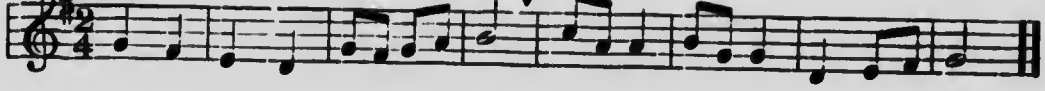

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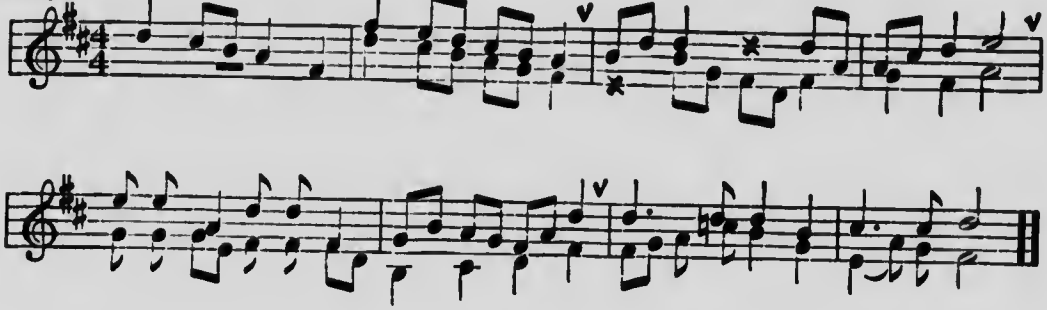

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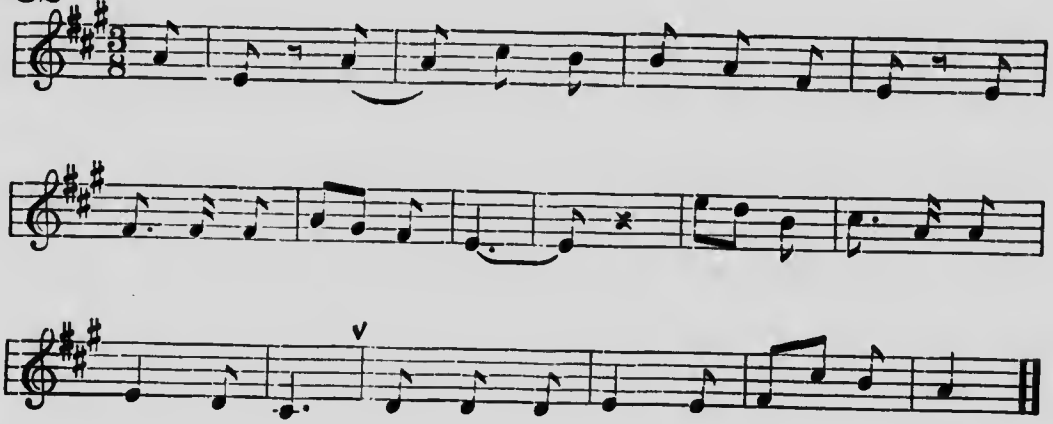

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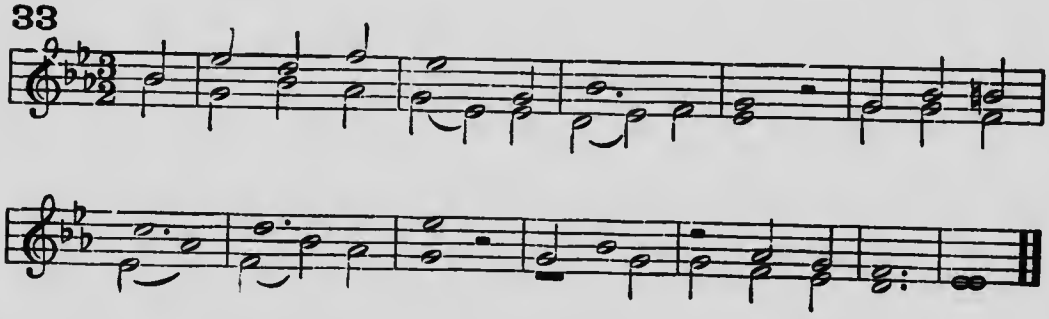

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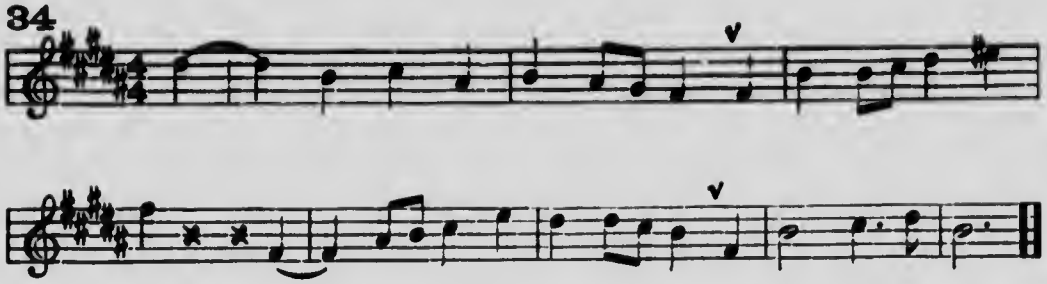

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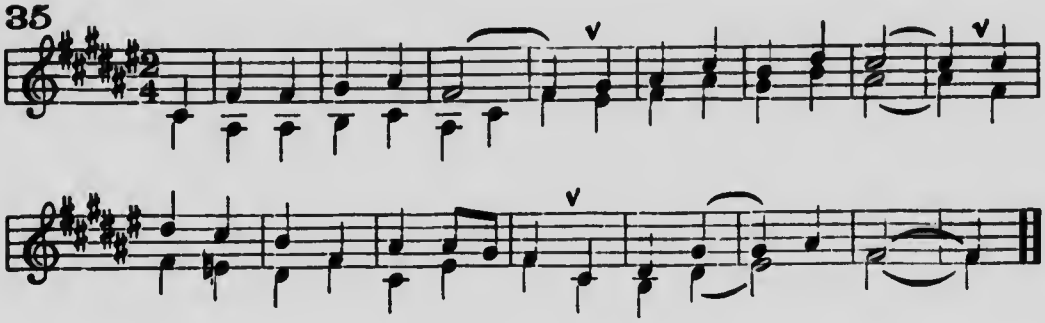

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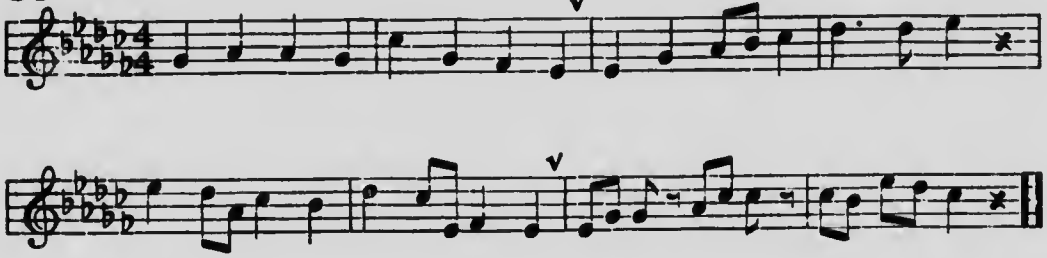

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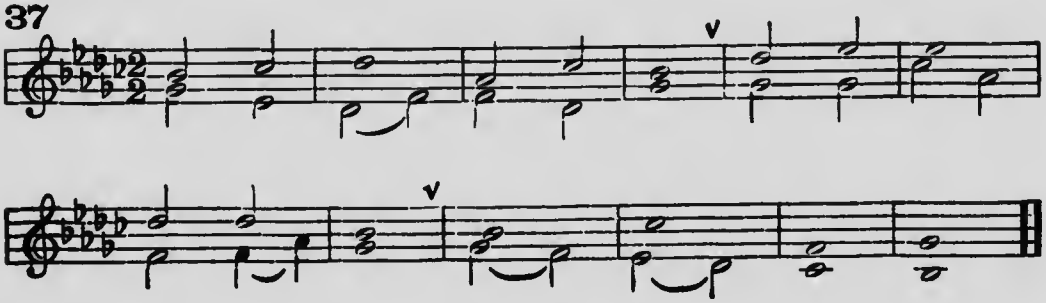

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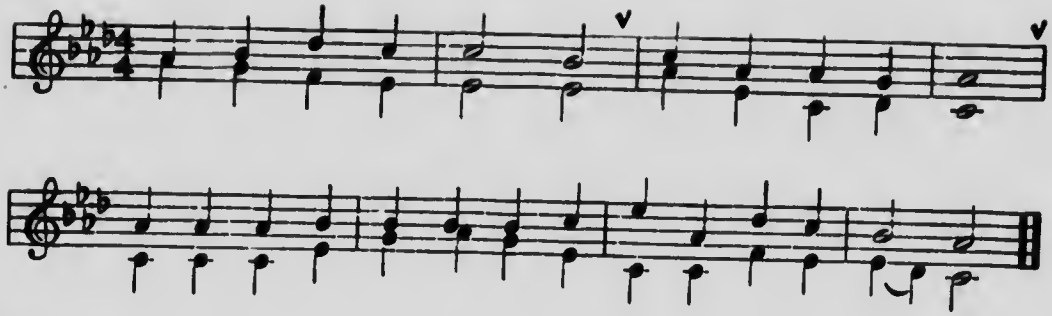

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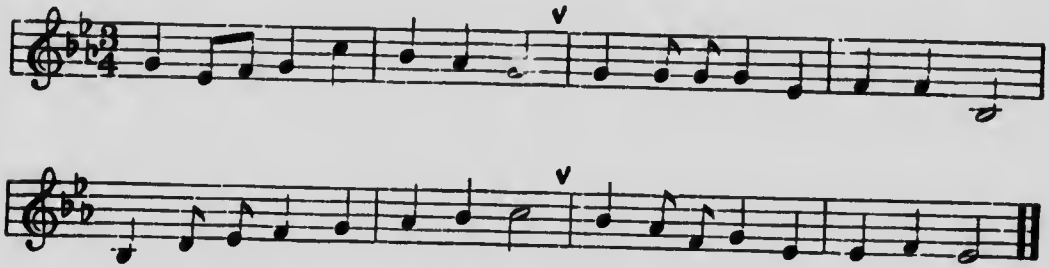

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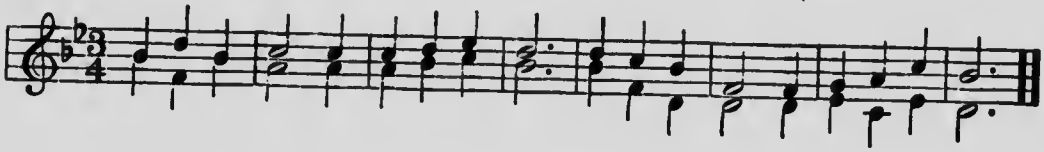

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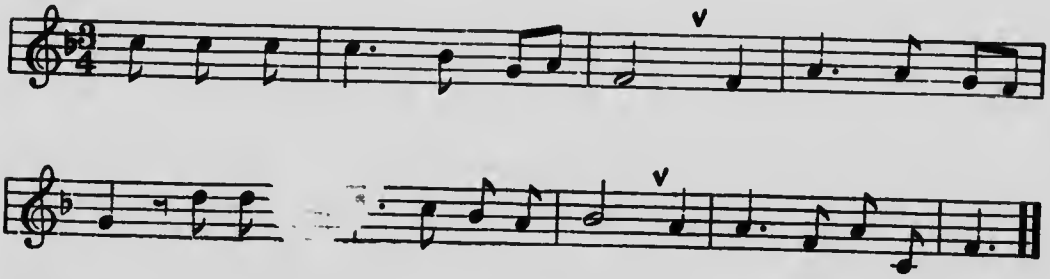

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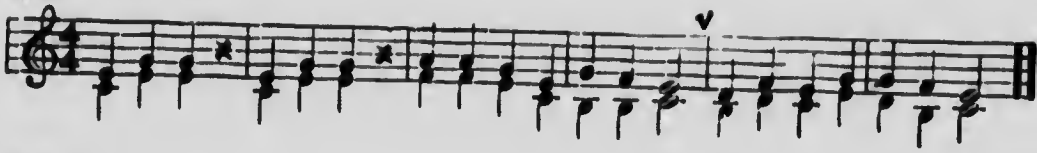

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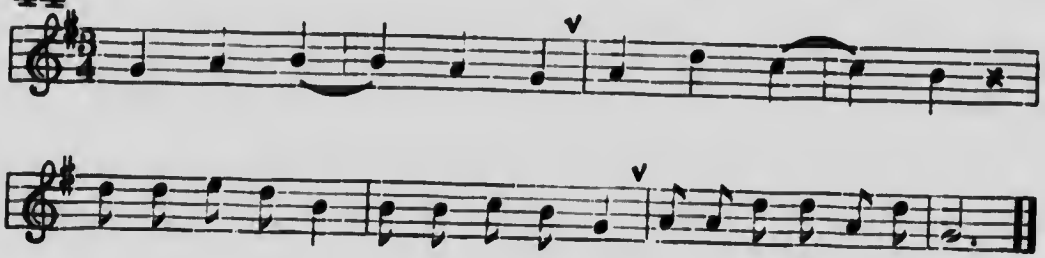

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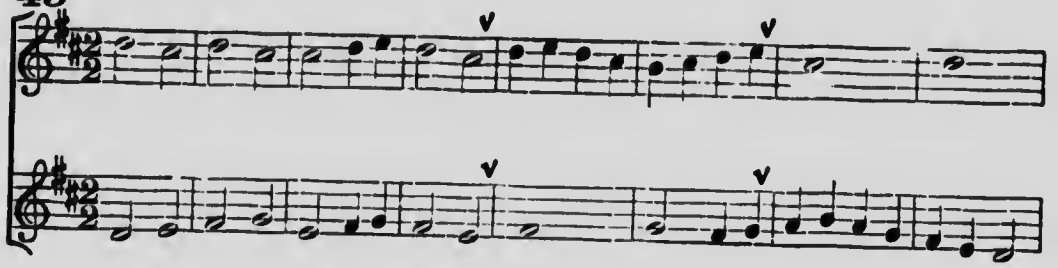

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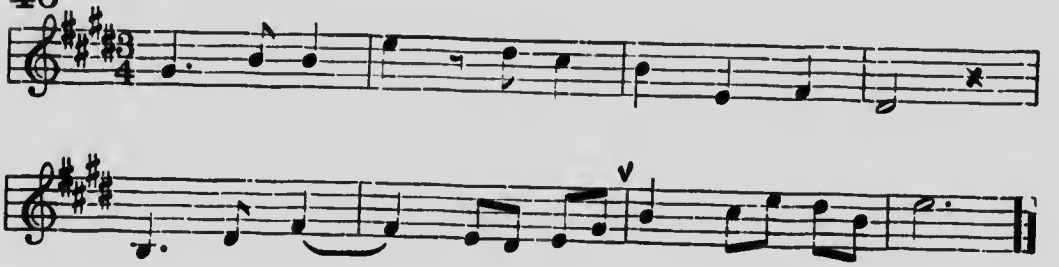

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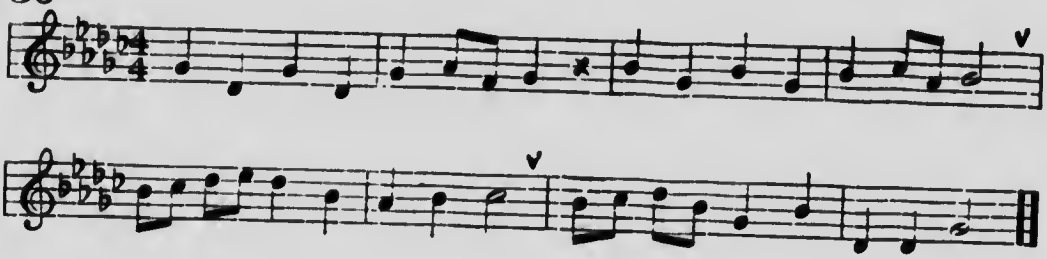

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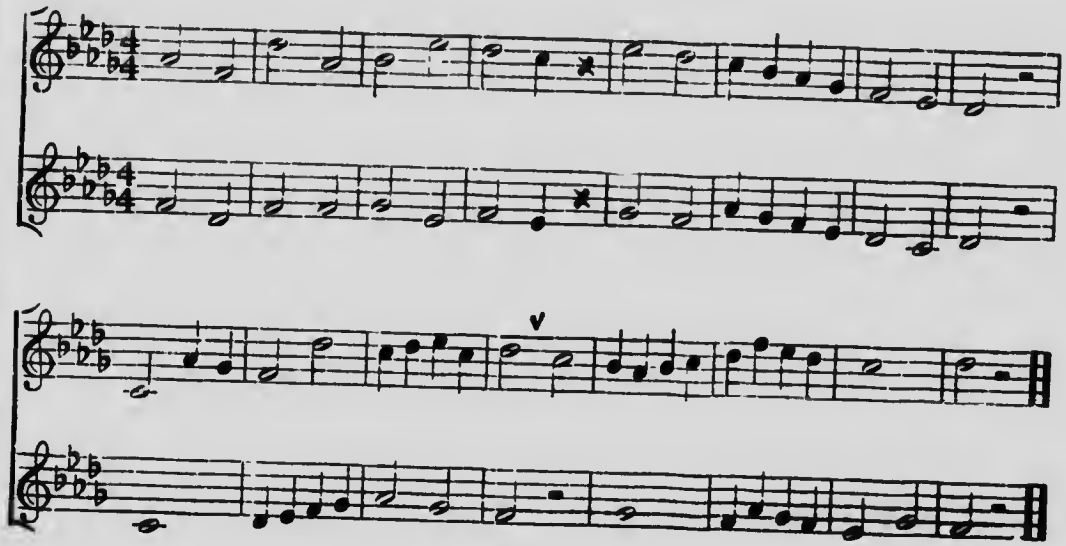

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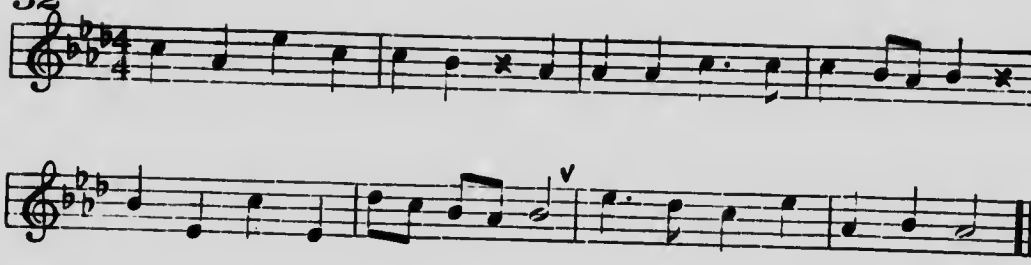

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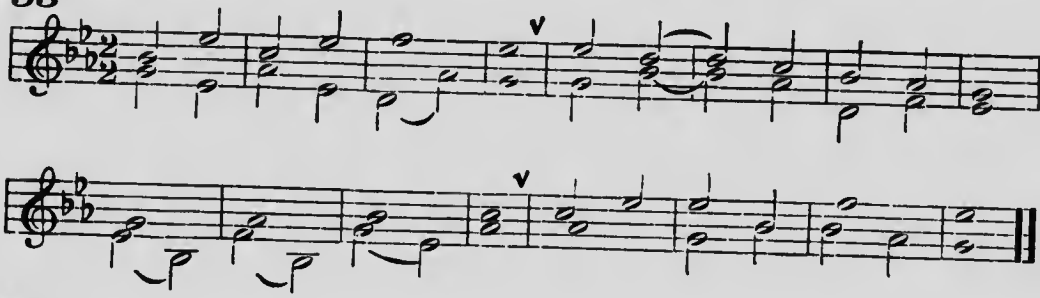

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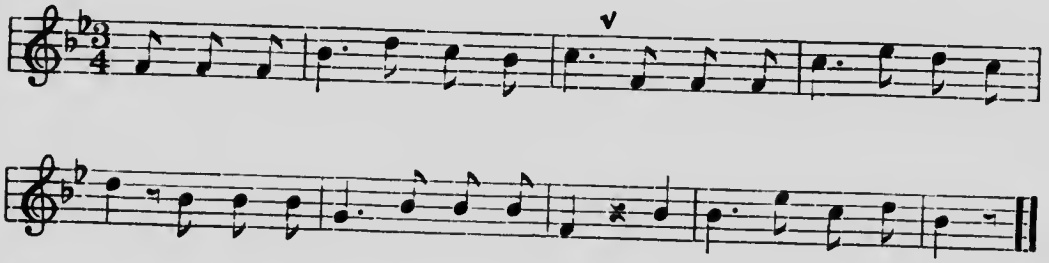

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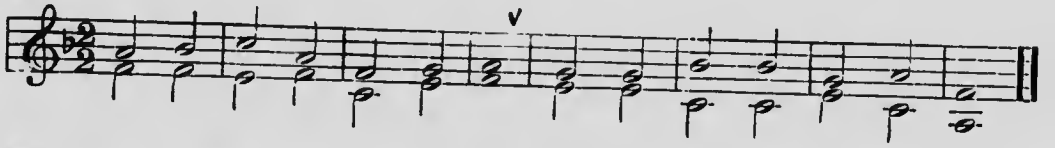

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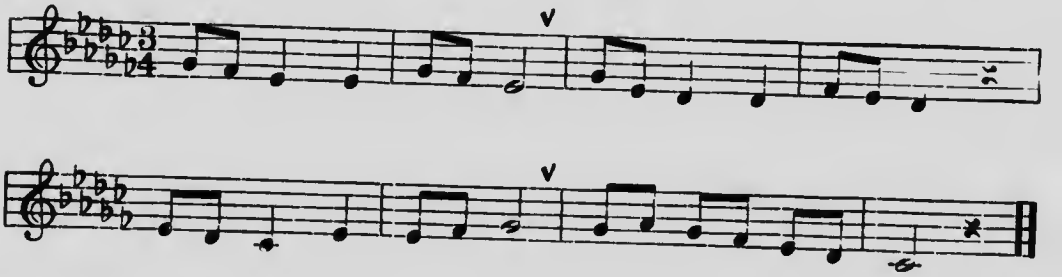

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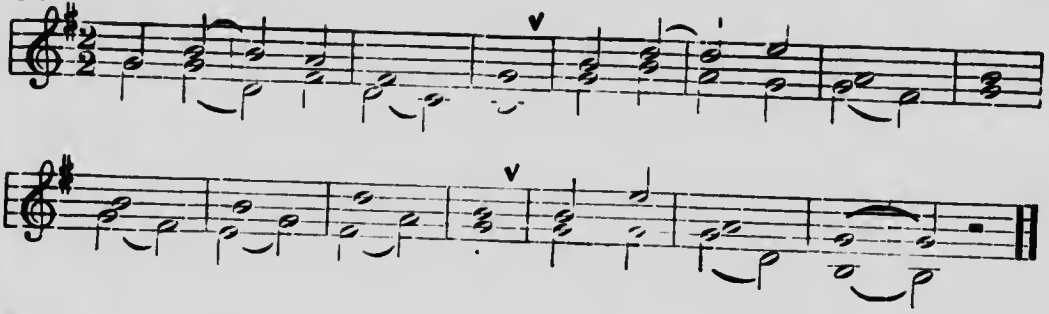

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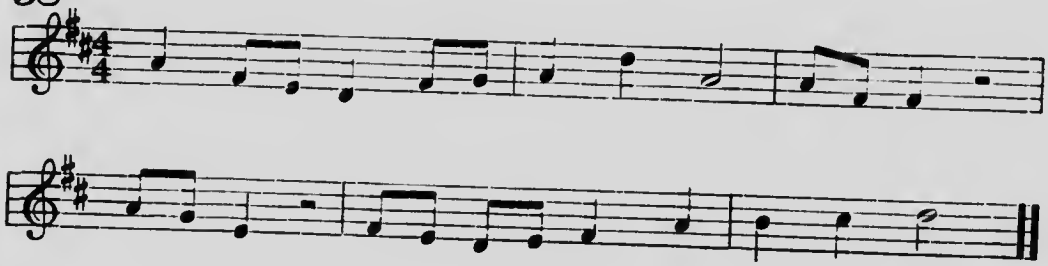

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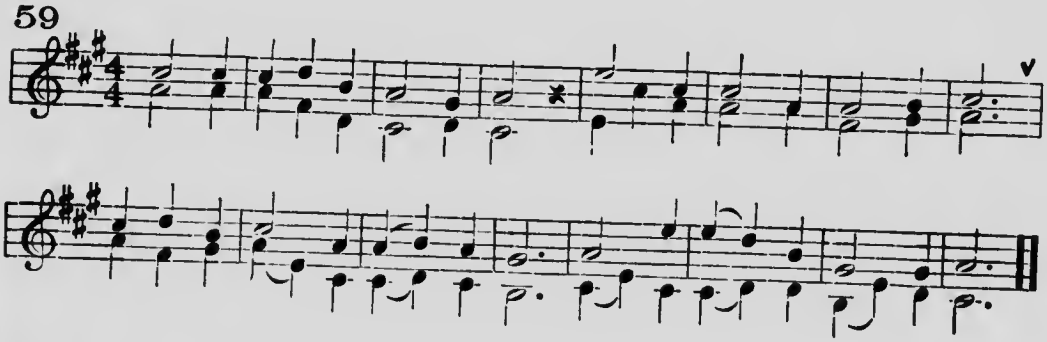

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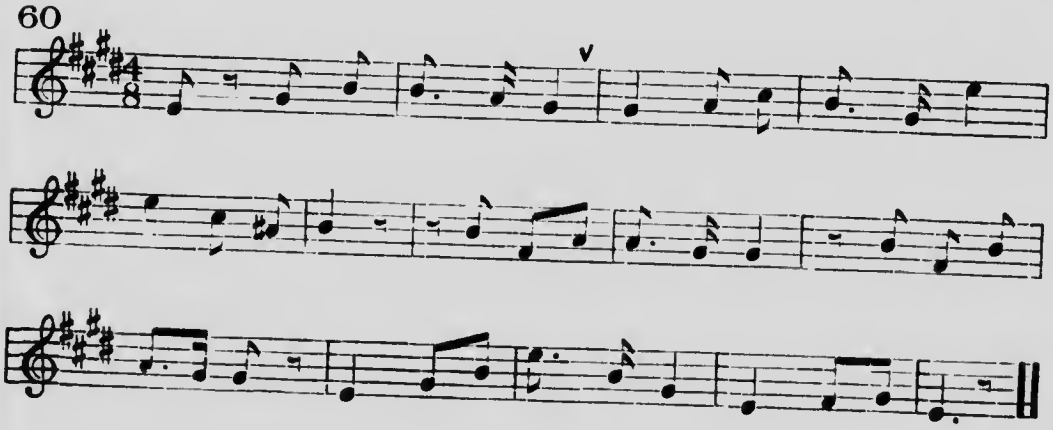

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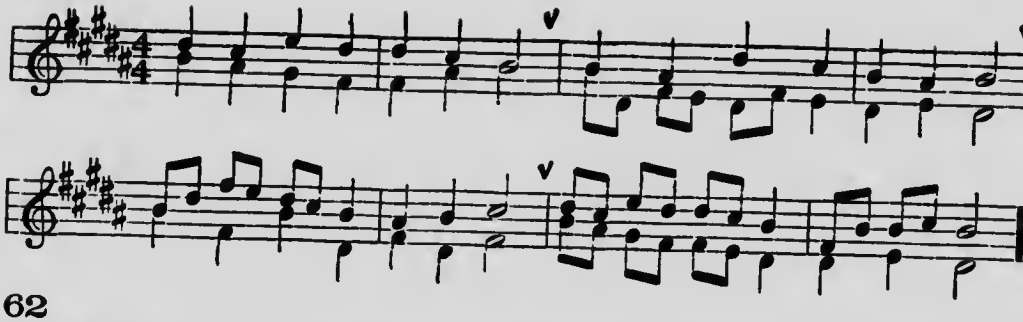

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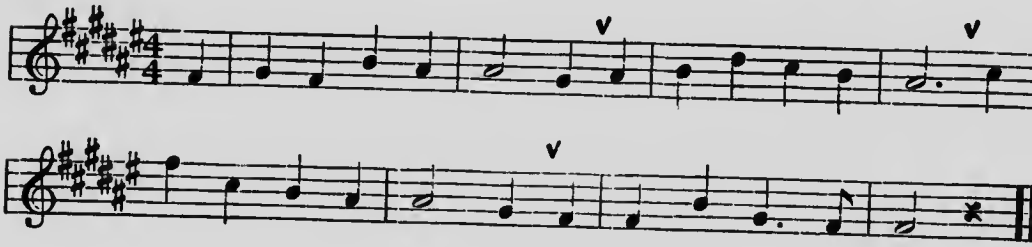

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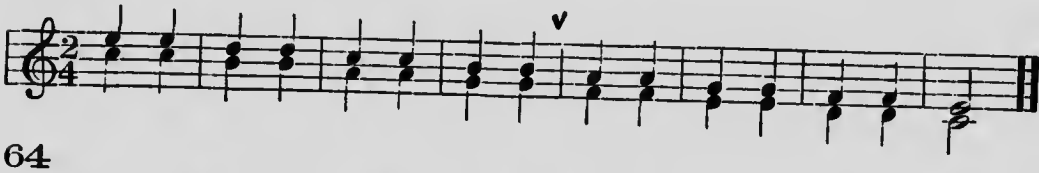

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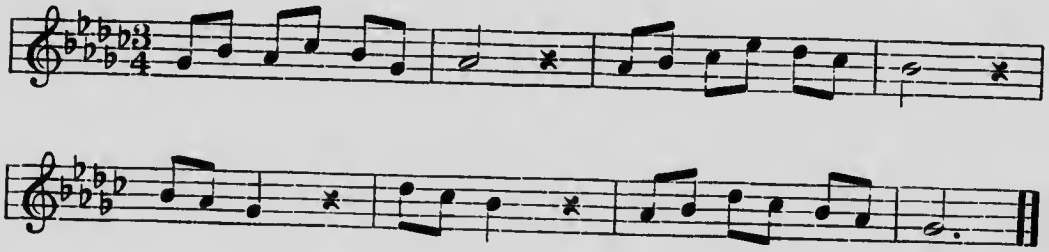

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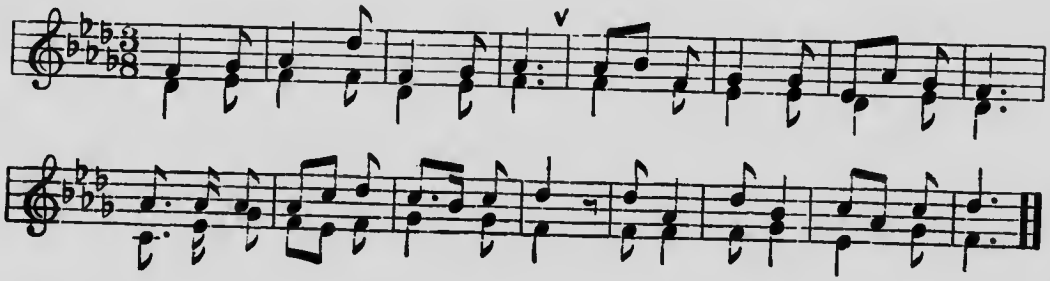

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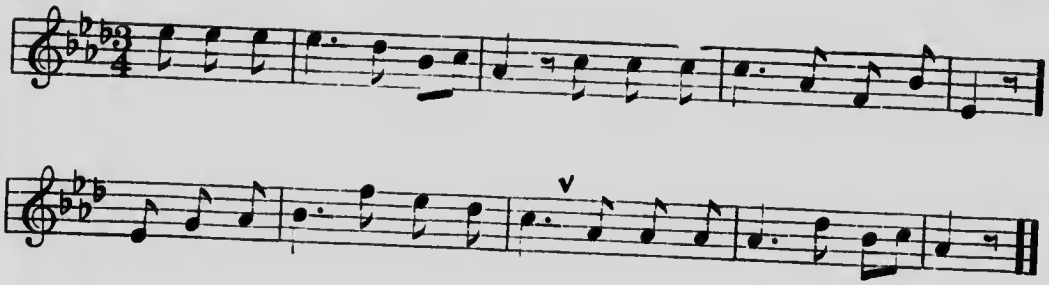

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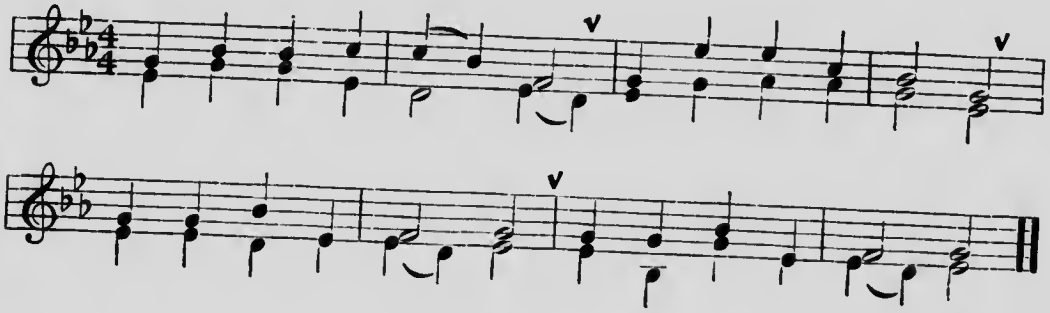

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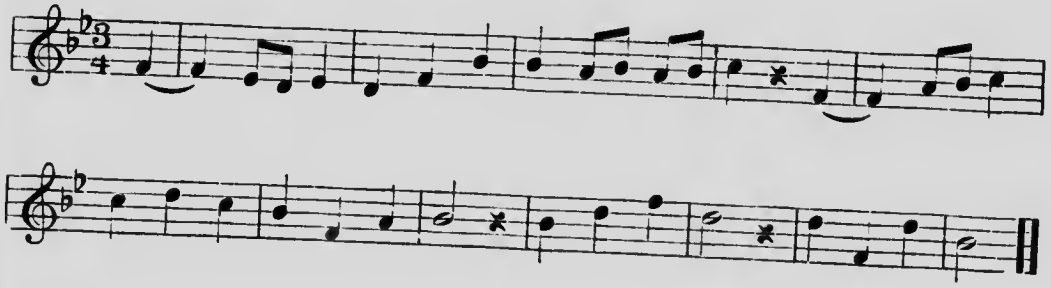

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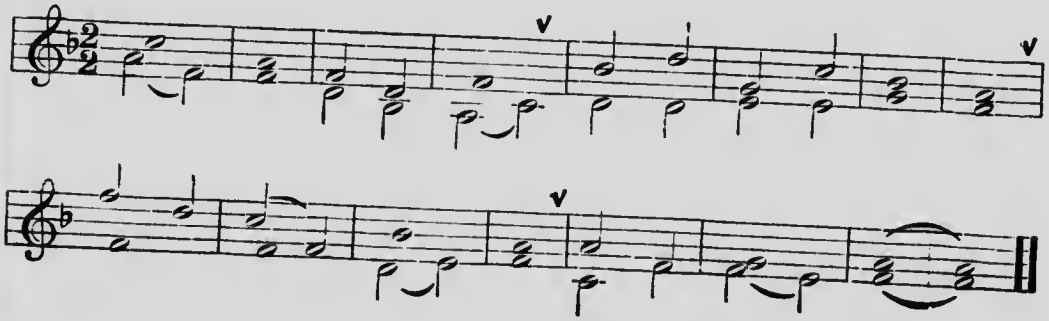

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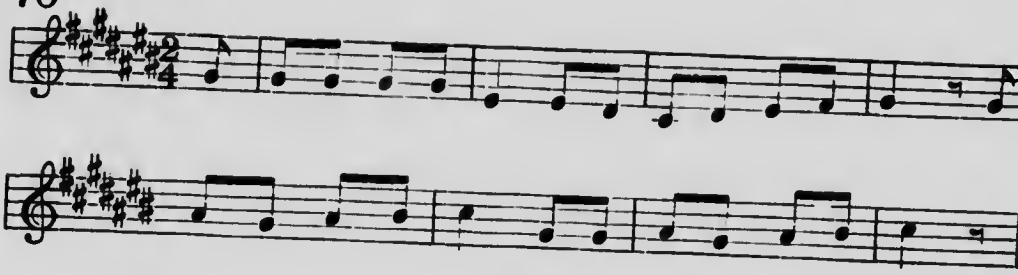

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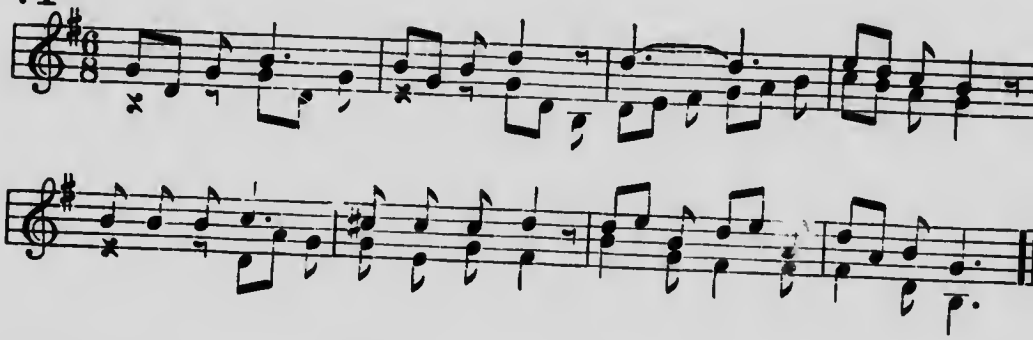

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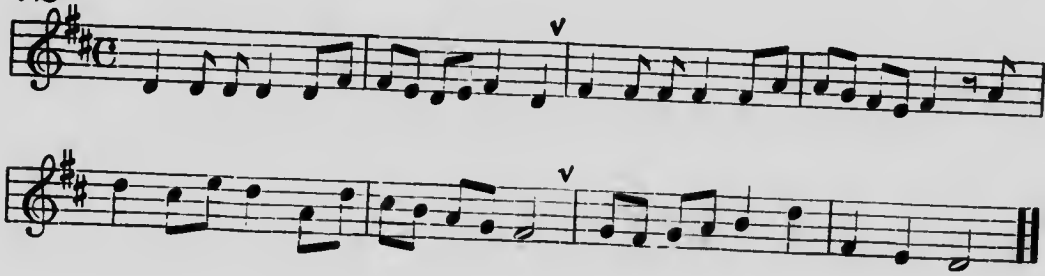

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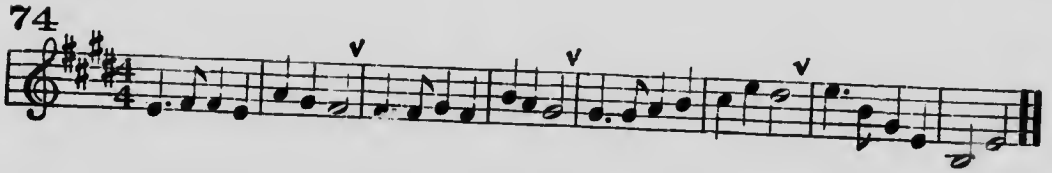

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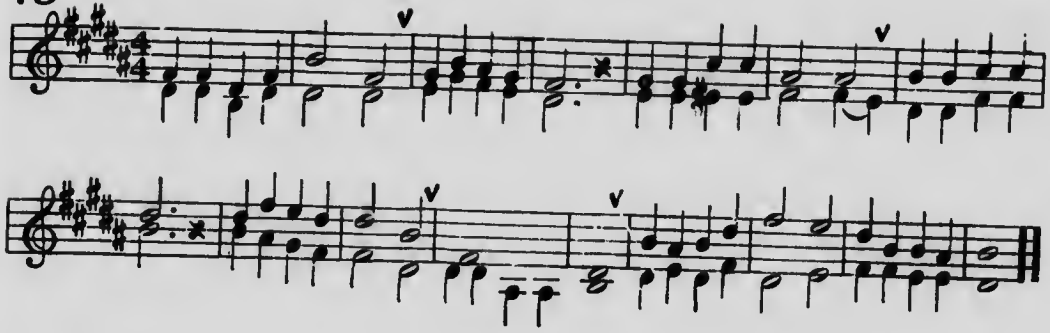

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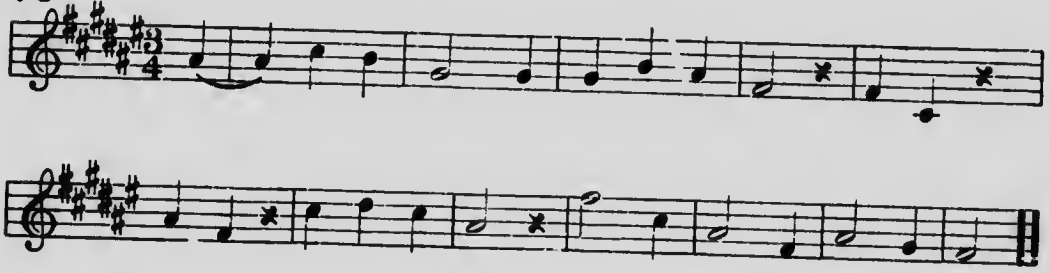

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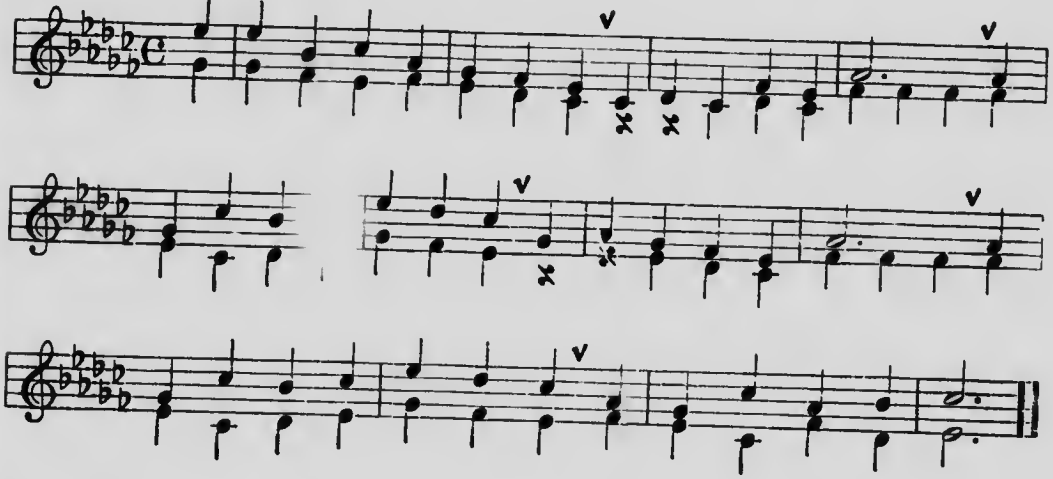

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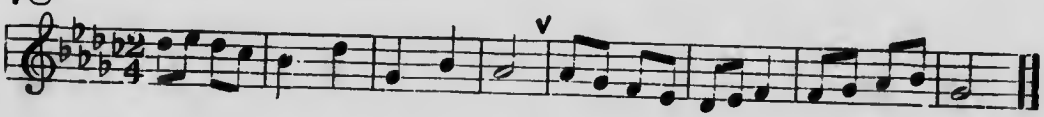

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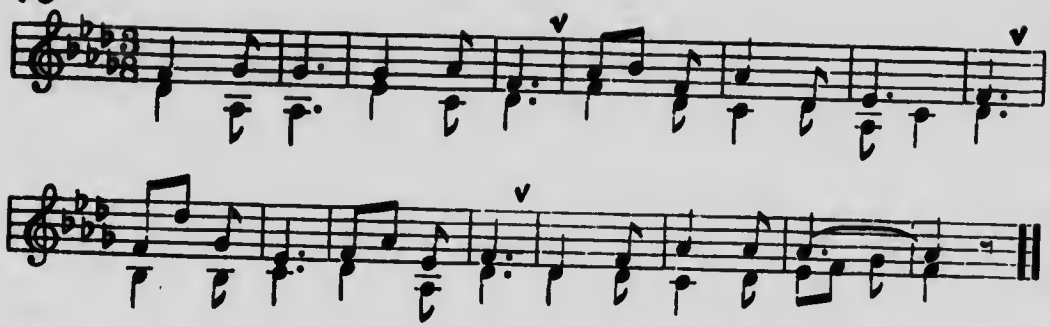

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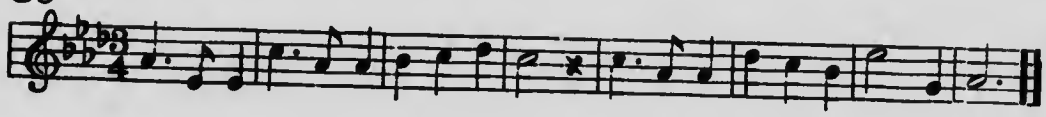

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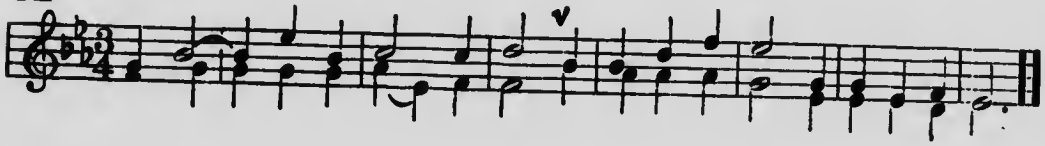

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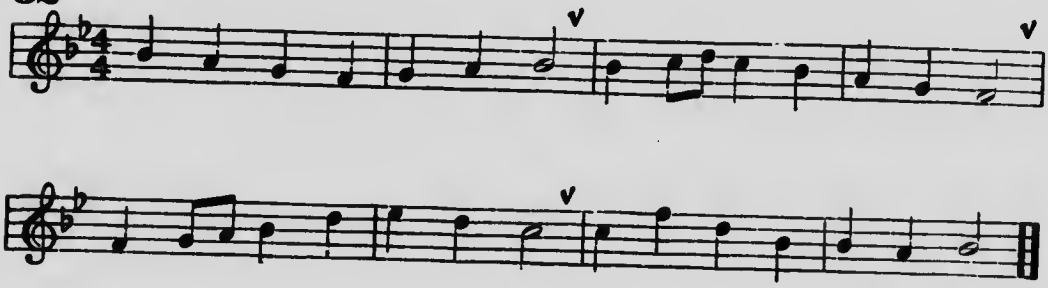

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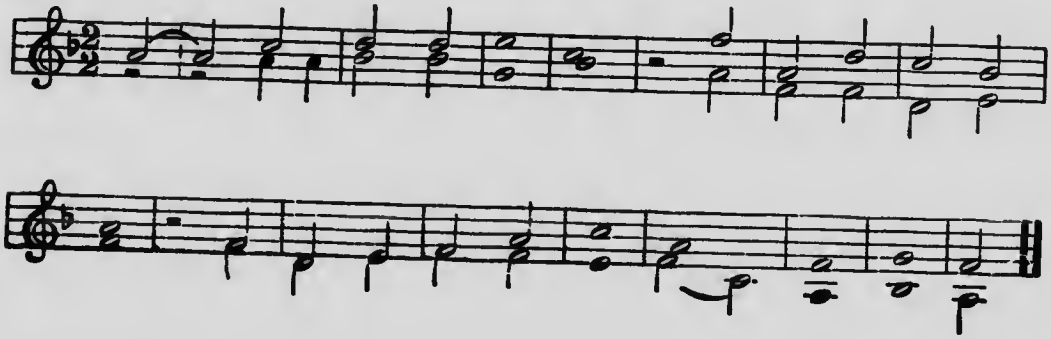

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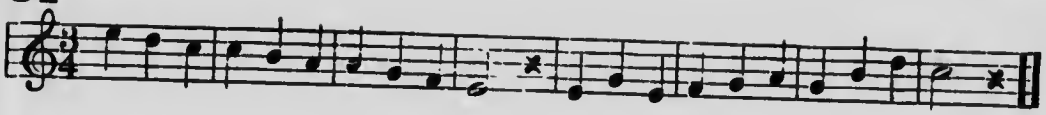

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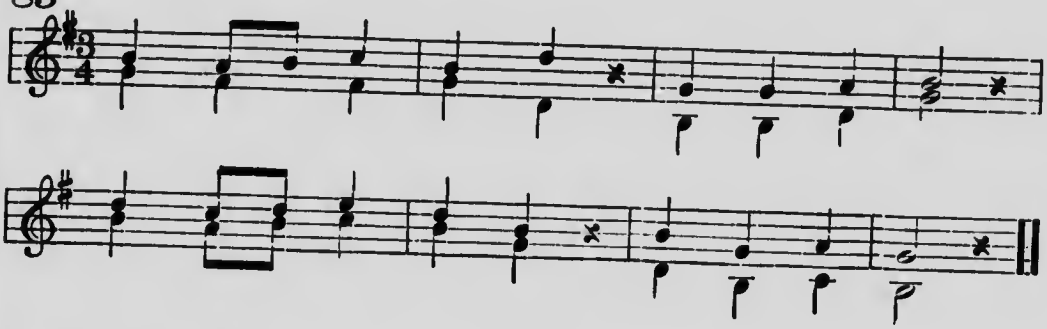

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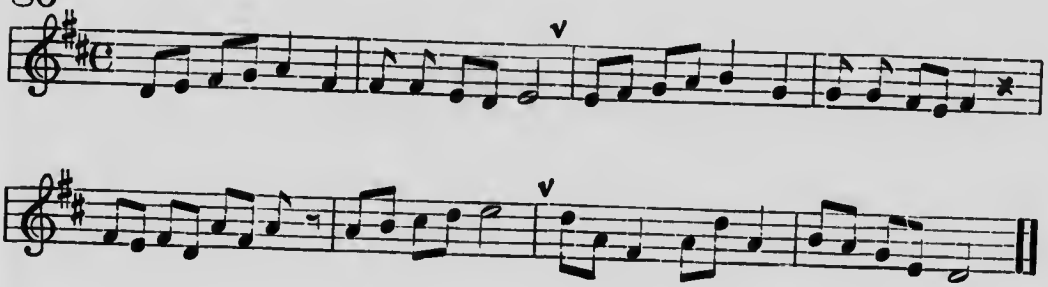

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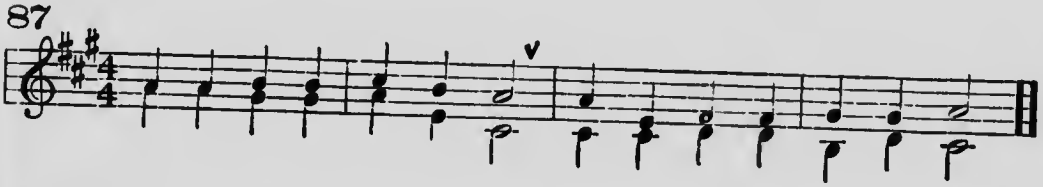

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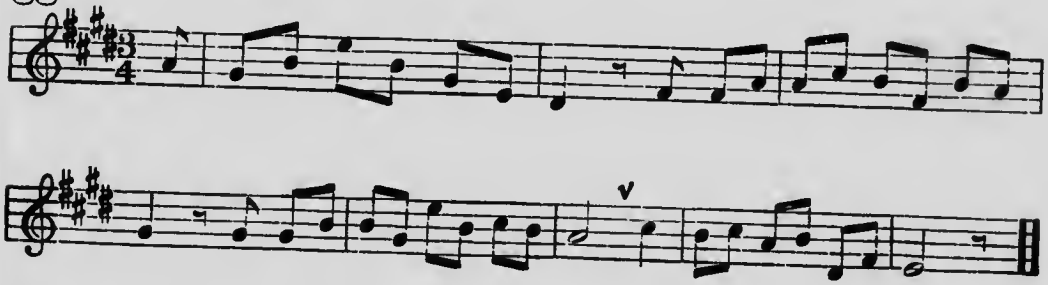

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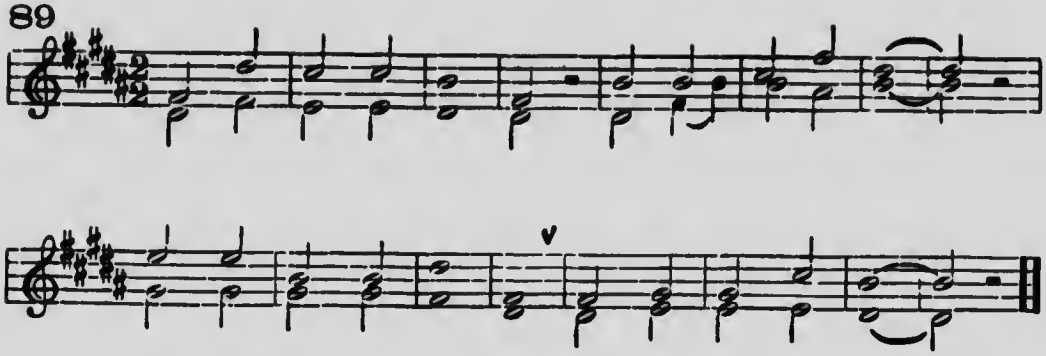

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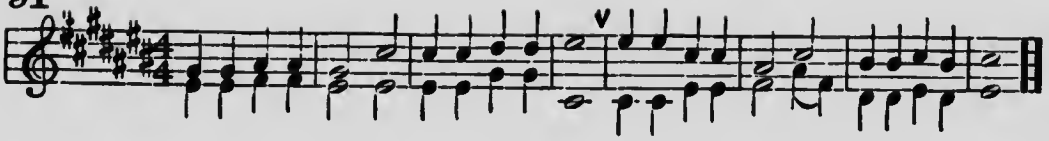

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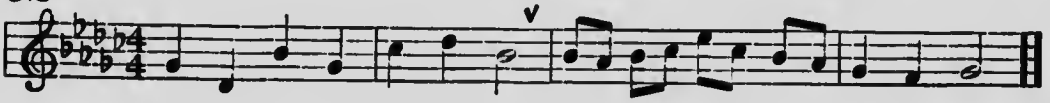

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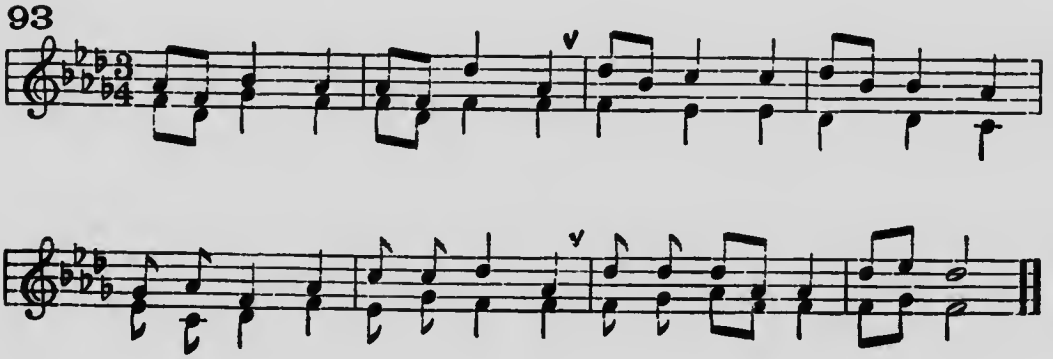

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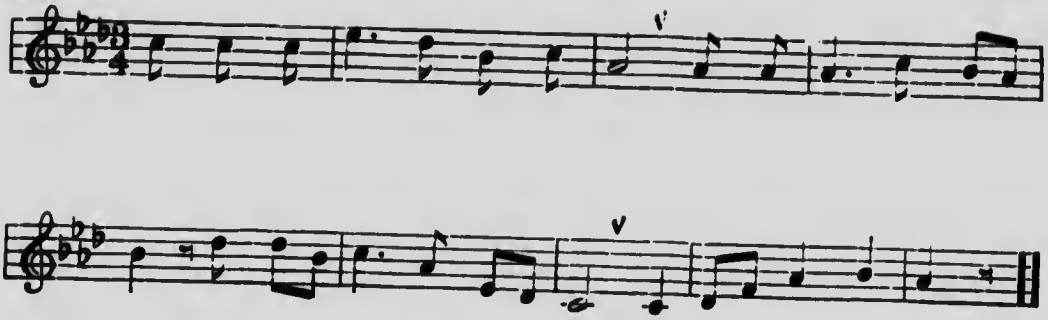

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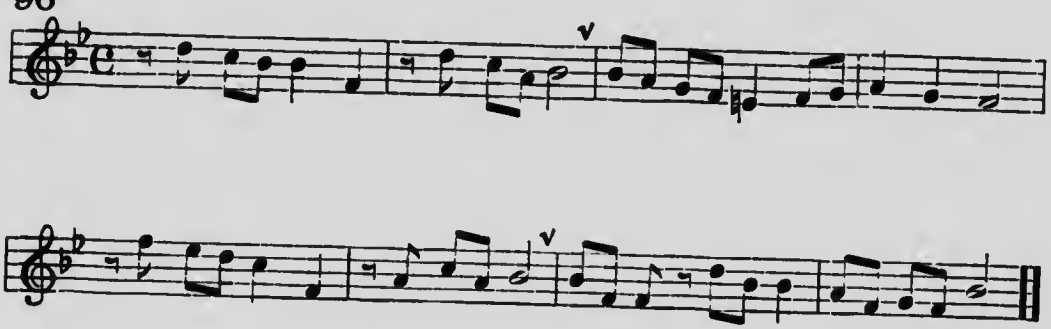

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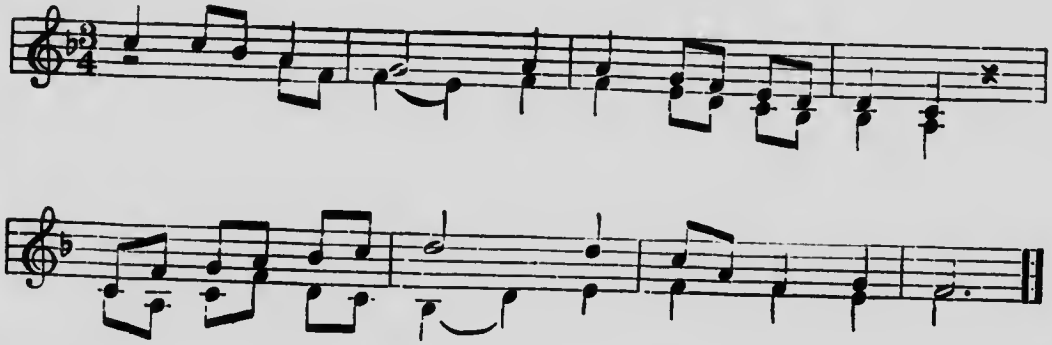

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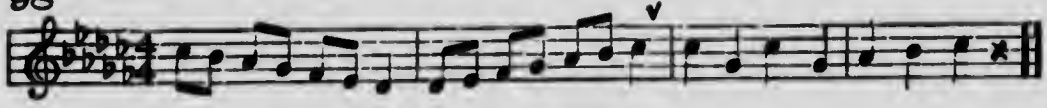

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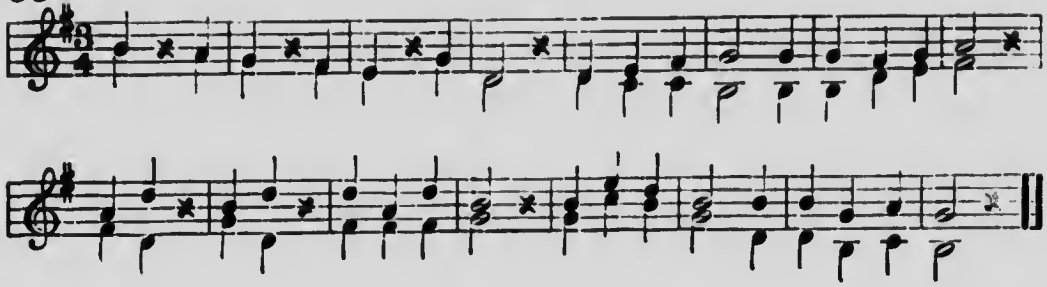

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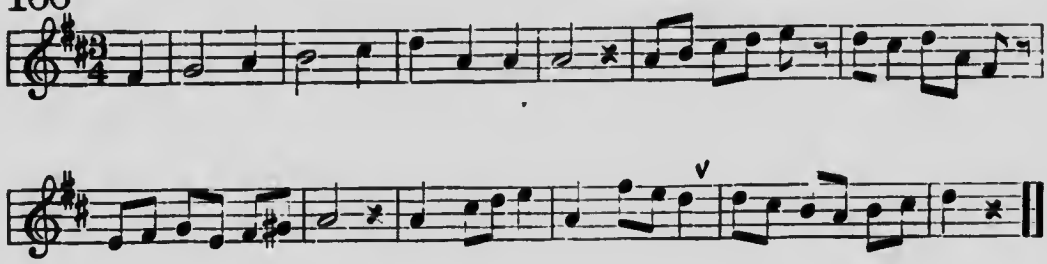

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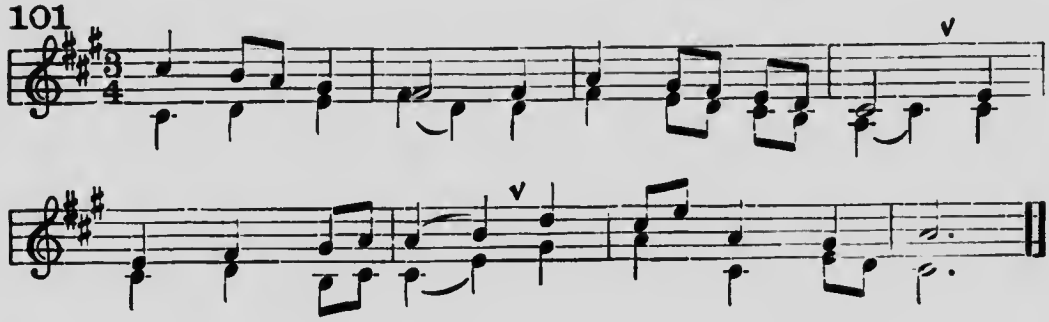

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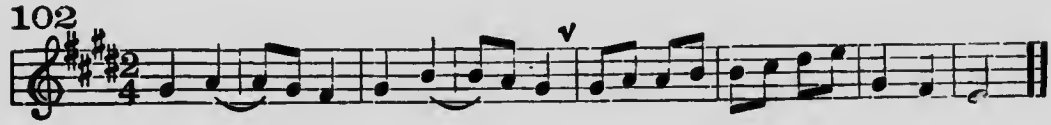

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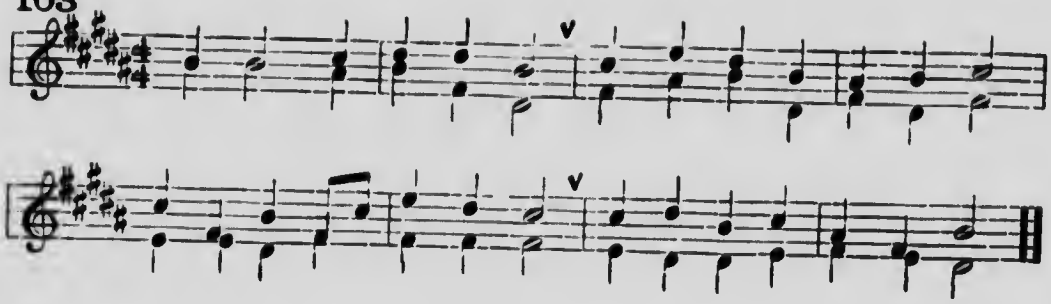

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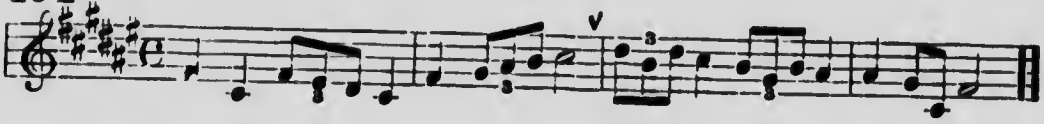

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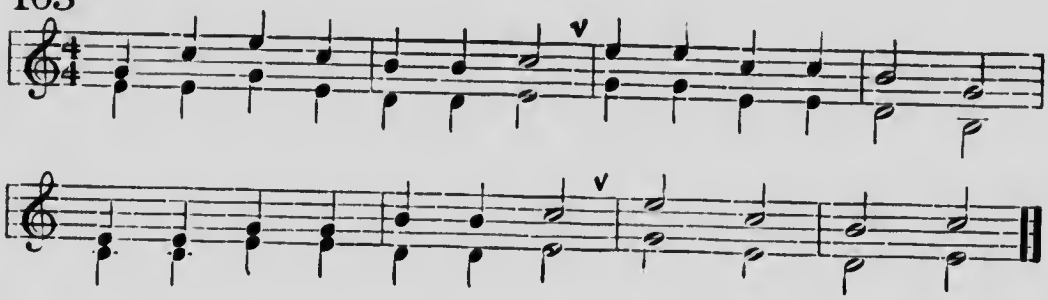

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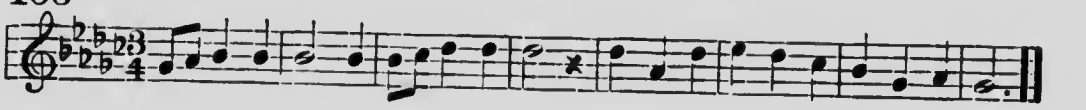

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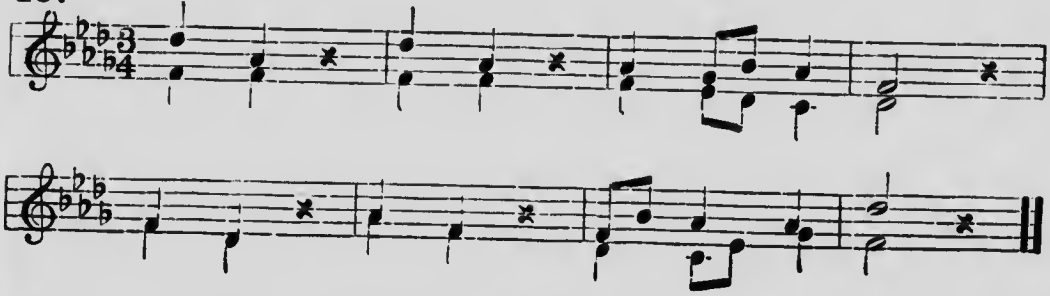

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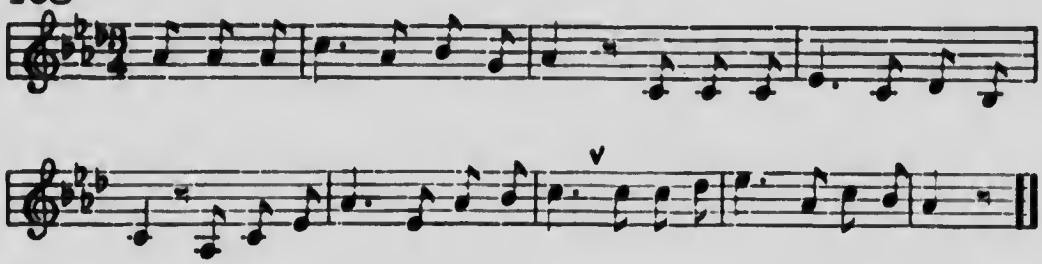

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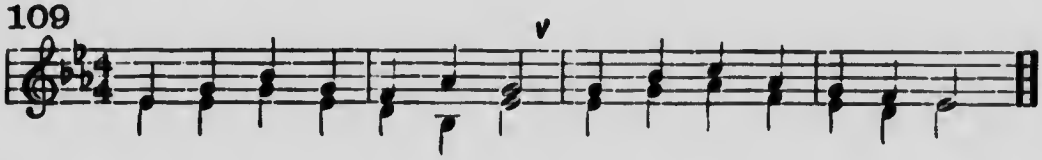

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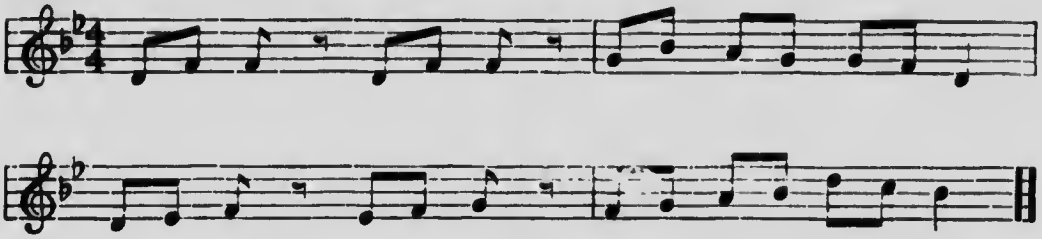

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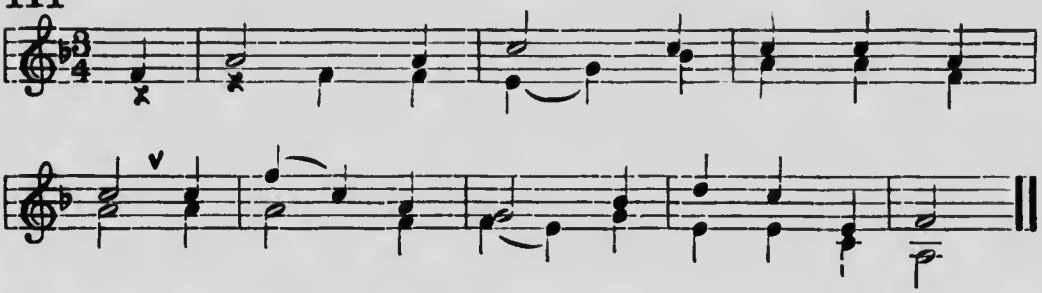

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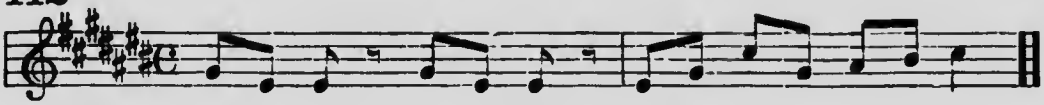

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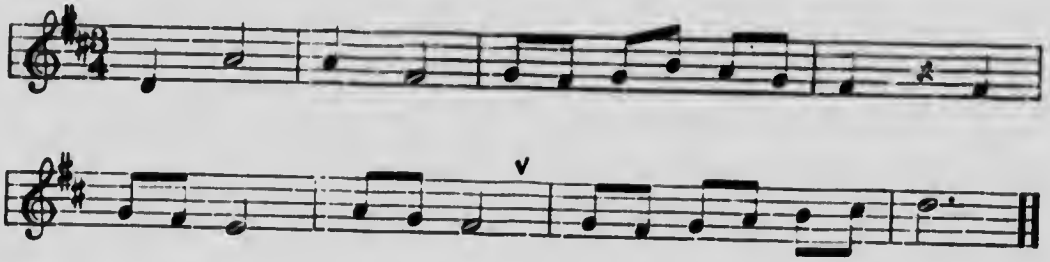

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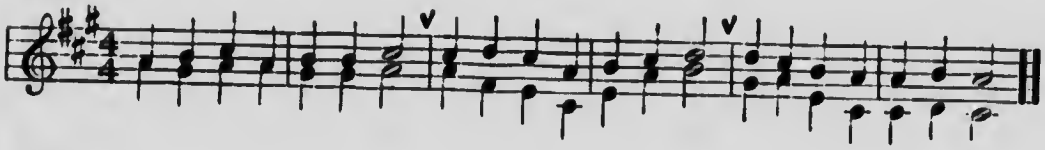

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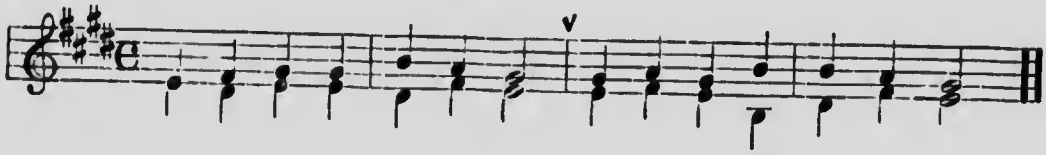

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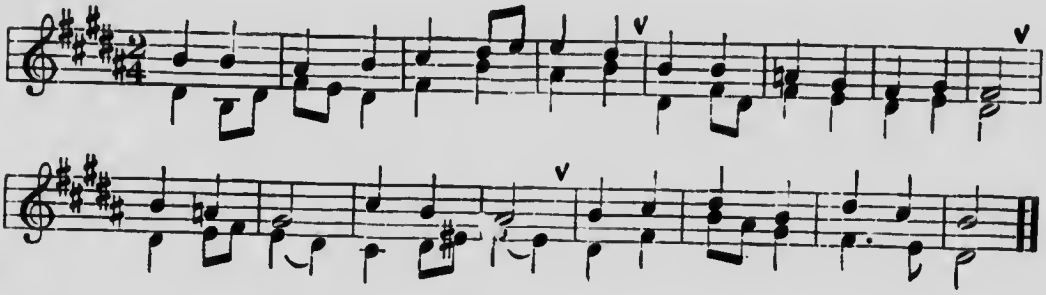

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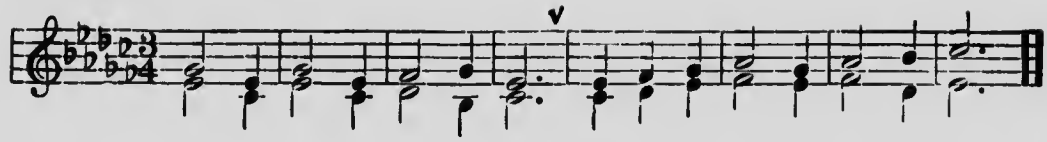

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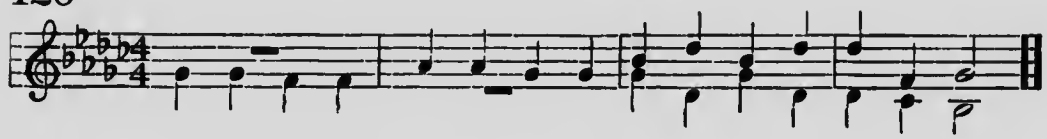

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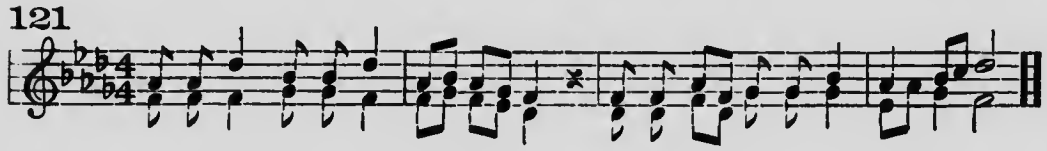

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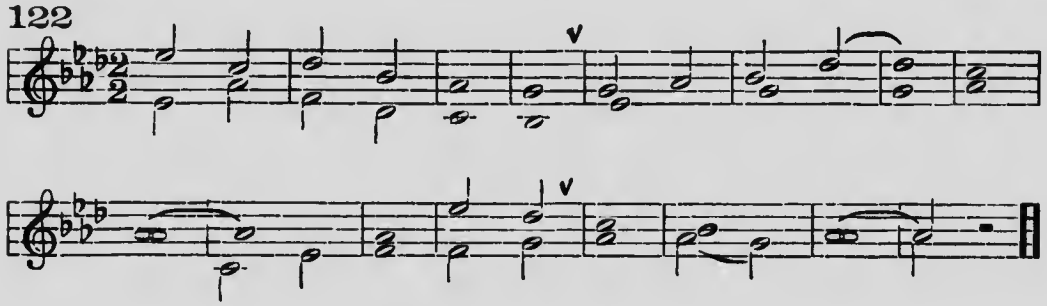

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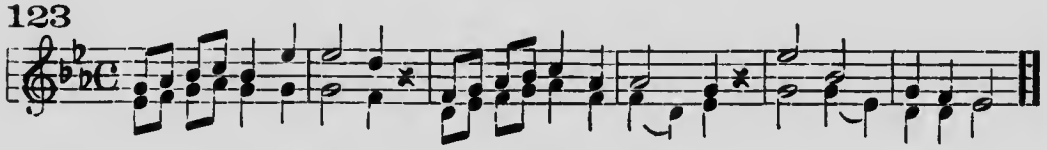

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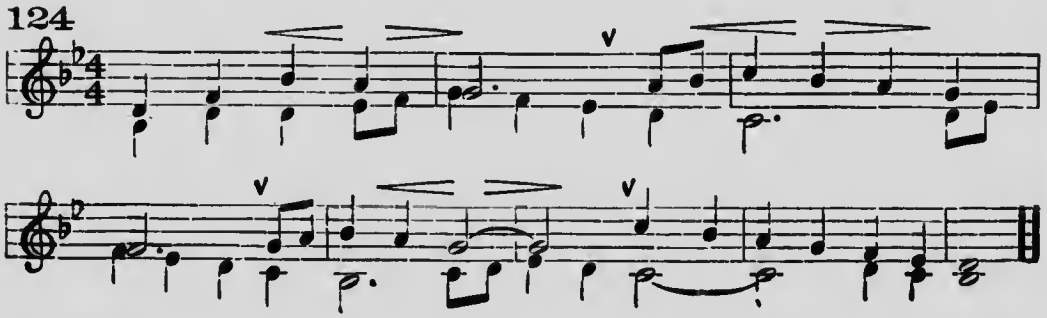

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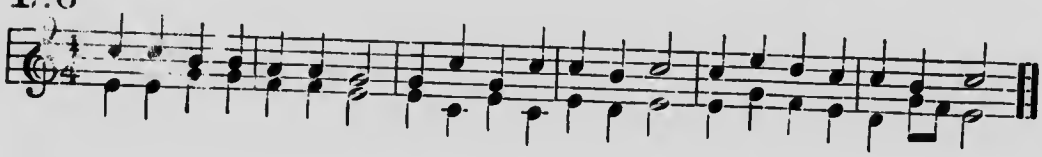

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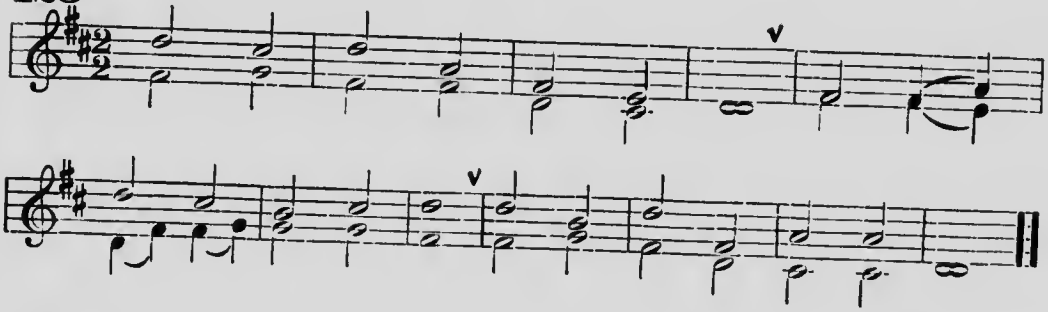

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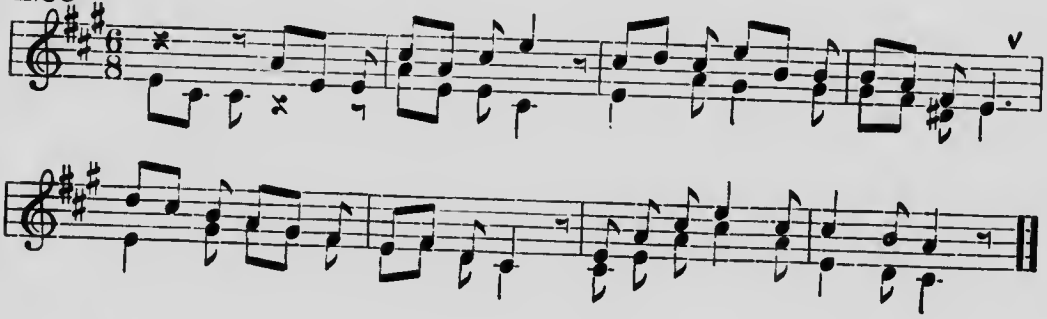

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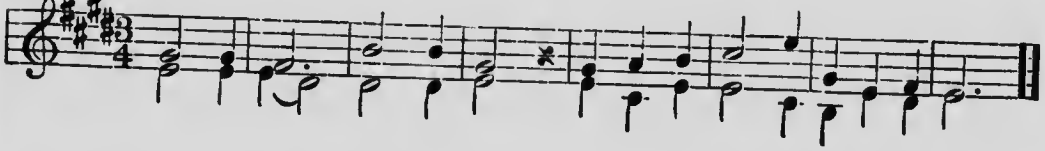

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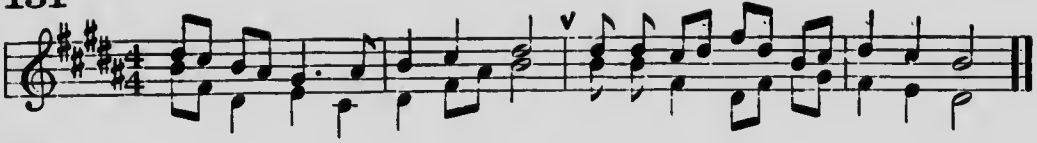

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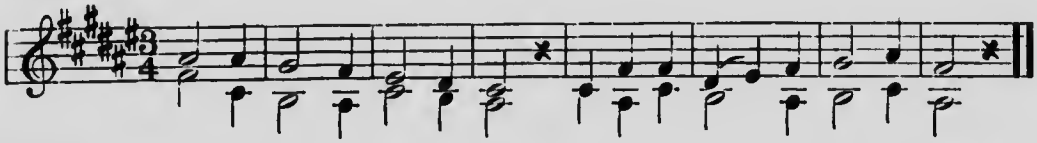

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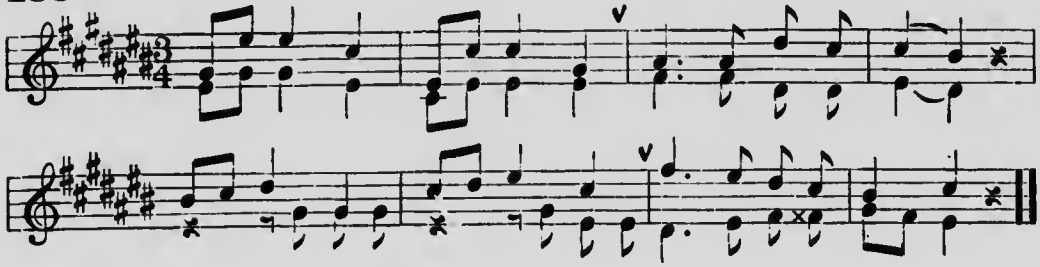

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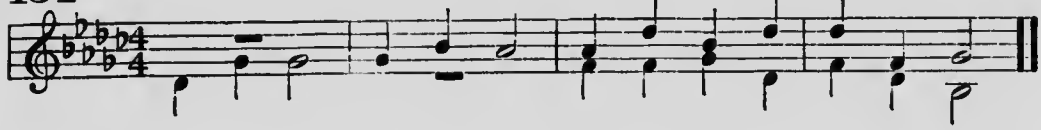

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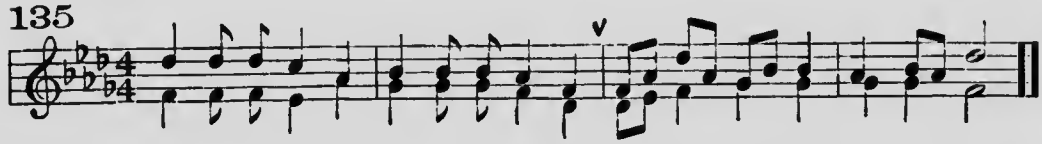

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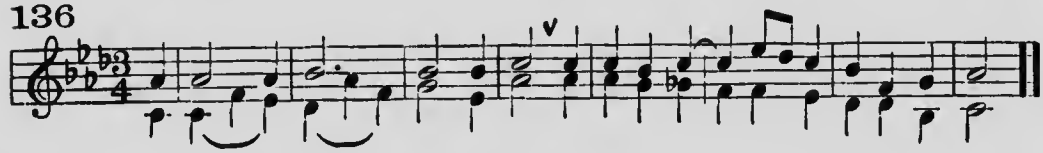

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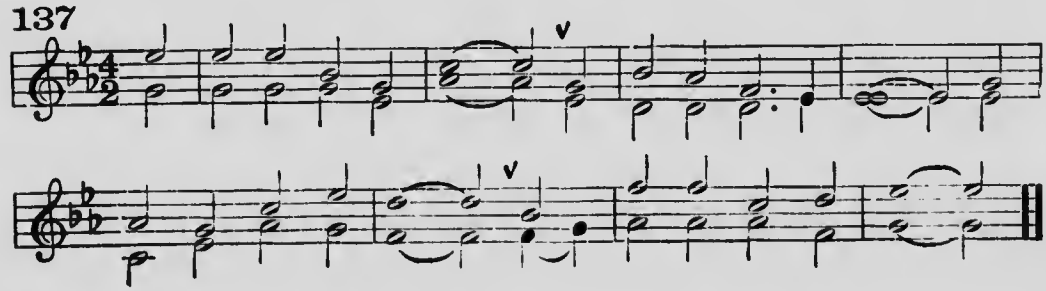

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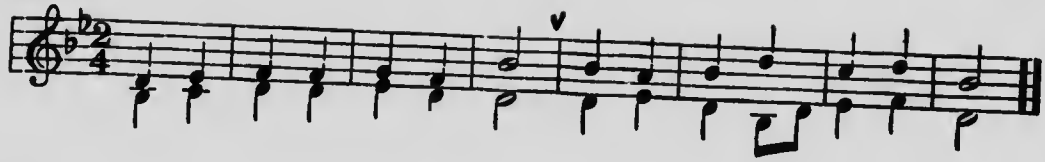

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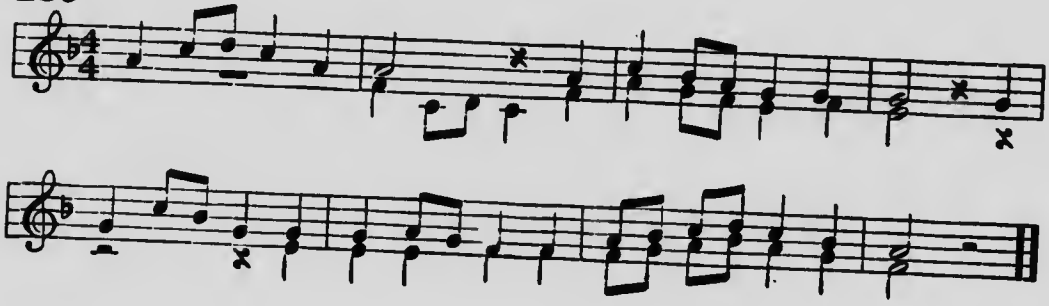

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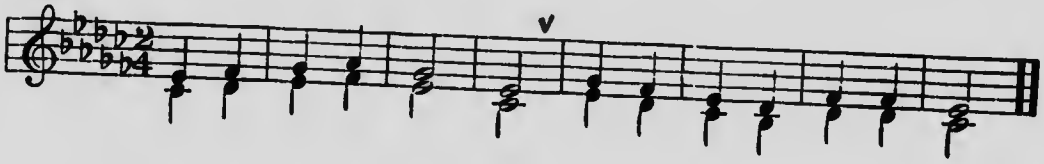

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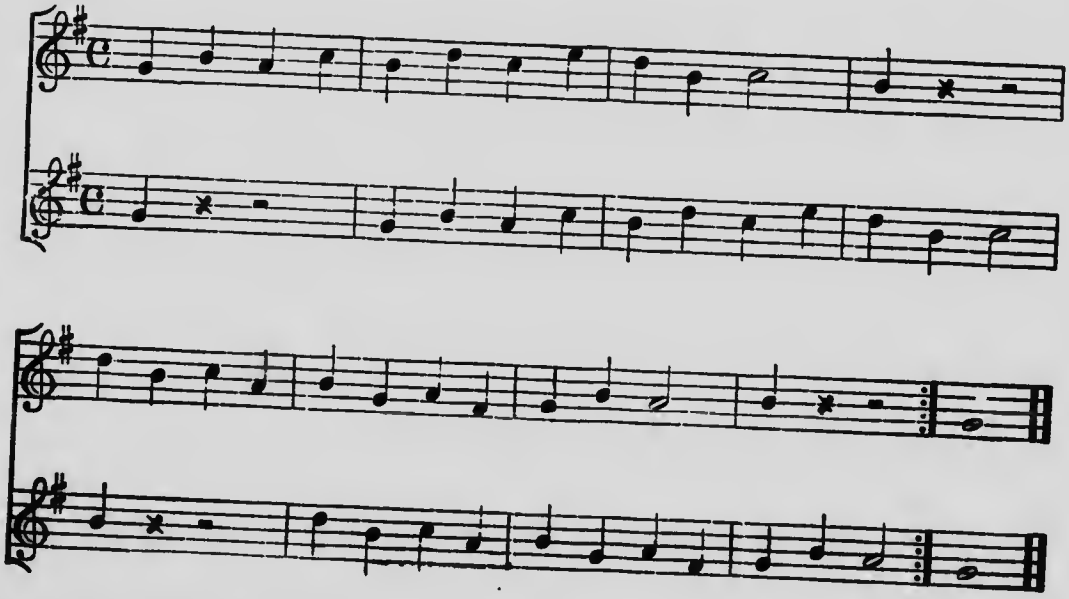

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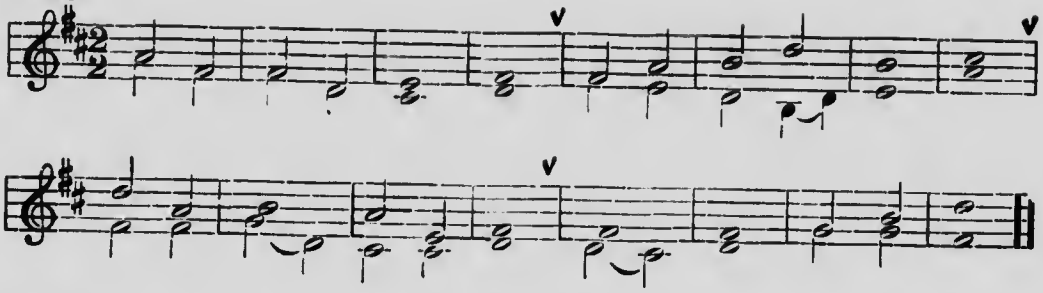

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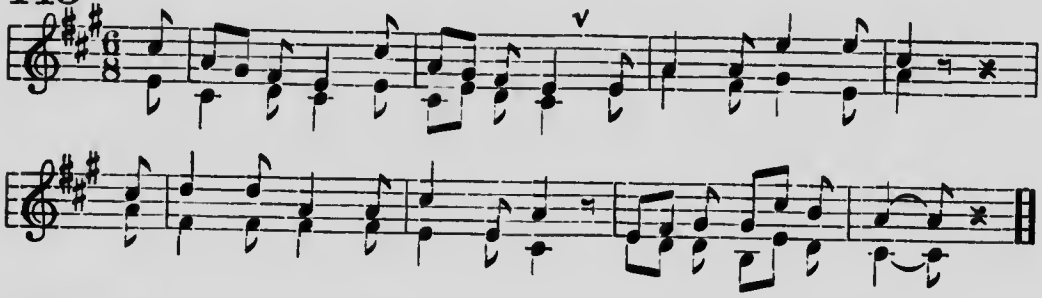

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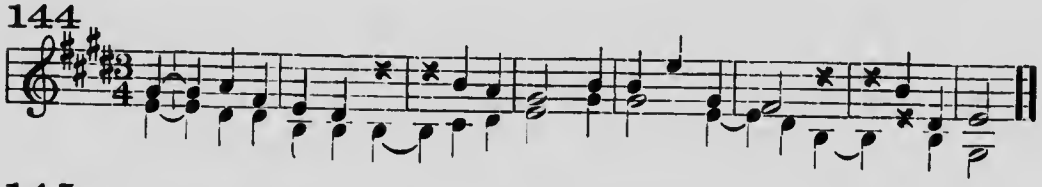

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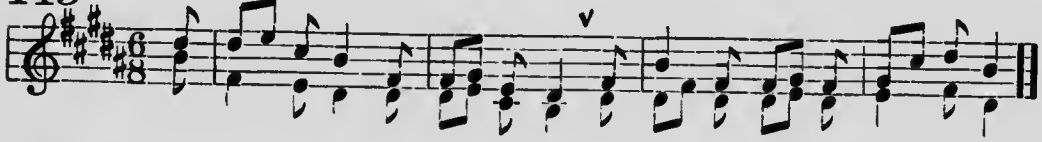

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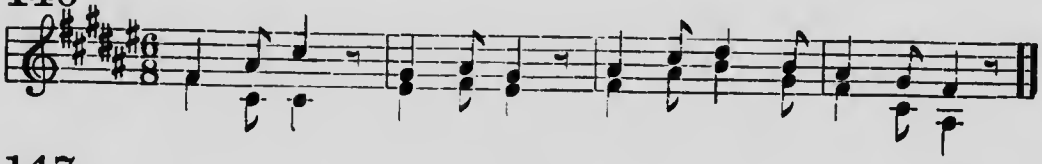

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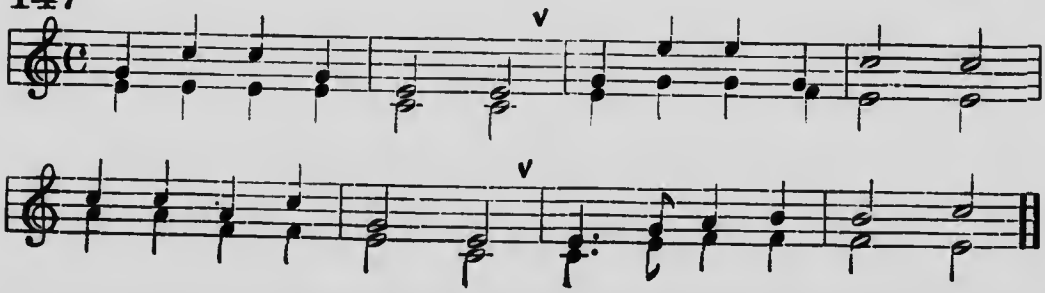

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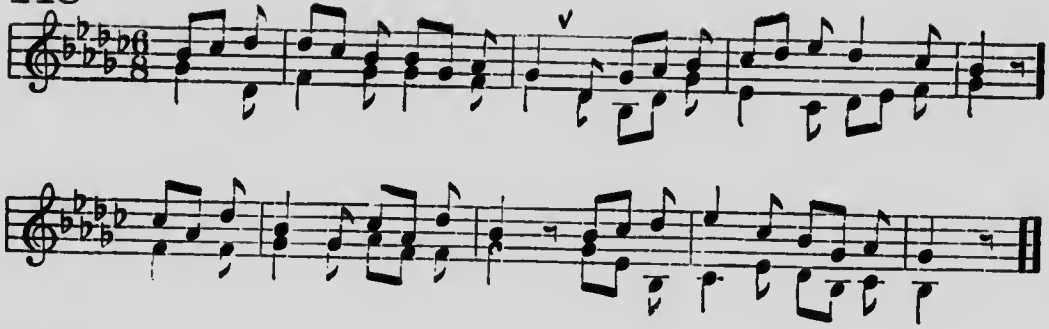

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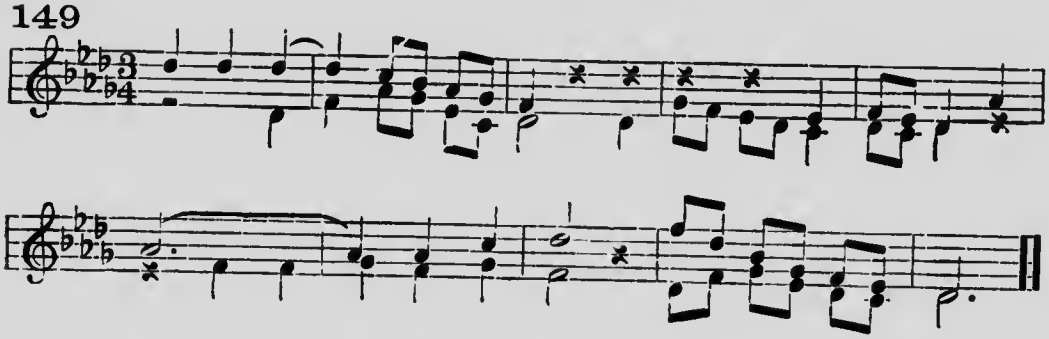

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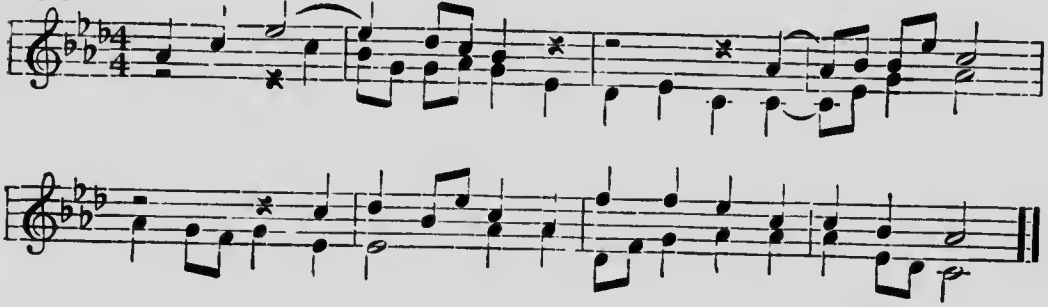

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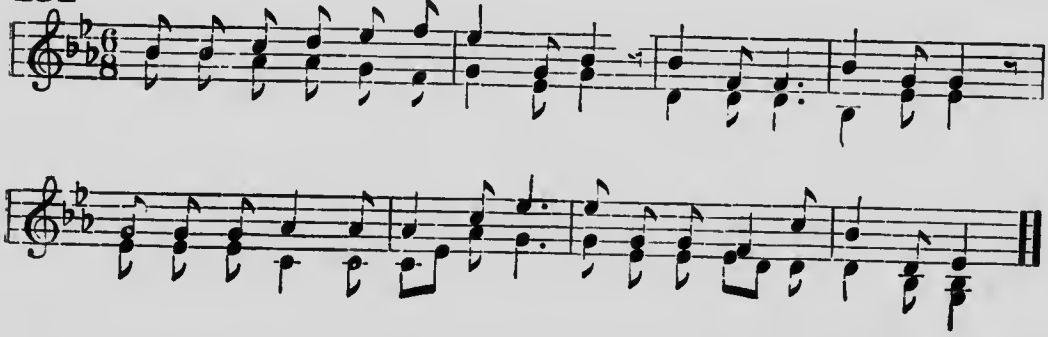

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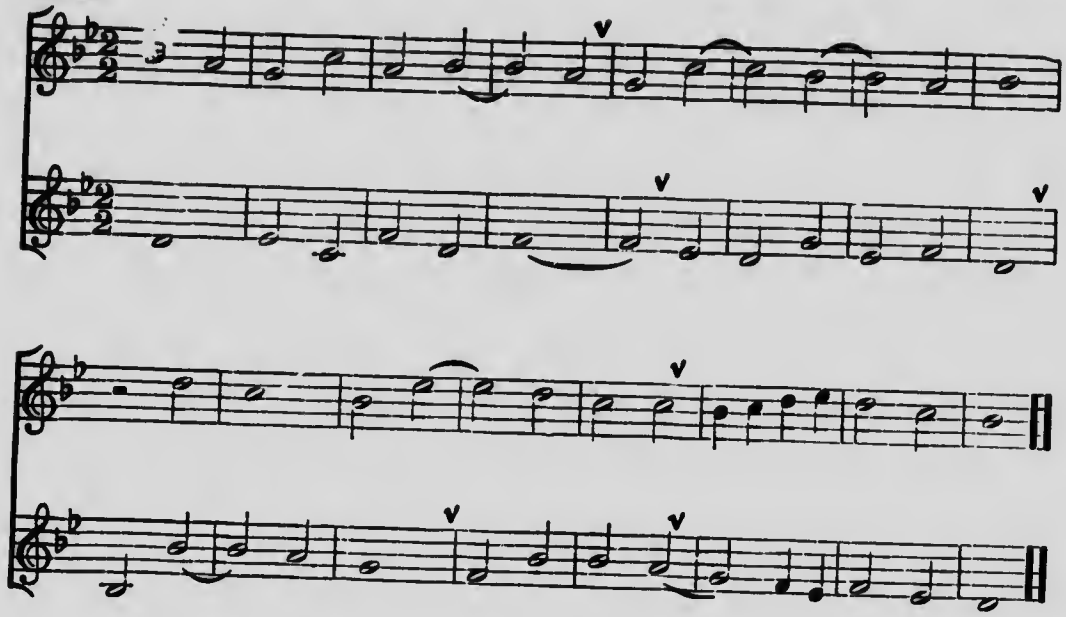

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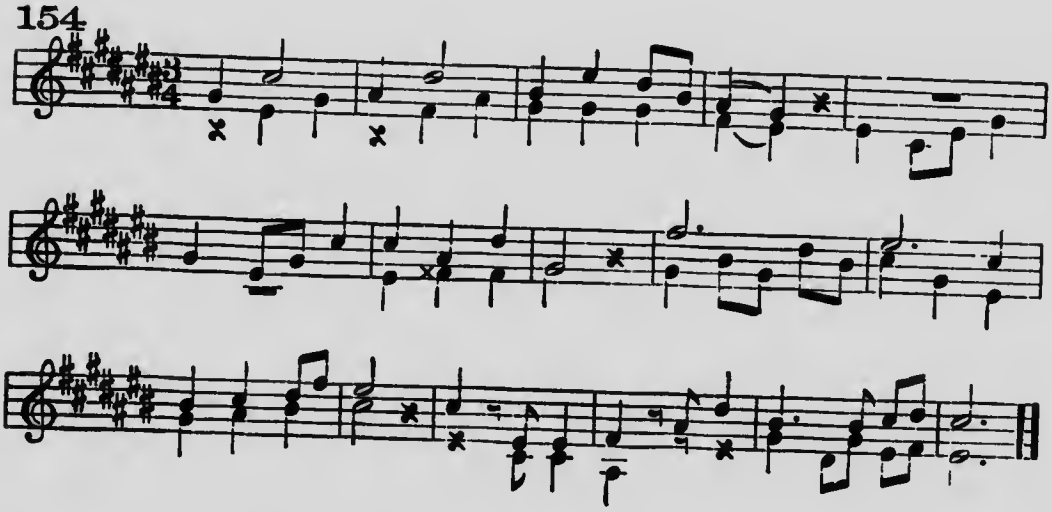

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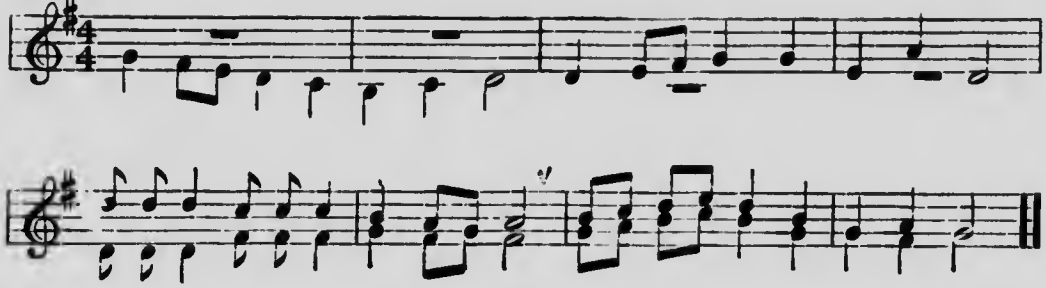

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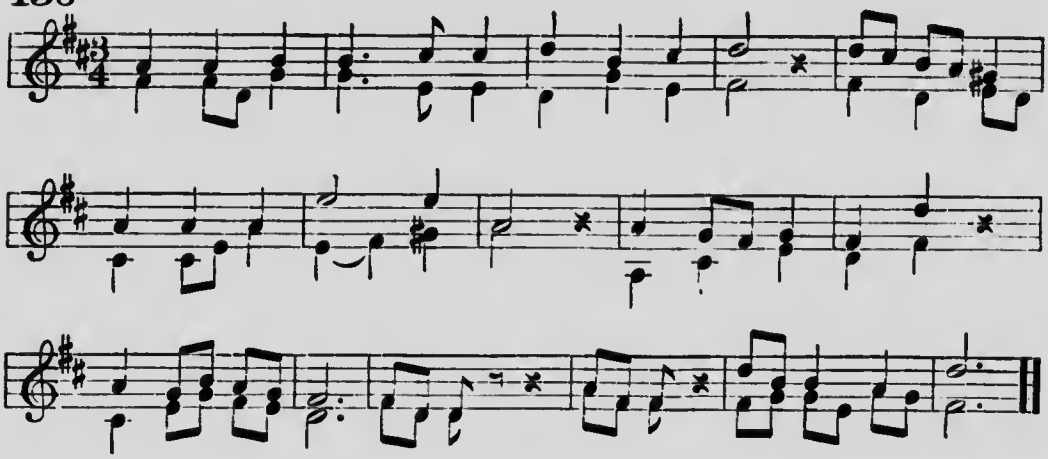

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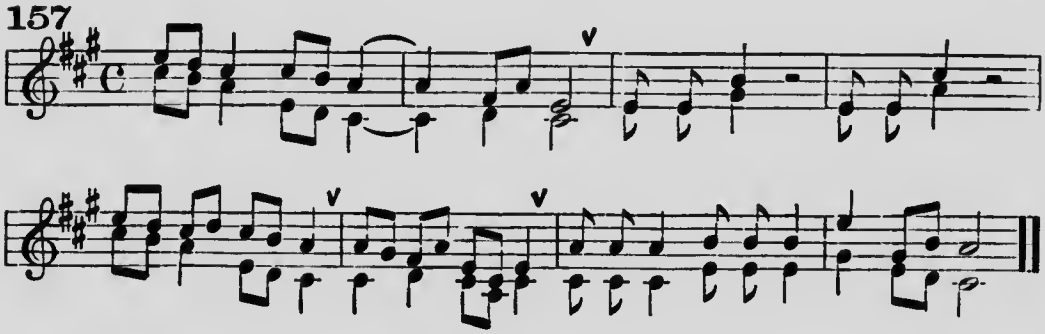

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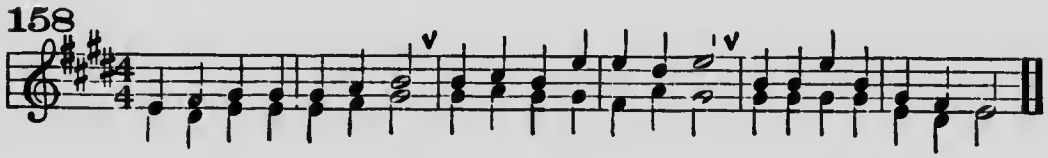

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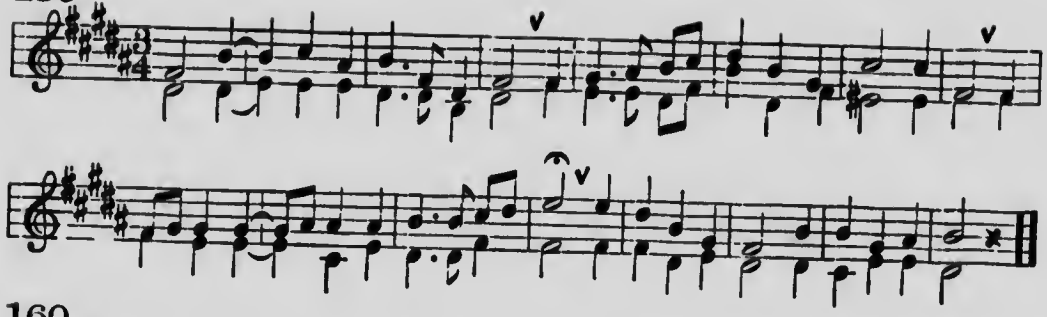

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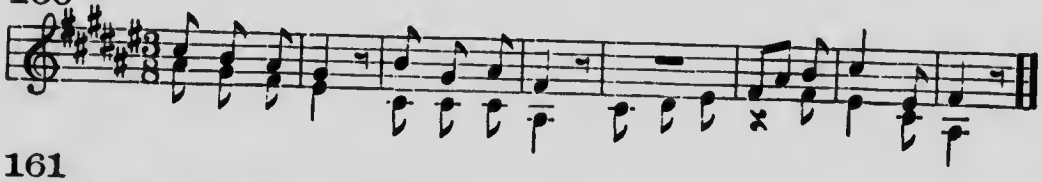

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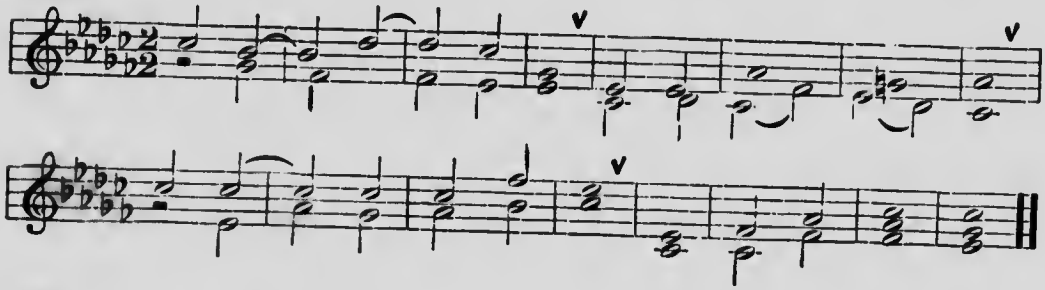

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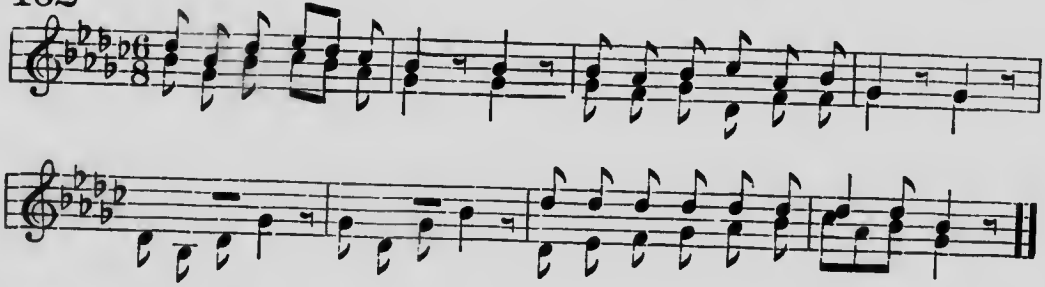

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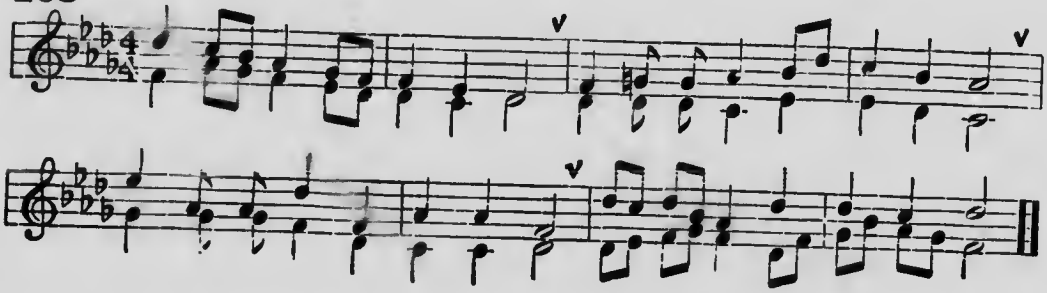

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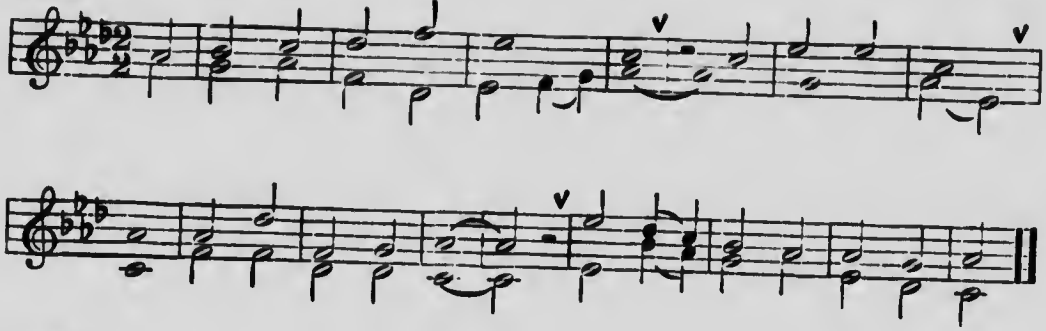

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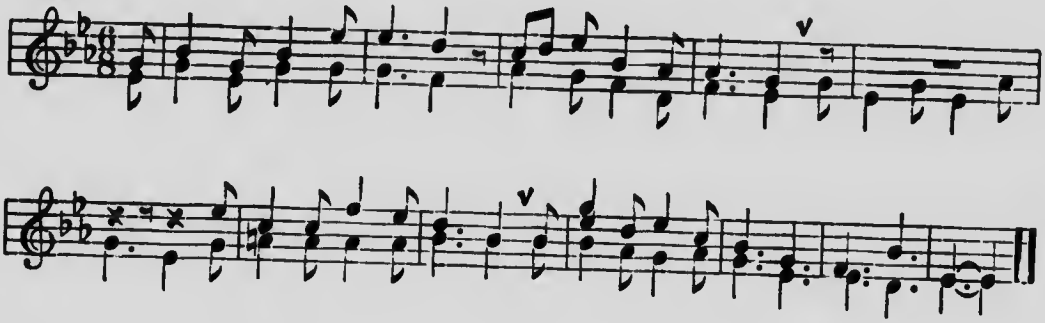

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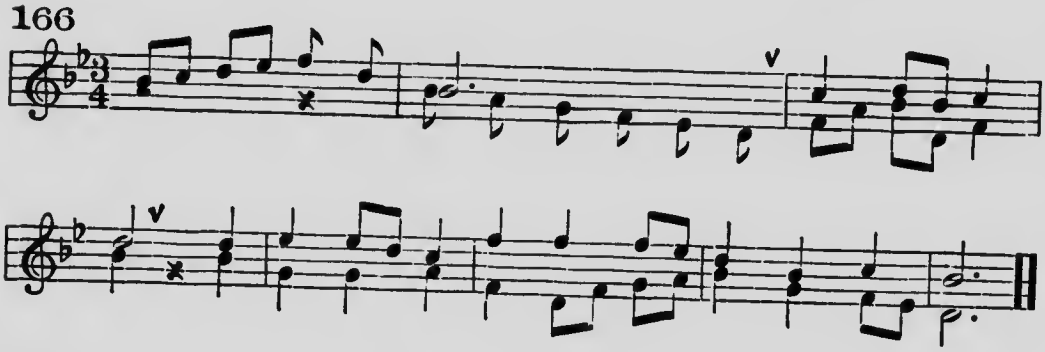

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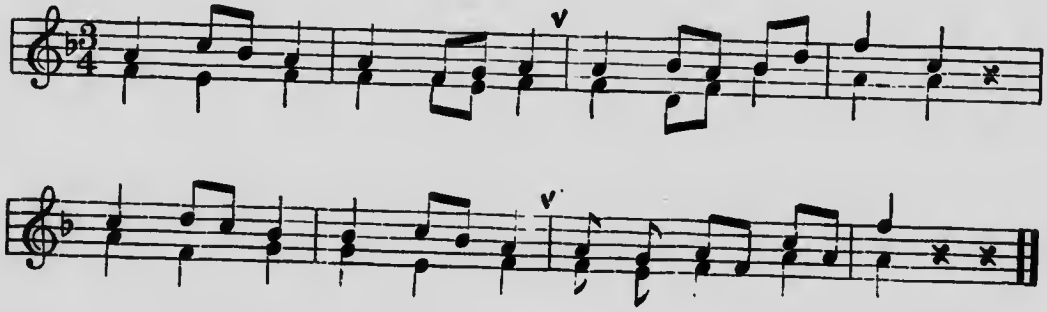

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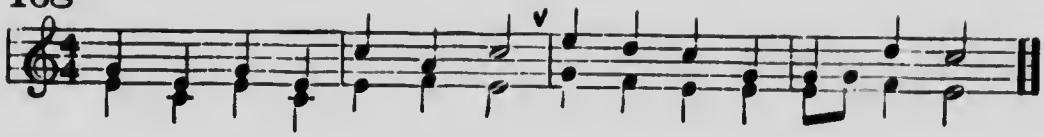

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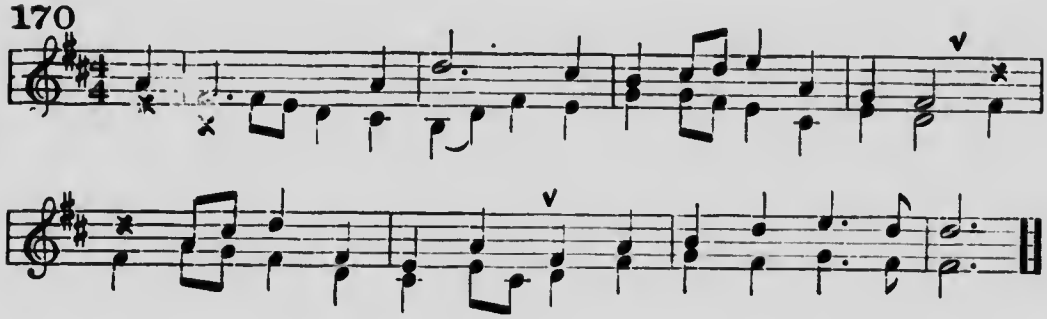

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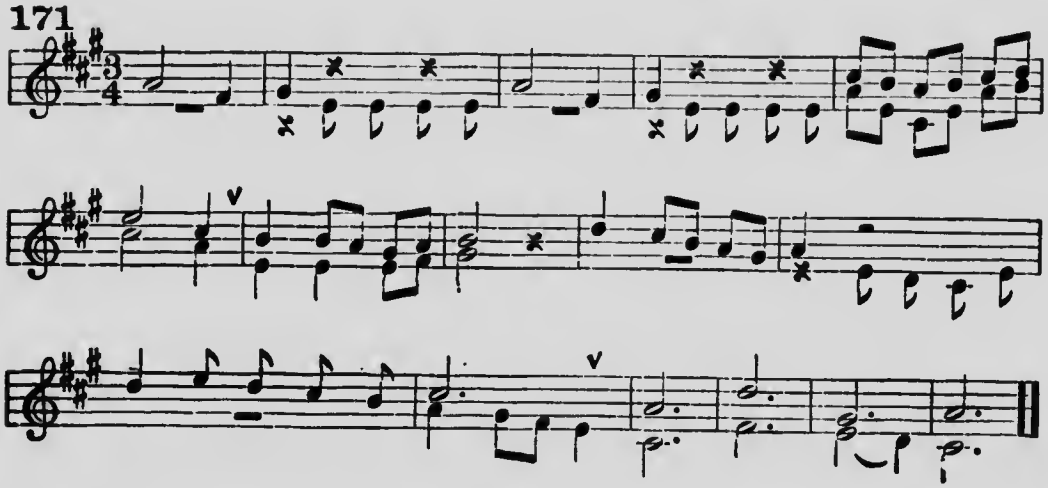
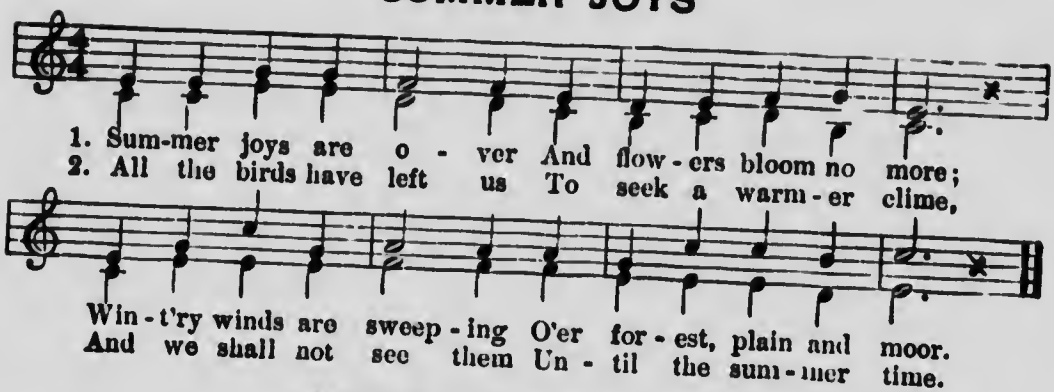
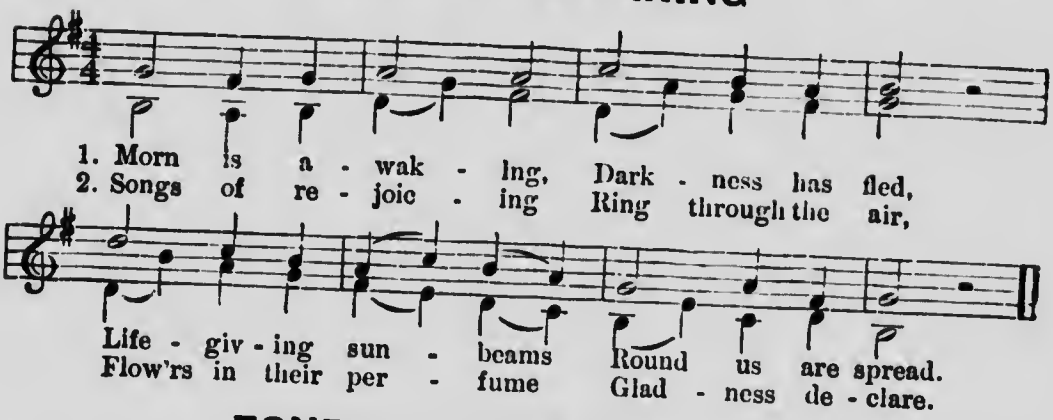


PART SONGS

SUMMER JOYS

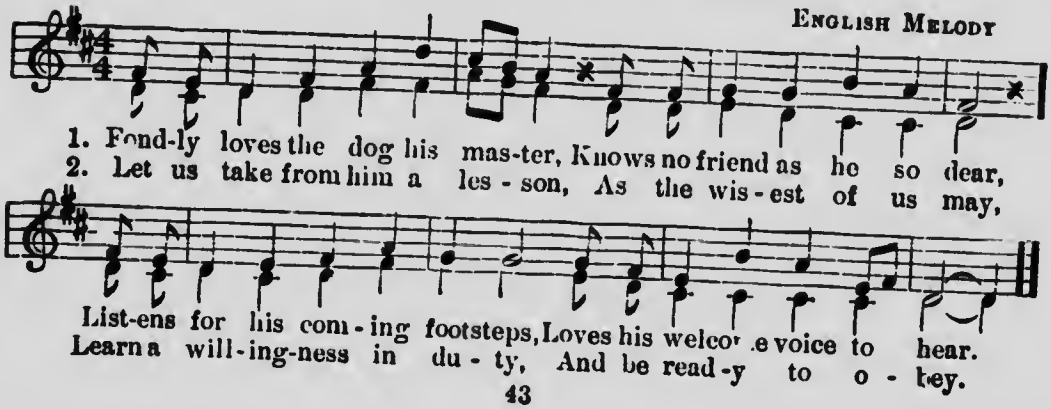


MORN IS AWAKING

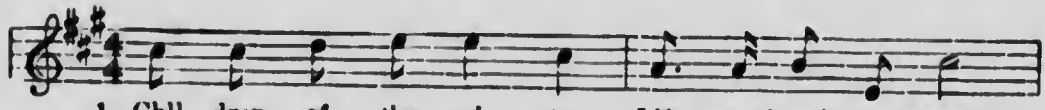


FONDLY LOVES THE DOG

English Melody



CHILDREN OF THE CITY



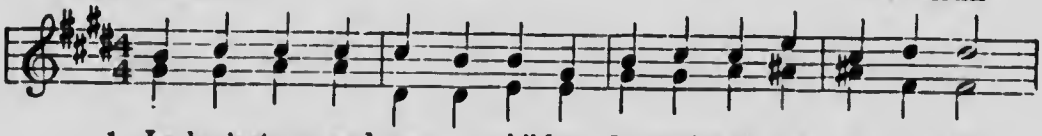
1. Chil - dren of the ci - ty, Lift your laugh - ing eyes,
2. But - ter - cups all gold - en, Dais - ies red and white,
3. Birds of bush and bow - er War - ble all the day.

Gold - en day is beam - ing From the east - ern skies.
Gemm'd with pearl - y dew - drops, Spar - kle in the light.
Chil - dren of the ci - ty, Rise and come a - way.

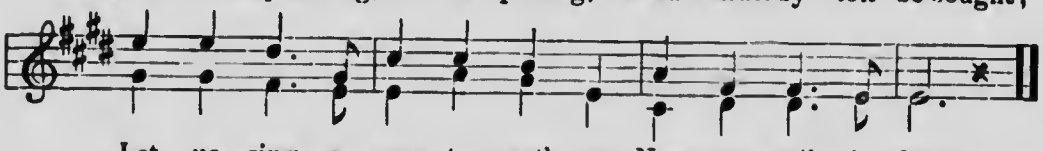
LABOR'S CHILDREN

BARRY CORNWALL

M. ADAM



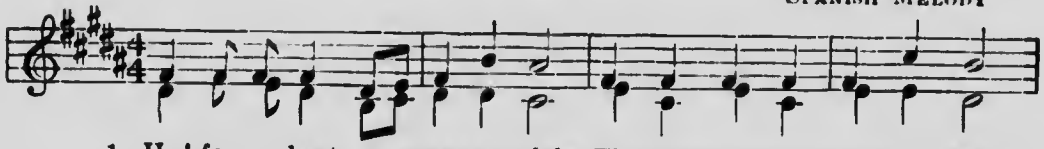
1. La-bor's strong and mer - ry children, Comrades of the ris - ing sun,
2. No de - spond-ing, no re - pin-ing, Lei-sure must by toil be bought;



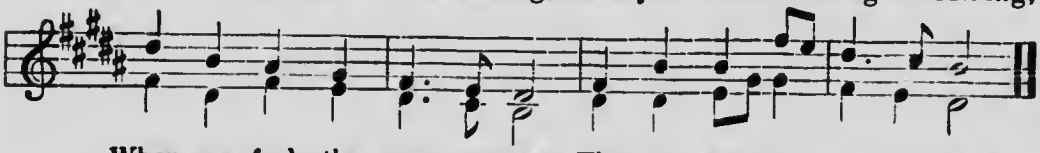
Let us sing a song to - geth - er Now our toil is done.
Nev - er yet was good ac - complished With-out work and thought.

HO FOR A BOAT

SPANISH MELODY

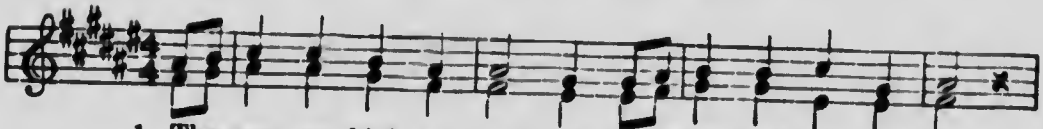


1. Ho! for a boat on some sweet lake, There the breeze we love to take.
2. Calmly our boat will float along, Sweetly we'll scent the fragrance strong,

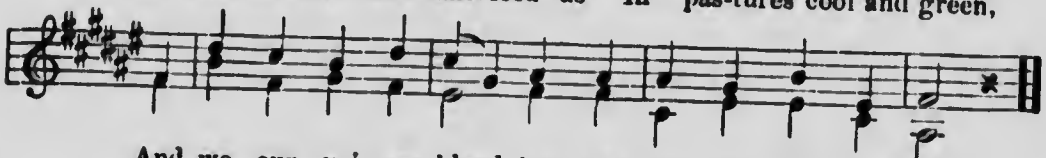


When we feel the sum - mer rays, Then we sing our mer-ry lays.
Borne on the breeze that's passing by, Fresh from the blooming orchards nigh.

THE SUN ON HIGH ASCENDING

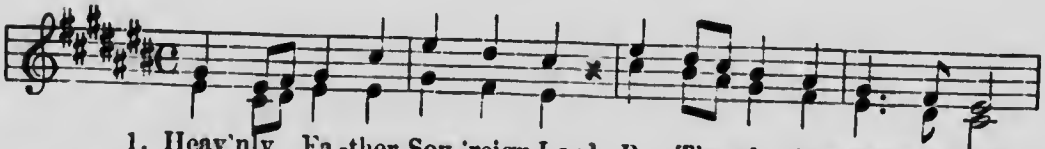


1. The sun on high as - cend - ing Drives back the shades of night,
2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear us From Thine e - ter - nal throne;
3. We know that Thou canst feed us In pas-tures cool and green,

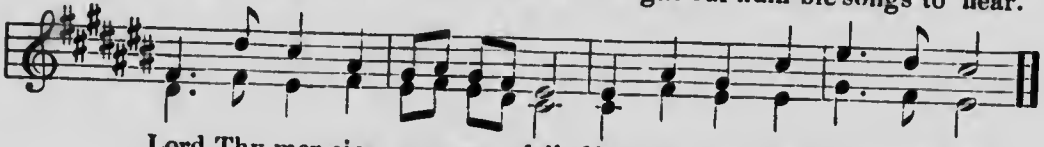


And we our voi - ces blend - ing, Pray to the God of light.
We know that Thou art near us And trust in Thee a - lone.
Through dan-gers safe - ly lead us, And guard us though un - seen.

HEAVENLY FATHER

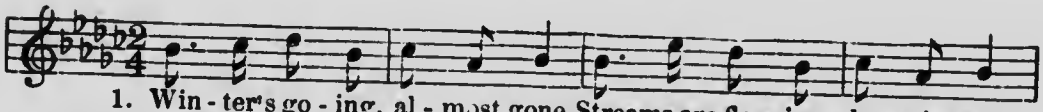


1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, Sov-'reign Lord, Be Thy glo-rious name a - dored.
2. Tho' un-wor-thy, Lord, Thine ear Deigns our hum-ble songs to hear.

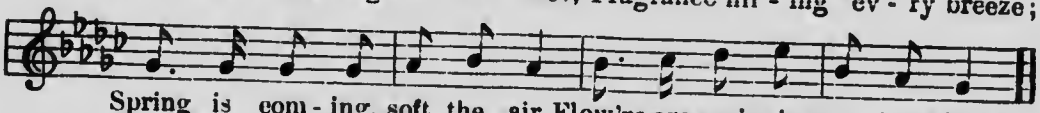


Lord, Thy mer-cies nev - er fail. Hail, Ce - les - tial Good-ness, hail!
Pur - er praise we hope to bring, When a-round Thy throne we sing.

WINTER'S GOING



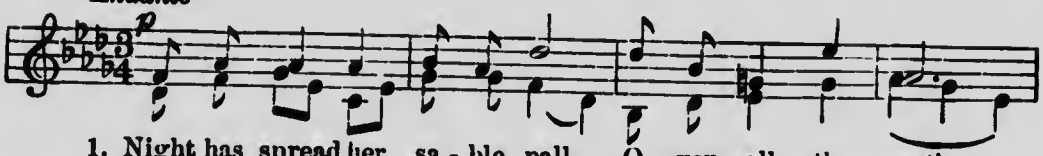
1. Win - ter's go - ing, al - most gone, Streams are flow-ing, glows the sun;
2. Buds are burst-ing on the trees, Fragrance fill - ing ev - 'ry breeze;



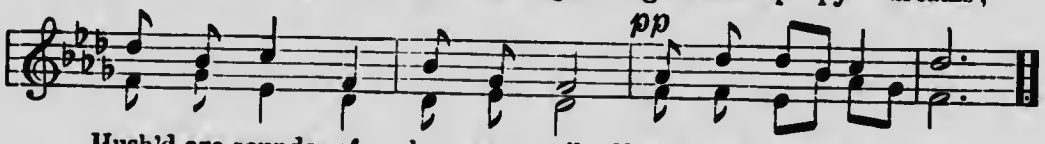
Spring is com - ing, soft the air, Flow'rs are springing ev - 'ry-where.
Bees are wing - ing all the day, Ev - er hum-ming bus - i - ly.

NIGHT HAS SPREAD HER SABLE PALL

Andante

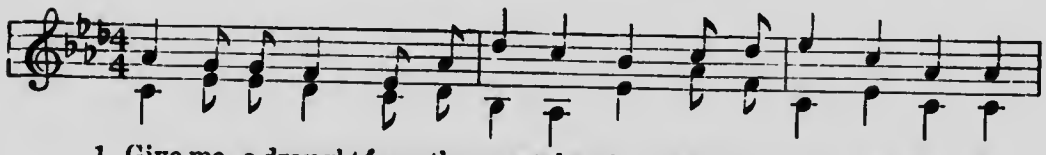


1. Night has spread her sa - ble pall O - ver all the earth;
2. Birds and flow'rs and humming bees Rest in slum - bers light,
3. Slum-ber light thro' all the night, Ting'd with hap - py dreams;

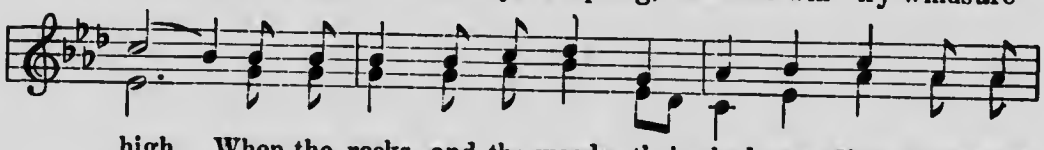


Hush'd are sounds of bu - sy toil, Hush'd the songs of mirth.
And as we our couch - es seek, Bid we all good-night.
May our Guard - ian keep us all Till the morn - ing beams.

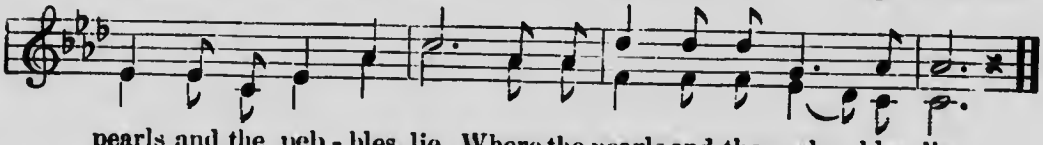
GIVE ME A DRAUGHT



1. Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring, When the burn-ing sun is
2. Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring, When the cool - ing breez-es
3. Give me a draught from the crys-tal spring, When the win - try winds are



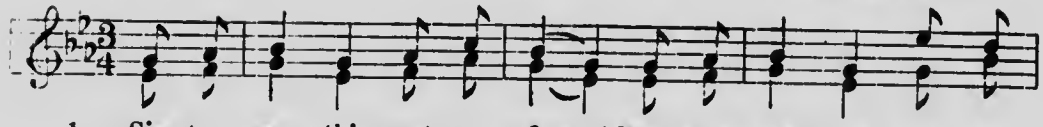
high, When the rocks and the woods their shad-ows fling Where the
blow, When the leaves of the trees are with - er - ing From the
gone, When the flow'rs are in bloom and the ech - oes ring From the



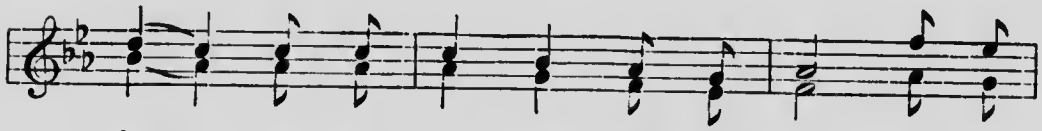
pearls and the peb - bles lie, Where the pearls and the peb - bles lie.
frost or the flee - cy snow, From the frost or the flee - cy snow.
woods or the ver - dant lawn, From the woods or the ver - dant lawn.

SISTER SEE

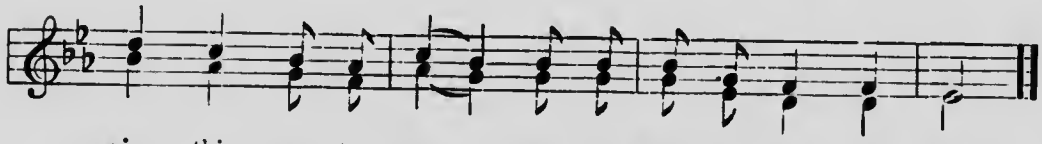
ENGLISH MELODY



1. Sis - ter, see this pret - ty flow'r! We've been walk-ing for an
2. Thank you, 'tis a pret - ty thing. Did you hear the rob - in
3. Yes, and more than that we heard, An-swer - ing the moth - er -



hour, Ann and I, and moth - er too; Here, I'll
sing, Sit - ting in the branch - es high, Soar - ing
bird, Lit - tle rob - ins in a nest, Chirp - ing

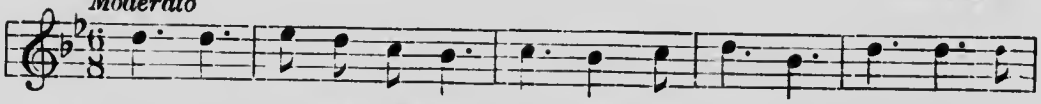


give this one to you, Here, I'll give this one to you.
to the sun - ny sky, Soar - ing to the sun - ny sky?
as they sank to rest, Chirp-ing as they sank to rest.

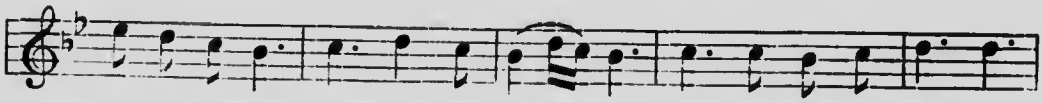
ROW ROW

SPORLE

Moderato



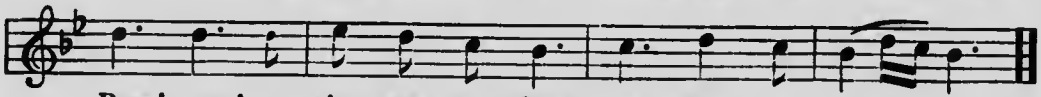
1. Row! row! homeward we steer, Twi - light falls o'er us. Hark! hark!
2. Row! row! see in the west Lights dim - ly burn - ing! Friends in yon



mu-sic is near, Friends glide be - fore us. Song light-ens our la - bor,
har-bor of rest Wait our re - turn - ing. See, now they burn clear-er!

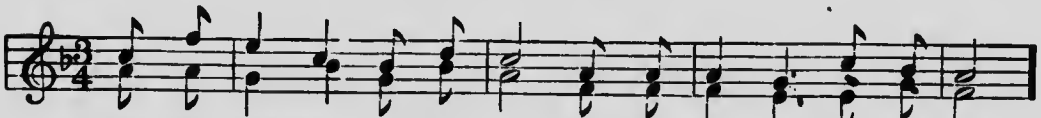
Sing as onward we go. Keep each with his neighbor Time as we row.
Keep time with the oar; Now, now we are near-er Our hap-py shore.

Row! row! home-ward we go, Twi - light falls o'er us;
Home! home! day - light is o'er, Friends stand be - fore us.

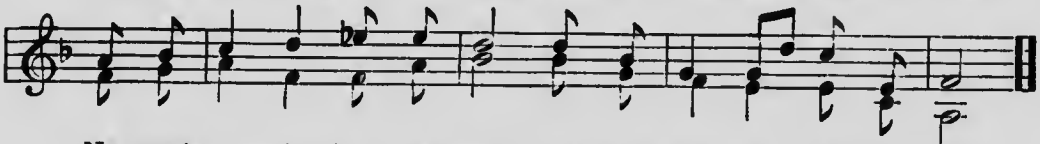


Row! row! sing as we flow, Day flies be - fore us.
Once more, on near - ing the shore, Once more the cho - rus.

PRETTY LARK

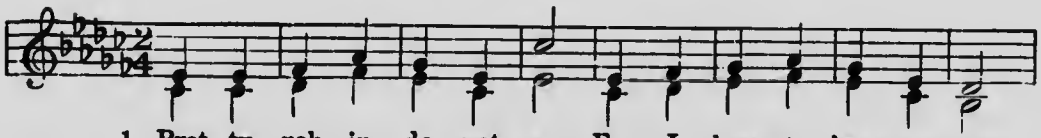


1. Pret - ty lark! thy cheer-ful lay Wel-comes now the dawn-ing day;
2. Thou art mounting to the sky, While thy notes are heard on high,



Na -ture's morn-ing hymn is heard First from thee, de - light-ful bird.
And so rap - id is thy flight, Thou wilt soon be out of sight.

PRETTY ROBIN

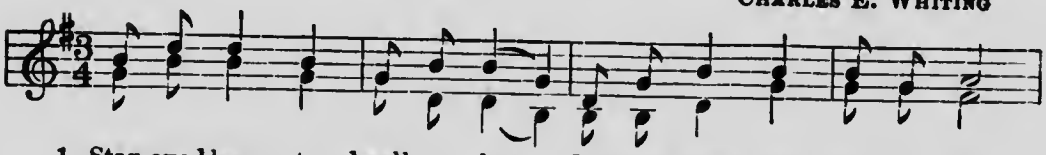


1. Pret - ty rob - in, do not go, For I love to have you near;
2. Pret - ty bird, you do not know How each morning in the spring
3. And when one de- light -ful morn First I caught your cheerful strain,

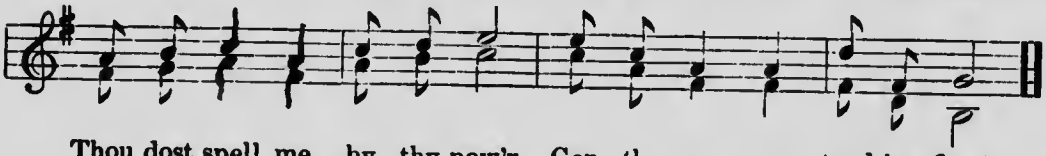
Stay a - mong the sha - dy leaves, Sing your songs so sweet and clear.
To my win-dow I would go, Hop-ing I might hear you sing.
Like some long lost friend you seemed, To our home come back a - gain.

STAR-EYED BEAUTY

CHARLES E. WHITING

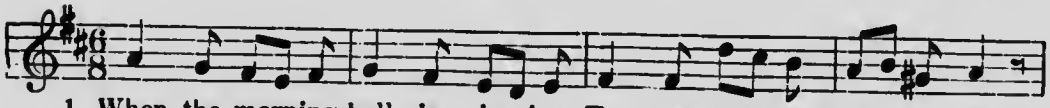


1. Star-eyed beau - ty, dwell-er low By the gar - den por - ti - co,
2. Ev - 'ry wind that pass-eth by, Ev - 'ry sun - beam in the sky,
3. I have sought thee, mod-est flow'r, And am cap - tive in thy bow'r;

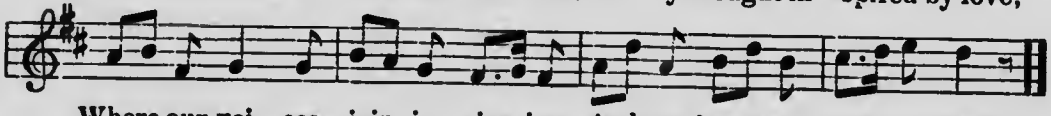


Thou dost spell me by thy pow'r, Gen - tle un - pre - tend-ing flow'r.
Each clear drop of morn-ing dew, Is a piece and part of you.
Some sweet hon - ey may I get From thee, lit - tle vi - o - let?

WHEN THE MORNING BELL IS RINGING

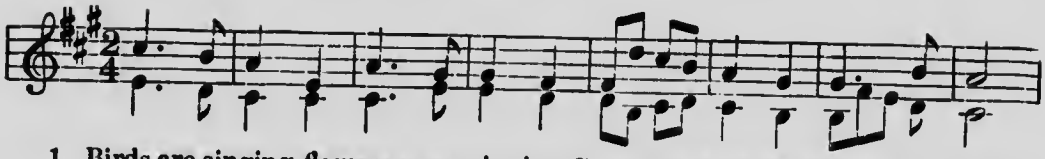


1. When the morning bell is ring-ing, To the school room we re - pair,
2. While in har - mo - ny our voi - ces Are as - cend-ing to our God,
3. Fa - ther, thus in pure de - vo - tion, Ev - 'ry thought in - spired by love,

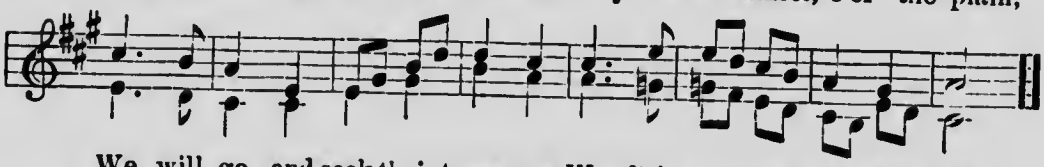


Where our voi - ces join in sing-ing And our hearts u - nite in prayer.
Ev - 'ry grate-ful heart re - joi - ces Thus to spread His praise a-broad.
Grat - i - tude in each e - mo-tion, Would we lift our souls a - bove.

BIRDS ARE SINGING

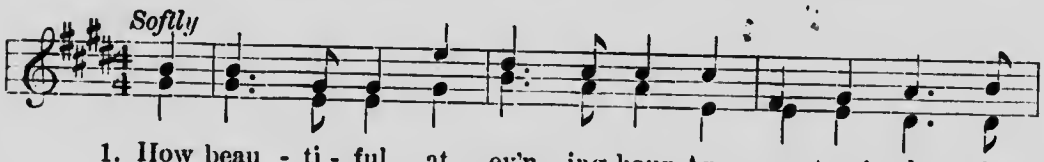


1. Birds are singing, flowers are springing, Green are woods and fields once more;
2. Joy is burst-ing forth a-round us, O'er the hills, a - cross the vales;
3. Let us then go forth and wan-der By the streamlet, o'er the plain,

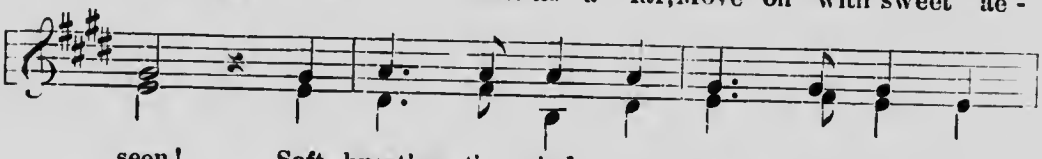


We will go and seek their treasures, Wand'ring o'er earth's grassy floor.
Far and wide by breez- es waft-ed Are the songs of nightin-gales.
By the hedg-es, 'neath the shad-ows, Forth in - to the world a - gain.

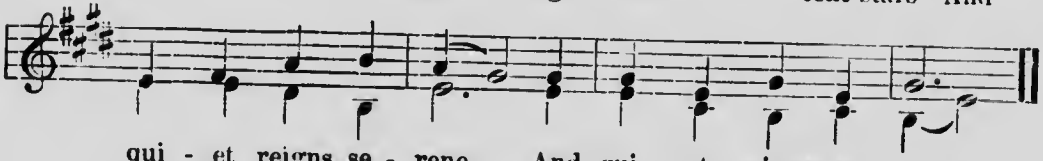
HOW BEAUTIFUL AT EV'NING HOUR



1. How beau - ti - ful at ev'n - ing hour Are na - ture's glo - ries
2. Now bright - ly beam- ing on her way, The moon as- cends the
3. And scat - tered o'er the heav'ns a - far, Move on with sweet ae -



seen! Soft breathes the wind on leaf and flow'r And
sky. How clear - ly gleams be - neath her ray The
cord, All through the night, the si - lent stars And

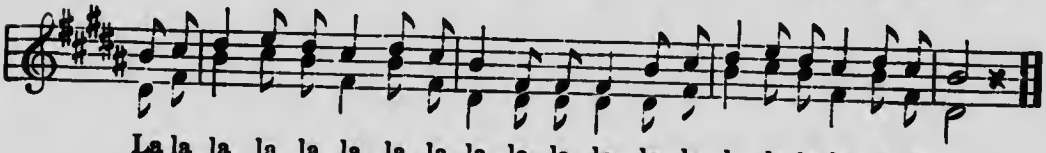


qui - et reigns se - rene, And qui - et reigns se - rene.
for - est far and nigh, The for - est far and nigh!
ev - er praise the Lord, And ev - er praise the Lord.

COME LET US GAILY WANDER

English Melody

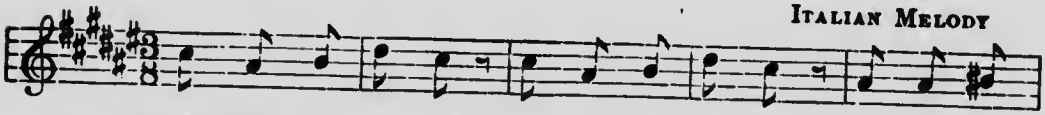
1. Come, let us gai - ly wan - der On heath and hill - side yon - der.
2. We have the day be - fore us, Bright skies are shin - ing o'er us.
3. Come, let us move in or - der With-out a straggling bor - der



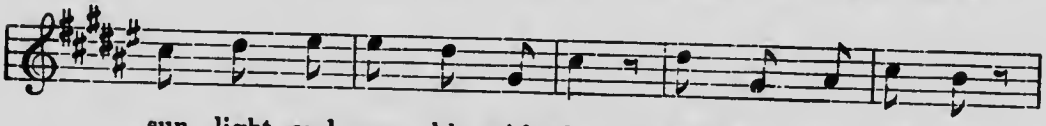
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

WAVES BRIGHTLY GLANCING

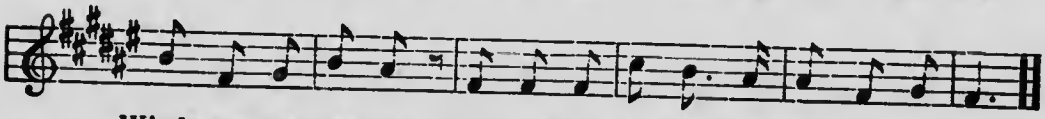
Italian Melody



1. Waves brightly glanc-ing, Mer - ri - ly danc- ing, Smile in the
2. Now on the o - cean, Glid- ing in mo - tion, Launch our light
3. For - ests and mead- ows Van- ish like shad- ows, Glanc-ing and



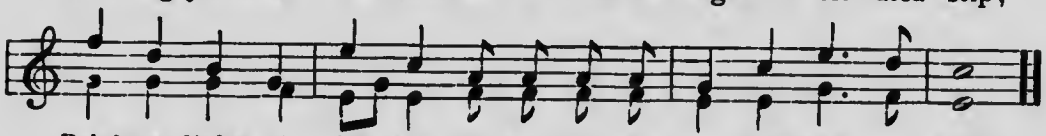
sun - light and spar - kle with glee; Flow'rs are un - clos - ing,
pin - nace and sea - ward we spring; Oars dip - ping light - ly,
fad - ing like forms in a dream, Leav - ing their trac - ing,



Winds are re - pos- ing, Zeph-yrs are fan-ning the rose on its tree.
Sails swelling slightly, Bear us a - long like a bird on the wing.
Just as in pass-ing Pictures are drawn by the sun's glowing beam.

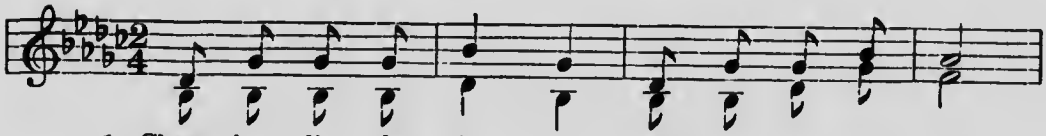
ANGRY WORDS

1. An - gry words too oft are spo-ken, E - vil thoughts by them are stirred;
2. An - gry words, O let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled slip;



Brightest links of life are bro-ken By a sin - gle has - ty word.
May a gen - tle spir - it ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip.

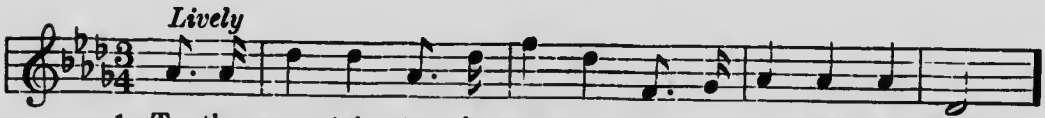
CHARMING LITTLE LILY



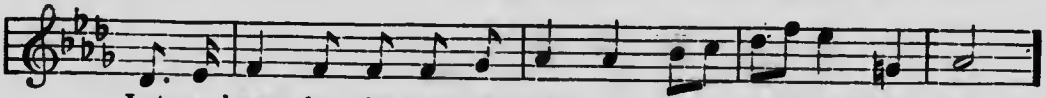
1. Charm-ing lit - tle li - ly Spark - ling in the dew,
2. Hal - lowed lit - tle flow - er, Clear as morn-ing's light,

Who's ca - ress'd more free - ly, Love - ly flow'r, than you?
Far from e - vil's pow - er, Ev - er pure and bright.

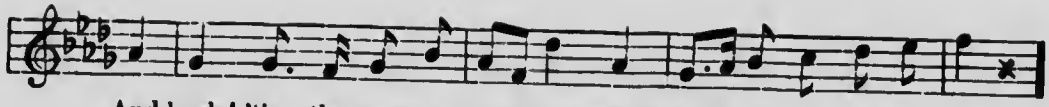
TO THE MOUNTAIN



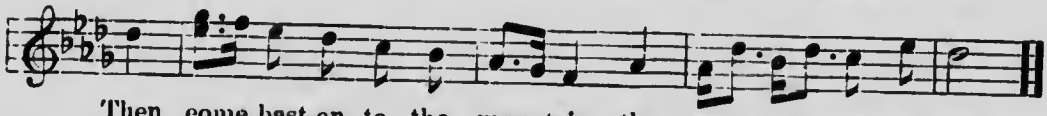
1. To the moun-tain, to the mountain, To the mountain a - way!
2. To the moun-tain, to the mountain, To the mountain a - way!



Let us haste for the morn is bright in the sun's dawn-ing ray.
Let us haste for the morning zeph - yrs are scorch'd by the day.



And hark! 'tis the mer-ry hun-ter whose horn far a-way we hear.
And come, fol-low as the deer leaps from sleep in his sha-dy bed.

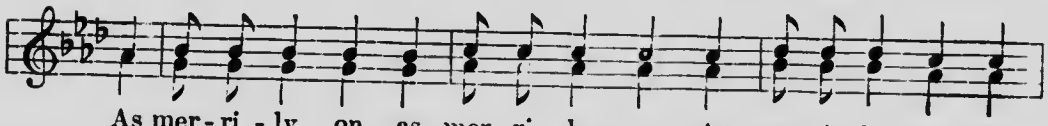


Then come, hast-en to the mountain, the sum-mit now is near.
A-wak'd by the hun-ter's horn, like the wind the deer has fled.

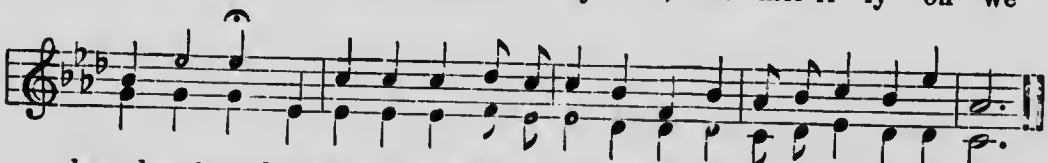
OH SWIFT WE GO

1. Oh, swift we go o'er the fleecy snow, When moonbeams sparkle round, When
2. On winter's night when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We
3. With laugh and song we glide a-long, A-cross the flee-ey snow. With
4. The rag-ing sea has joys for me, When gale and tem-pest roar, But

hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As mer-ri-ly on we bound,
loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be-hind,
friends be-side, how swift we'll ride, The shin-ing track be-low,
give the speed of the foam-ing steed And I'll ask for waves no more,



As mer-ri-ly on, as mer-ri-ly on, As mer-ri-ly on we



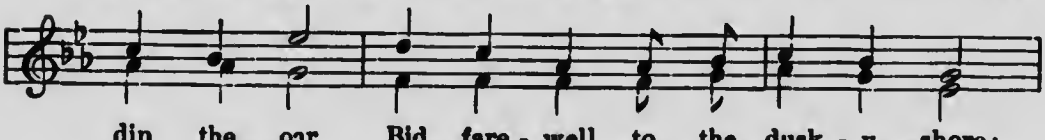
bound, we bound. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

'TIS MOONLIGHT

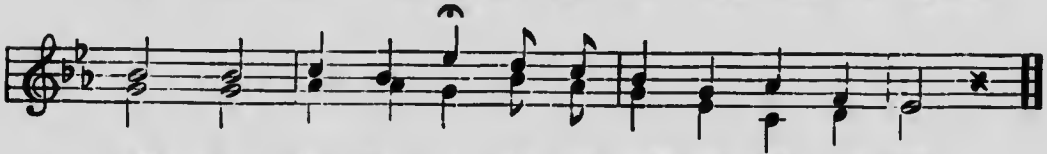
SARONA

1. 'Tis moonlight on the sea, boys, Our boat is on the strand; She
2. The zeph-yrs woo the spray, boys, Their laughter fills the air; We'll
3. What tho' the dark rocks frown, boys, Their home is on the shore; When

bids us all be free, boys, And seek a fair-er land. Dip, boys,
bid them wake our song, boys, And steal a-way our care. Dip, boys,
fair-er lands ap-pear, boys, Our dan-ger will be o'er. Dip, boys,

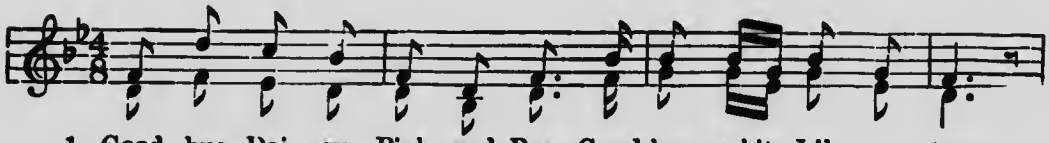


dip the oar, Bid fare-well to the dusk-y shore;

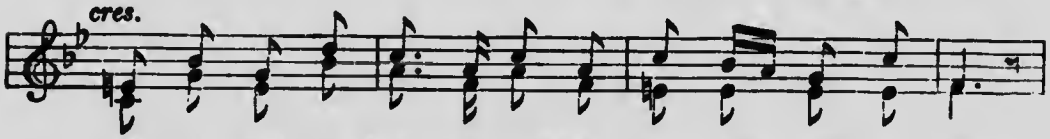


Free-dom ours shall be, As we cross the deep blue sea.

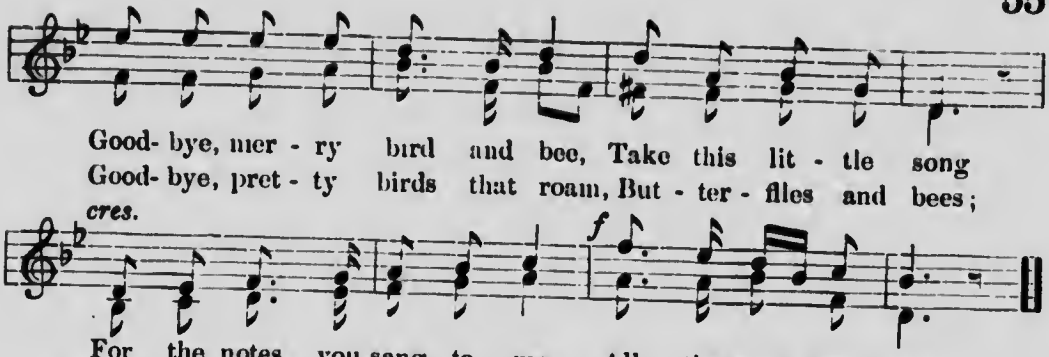
GOODBYE DAISY



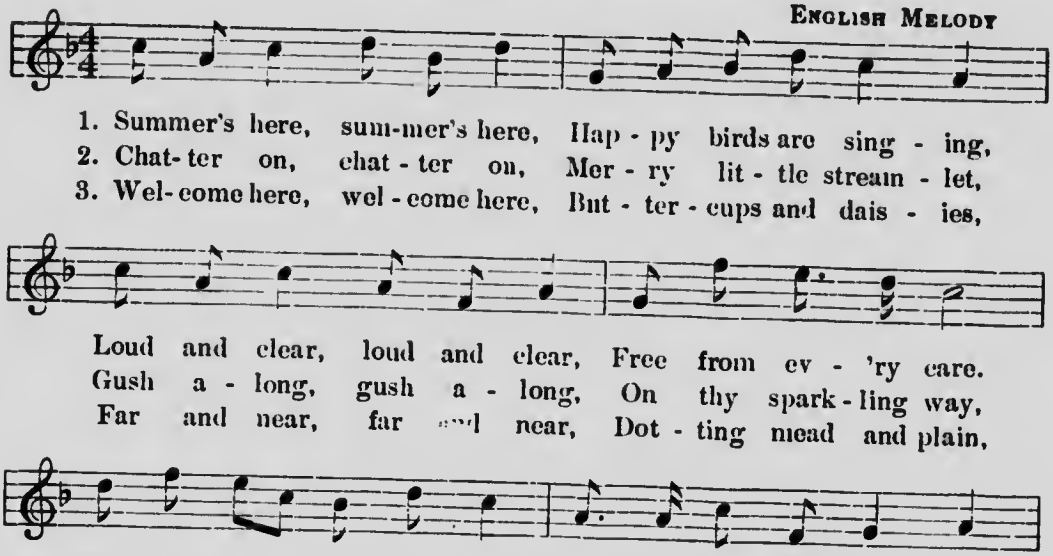
1. Good-bye, Dai-sy, Pink, and Rose, Good-bye, white Lil-y, too;
2. Good-bye, mer-ry lit-tle rill, The sum-mer has grown old;



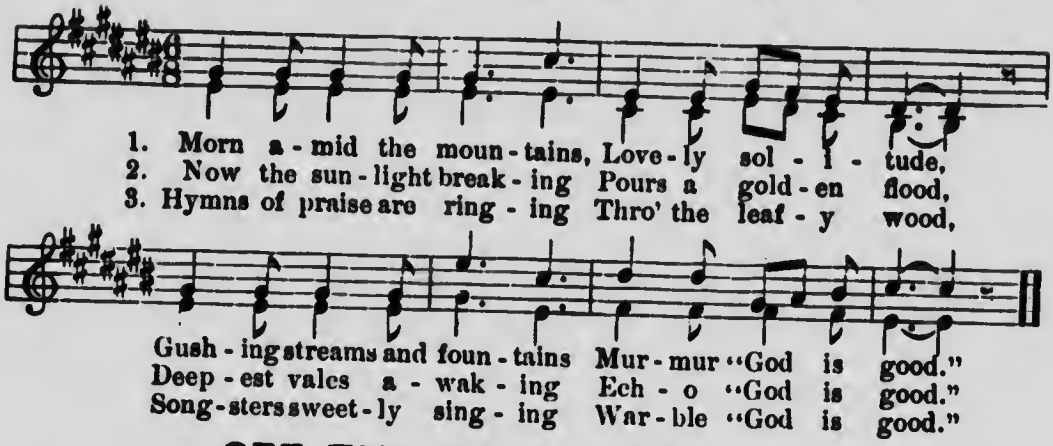
Ev-'ry pret-ty flow'r that blows, A fond good-bye to you.
On you leaves from vale and hill Fall down like flakes of gold.



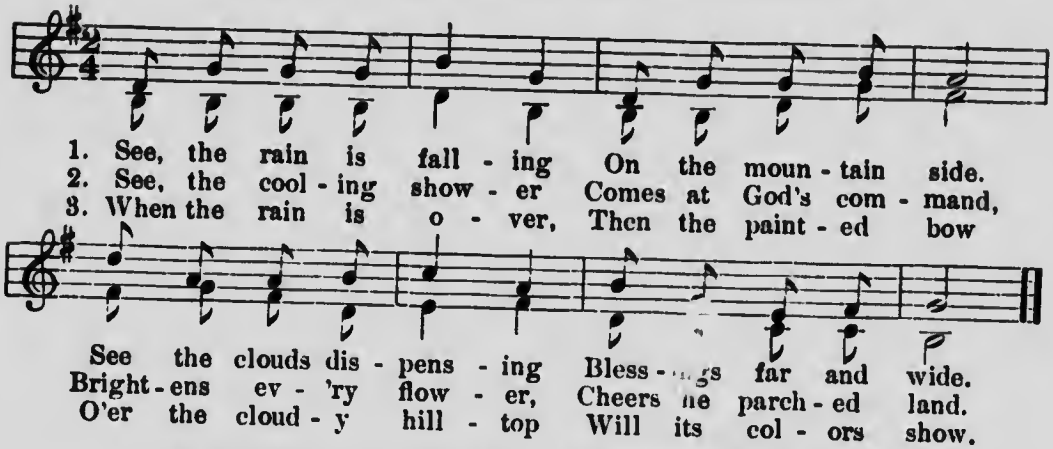
SUMMER'S HERE



MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS

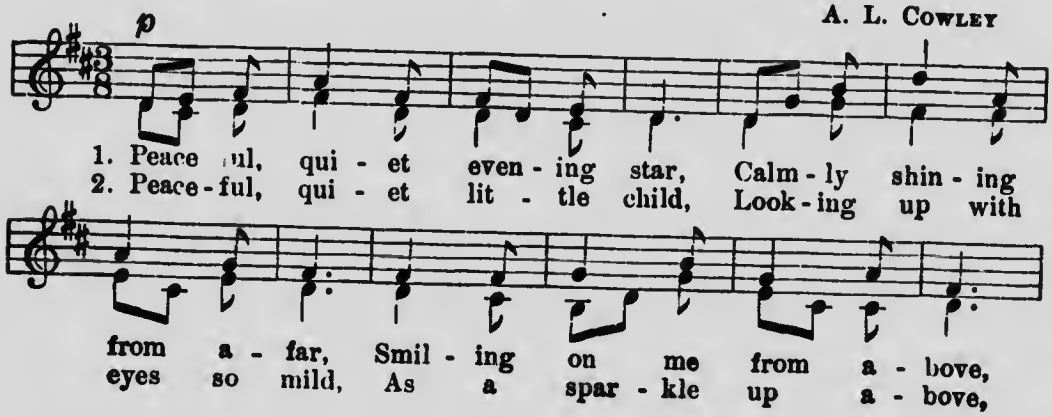


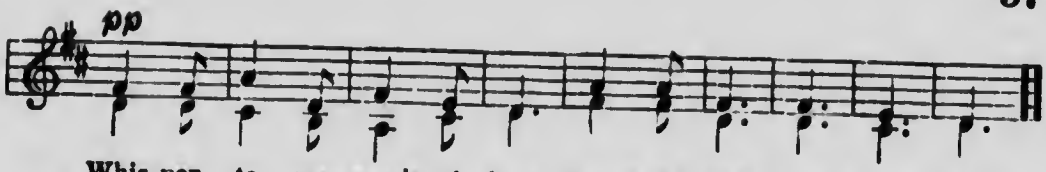
SEE THE RAIN IS FALLING



PEACEFUL QUIET EVENING STAR

A. L. Cowley



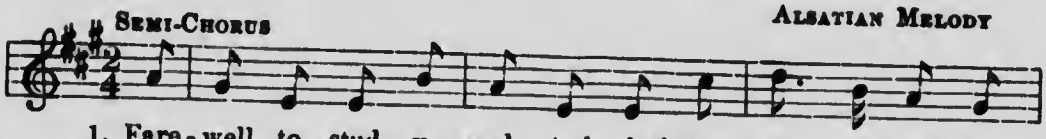


Whis-per to me words of love, Words of love, words of love.
This I whis-per, God is love, God is love, God is love.

FAREWELL TO STUDY

Semi-Chorus

Alsatian Melody



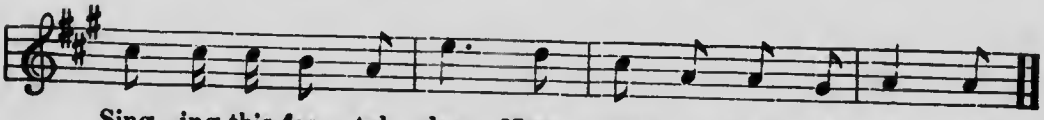
1. Fare-well to stud-y and to books! How fast the time is
2. We hail a-gain this joy-ous day, For we are tired and
3. We'll roam a-mong the bright green fields, Where woods and flow'rs are

wing-ing! We'll soon be run-ning with the brooks And
wea-ry; The school-room with its lack of play Is
spring-ing, Where fruits which ear-ly sum-mer yields, The

Chorus

with the birds be sing-ing. Come, come, let us
get-ting dull and drear-y.
farm-er home is bring-ing.

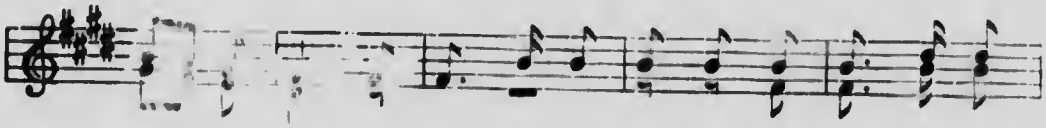
haste a-way, Come, come, let us haste a-way,



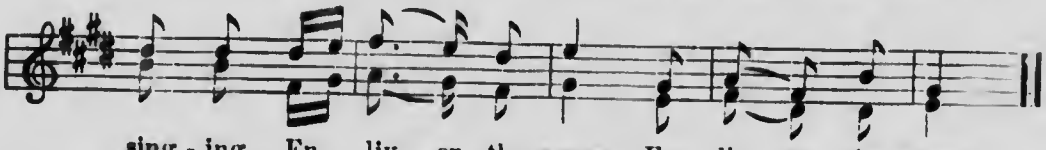
Sing-ing this fes-tal day, Now comes our glad va-ca-tion.

THE LAMBS GAILY FROLIC

1. The lambs gai - ly frol - ic, The lambs gai - ly frol - ic O'er
2. The bees now are buzz - ing, The bees now are buzz - ing 'Mid

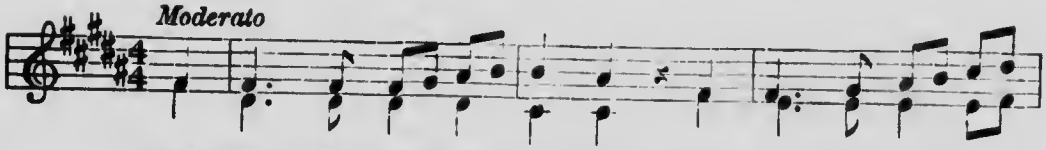


mead-ows green; The birds with their sing - ing, The birds with their
blos-soms gay; All na - ture is sing - ing, All na - ture is



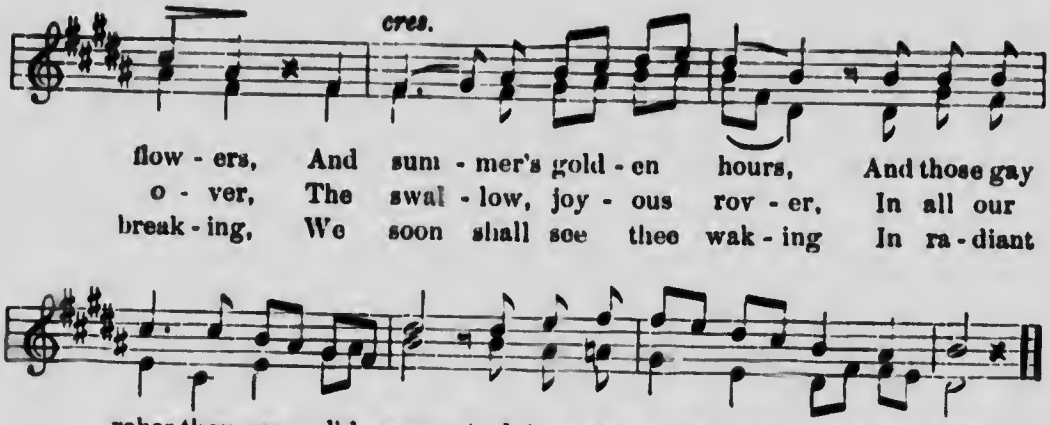
sing - ing En - liv - en the scene, En - liv - en the scene.
sing - ing One joy - ous lay, One joy - ous lay.

HOW DEEP A SLEEP

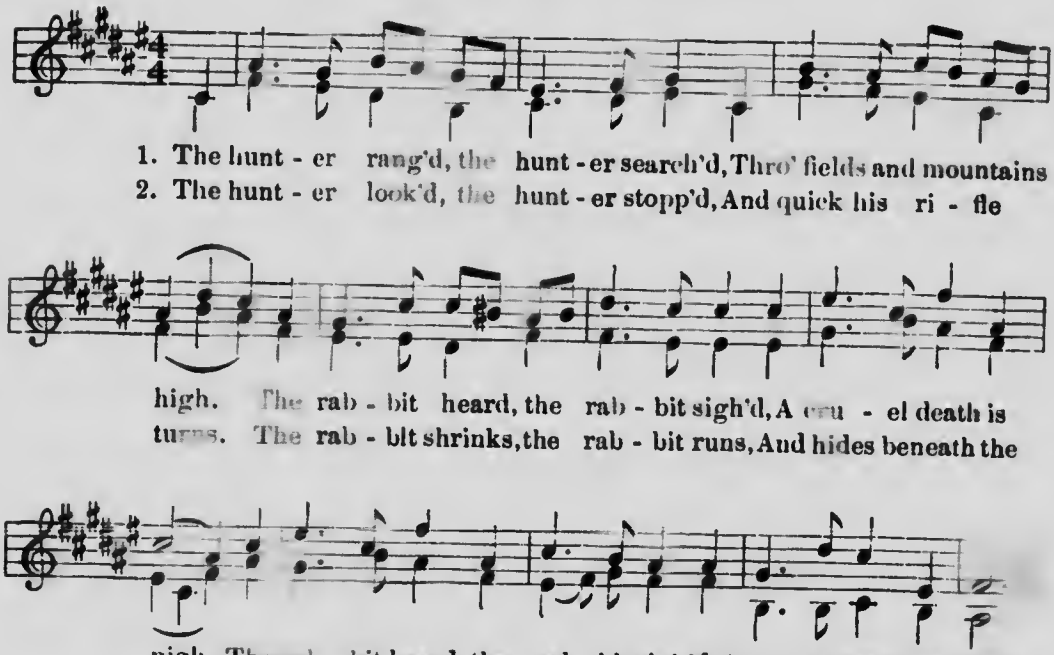


1. How deep a sleep hath bound thee! A snow - y shroud is
2. How tran - quil are thy slum-bers! No shepherd's tune - ful
3. A Fa - ther's hand hath dressed thee In win - ter's robes, so

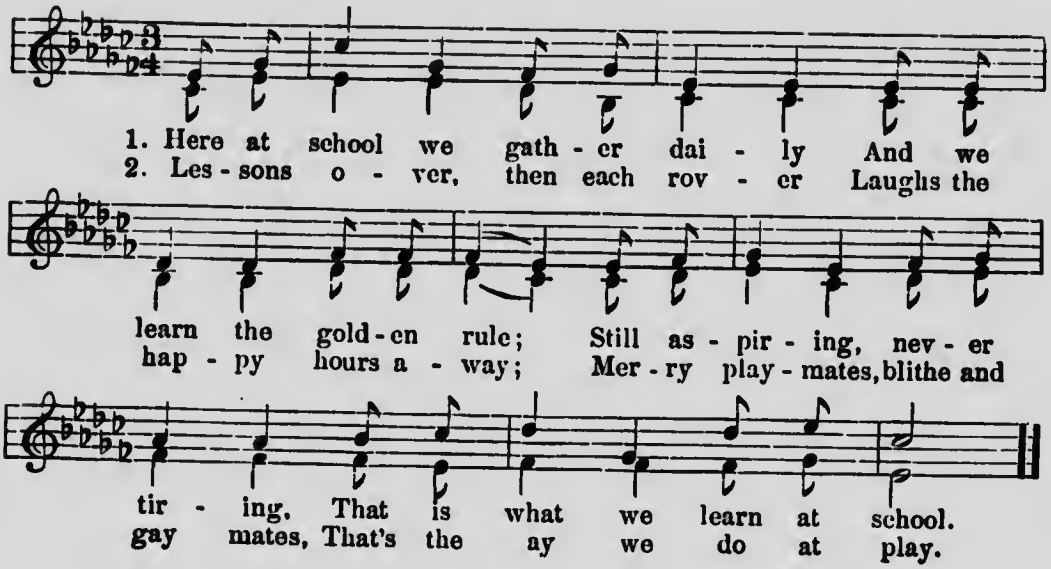
round thee, O earth, our moth-er fair! Where now are spring's gay
num-bers By vale or stream re - sound. Sweet sum-mer songs are
rest thee Be-neath His watch-ful sight. Thy win - try slum-bers



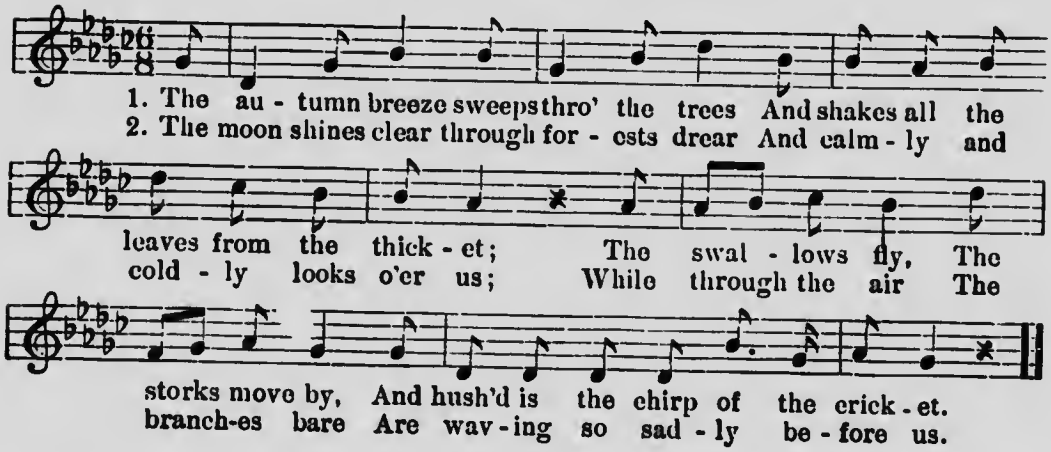
THE HUNTER RANG'D



HERE AT SCHOOL

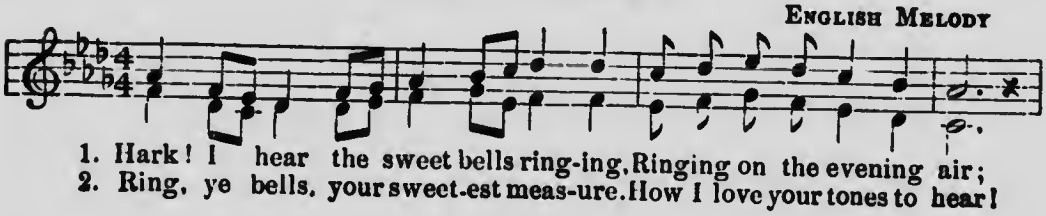


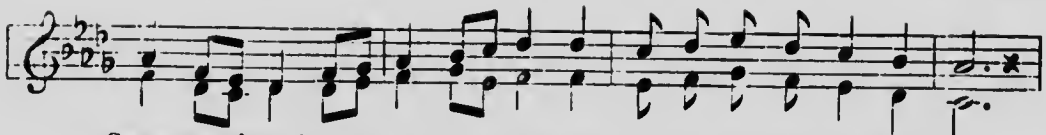
THE AUTUMN BREEZE



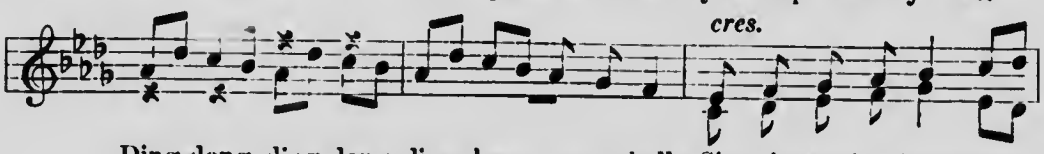
HARK I HEAR

English Melody

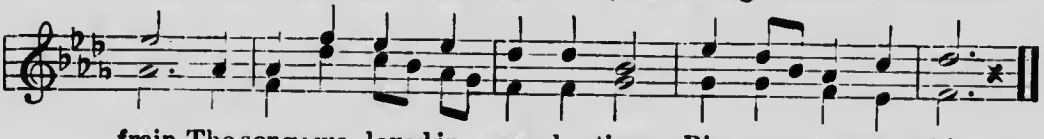




Sweet-est thoughts of mem-'ry bring-ing, Ev - er joy-ous, fresh and fair.
And my heart is full of pleas-ure, As they fall up - on my ear.



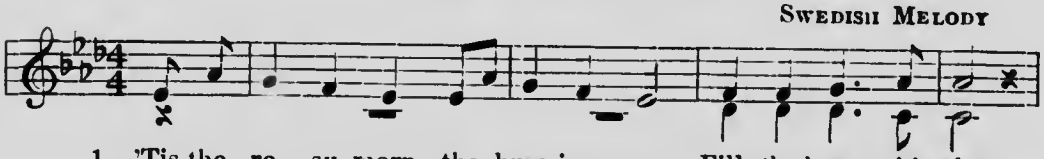
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, mer-ry bells, Sing the strain, the old re -



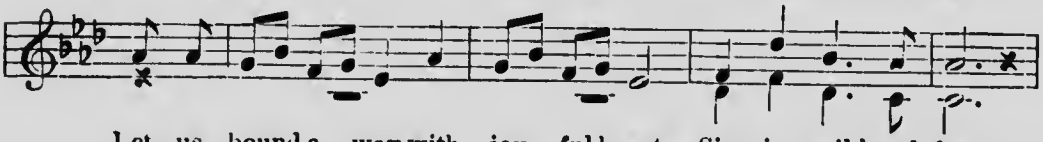
frain, The songs we loved in ear - ly time, Ring your sweetest chimes.

'TIS THE ROSY MORN

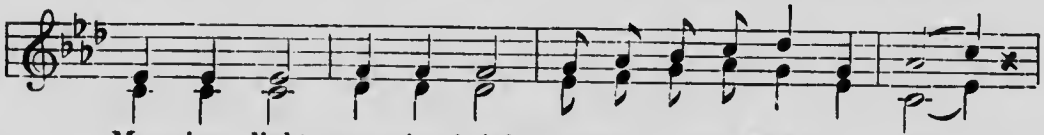
SWEDISH MELODY



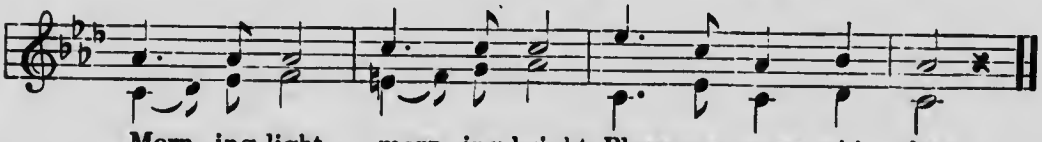
1. 'Tis the ro - sy morn, the brac-ing morn, Fills the heart with glee;
2. 'Tis the rud - dy morn, the fragrant morn, Brings the sweetest hours,
3. Then a-wake and breathe the soft per-fume, Morning's fra - grant air,



Let us bound a - way with joy - ful hearts, Sing-ing wild and free.
When she tips with gold the east - ern hills, Wak-ing birds and flow'rs.
In the bright-est time of all the day, Morning, fresh and fair.

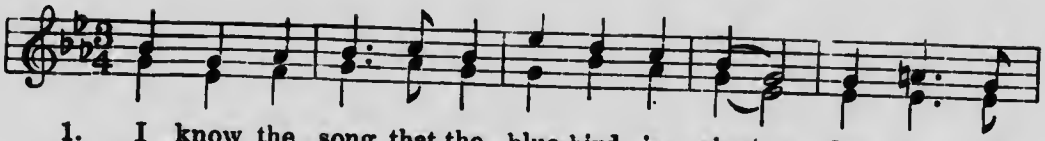


Morn-ing light, morn-ing bright, Laughing o'er the dew - y lea,

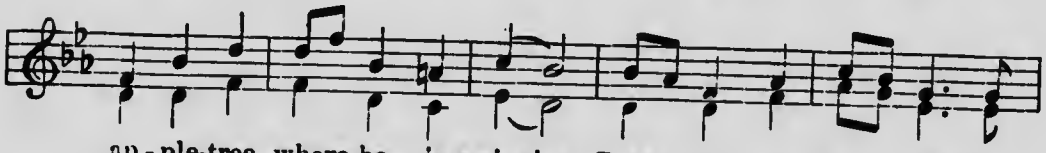


Morn - ing light, morn - ing bright, Pleas-ure comes with thee.

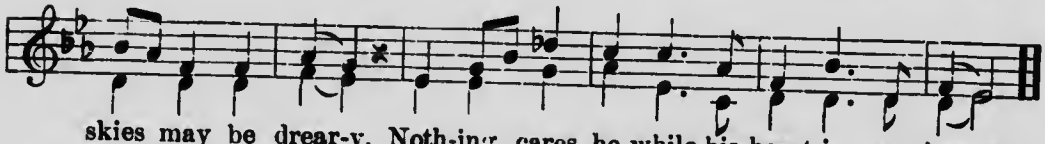
I KNOW THE SONG



1. I know the song that the blue-bird is singing Out in the
2. Hark! how the mu - sic leaps out from his throat! Hark! was there
3. "Dear lit - tle blos-soms down un - der the snow, You must be



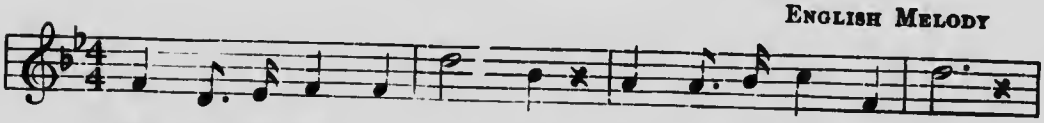
ap - ple-tree where he is swinging. Brave lit - tle fel - low! The
ev - er so mer - ry a note! Lis - ten a - while and you'll
wea - ry of win - ter I know. Hark! while I sing you a



skies may be drear-y, Noth-ing cares he while his heart is so cheer-y.
hear what he's saying, Up in the ap - ple - tree swinging and swaying.
mes - sage of cheer! Sum-mer is com-ing and spring time is here!"

HARD BY THE DUSTY ROAD

English Melody



1. Hard by the dust - y road - side, Nes - tled be-neath the hill,
2. Green is the grass a - round it, Con - stant-ly fresh and wet;
3. Cool are the flow - ing wa - ters, Sweet to the traveller's taste,

Spring-eth a pearl - y foun - tain, Feed - ing a gurg-ling rill.
Blooms there in rar - est beau - ty Ma - ny a vi - o - let.
Prized by the thirst - y wan - d'rer Toil - ing a - cross the waste.

LIGHTLY TREAD

Andante *p*

Light-ly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground. Hark! a-bove, be-low, a-round,

cres. *dim.*

Fair-y bands their vig-ils keep, While frail mor-tals sink to sleep,

p

And the moon with glaneing rays Gilds the brook that bub-bling strays,

cres.

Murmuring soft-ly as it goes, Mu-sic sweet to cheer our woes.

COME LET US LEARN TO SING

English Melody

1. Come, let us learn to sing Do re mi fa sol la si do;
2. This is the scale so sweet, Do re mi fa sol la si do;

f

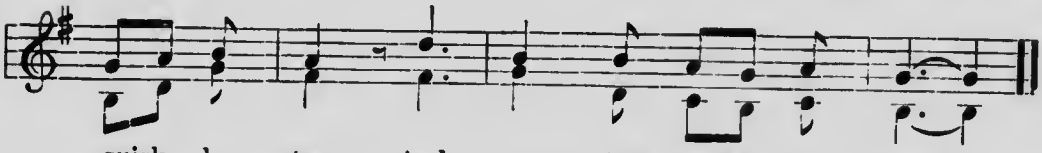
Loud let our voi-ces ring, Do re mi fa sol la si do. Let us sing with
Sing it with ac-cent meet, Do re mi fa sol la si do. First as-cend in

o-pen sound, With our voi-ces full and round, Do si la sol fa mi re do.
ac-cents true, Then descend in or-der too, Do si la sol fa mi re do.

A LITTLE BOY

1. A lit - tle boy was play - ing, While
2. He came un - to a riv - er, Where
3. When off a - gain he start - ed And

o'er the mead - ows stray - ing, And run - ning
wa - ter run - neth ev - er, So deep and
o'er the mead - ows dart - ed, His face grew

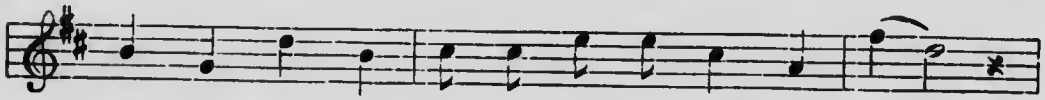


quick - ly too, And run ning quick - ly too.
clear and blue, So deep and clear and blue.
warm and red, His face grew warm and red.

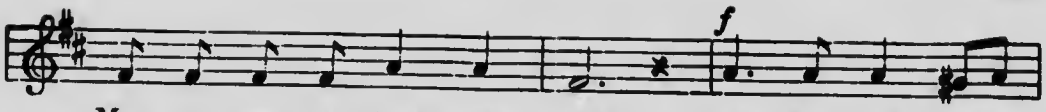
OH THE BELL-CHIMES

English Melody

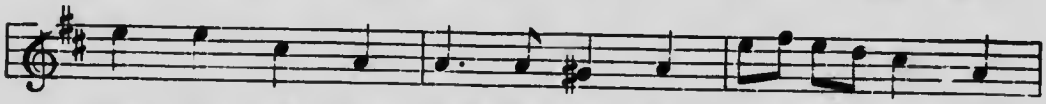
1. Oh the bell-chimes sweet - ly peal - ing, Gent - ly on the
2. Hark! a sim - ple lay they're chim - ing! Hear the wild con -



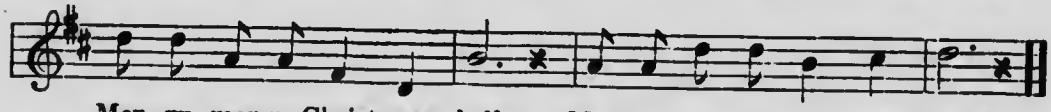
air they're steal - ing, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells,
fu - sion rhym - ing, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells,



Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells! Joy and love they're
Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells! Now in scale me -



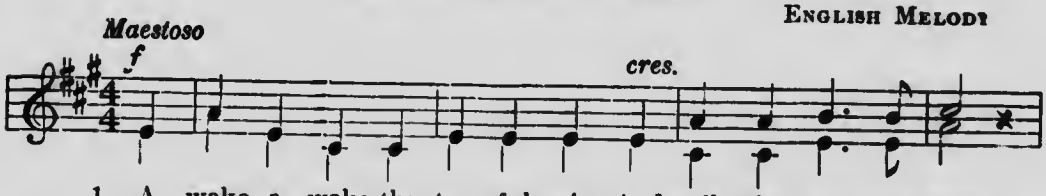
now re - veal - ing, Puls - es' throb and hopes re - veal - ing,
lo - dious climb - ing, Then a low and silv' - ry tim - ing,



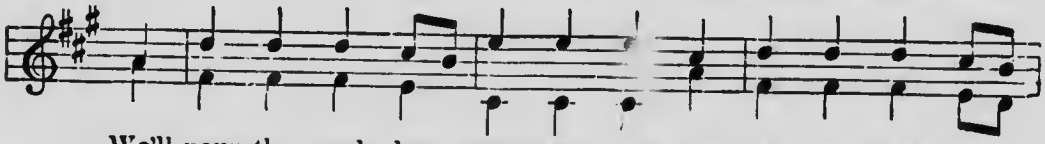
Mer - ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ-mas bells.

AWAKE AWAKE

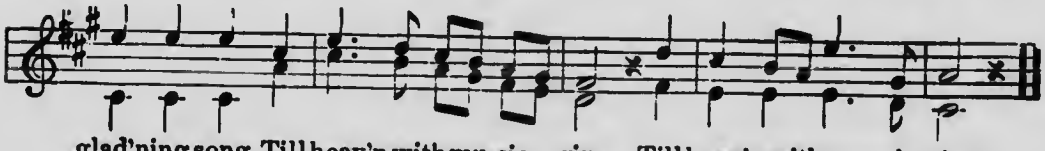
English Melody



1. A - wake, a - wake the tune-ful voice And strike the joy - ful string;
2. Sing not the cold and for-mal strain That lacks the in - ward flame;
3. But hark! there sound con - cor-dant notes That breathe a mag - ic spell;

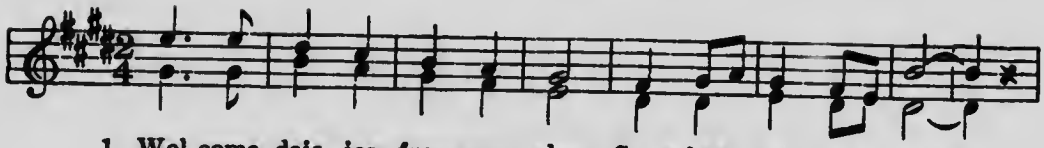


We'll pour the mel - low notes a - long And raise a peal - ing
But sing the song that glows like fire, The song that feel - ing
They sound like songs which an - gels sing, Like songs which have in

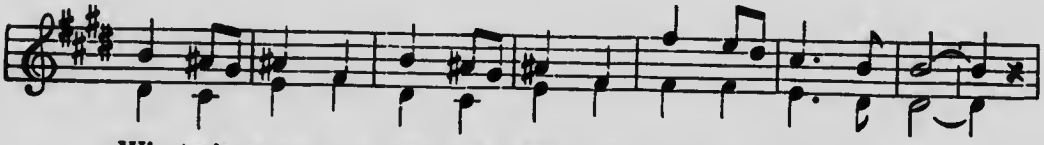


glad'ning song, Till heav'n with mu-sic ring, Till heav'n with mu - sic ring.
hearts in-spire, A mu - sic worth the name, A mu - sic worth the name.
heav'n their spring, Where ho-ly be - ings dwell, Where ho-ly be - ings dwell.

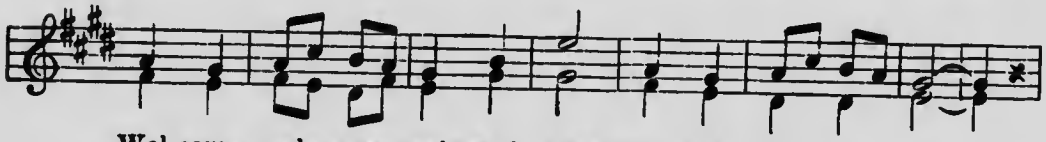
WELCOME DAISIES



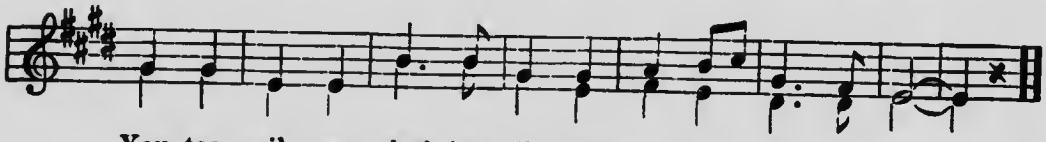
1. Wel-come, dais - ies, from your sleep, Snow has left the ground;
2. Wel-come, buds up - on the bough, Drooping o'er the eaves;



Win-ter's gone, you need not peep So tim - id - ly a - round.
Though you're on - ly ba - bies now, You'll soon be grown-up leaves.



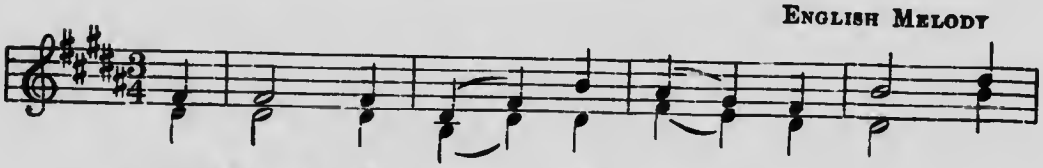
Wel-come, pale green vale and hills, Homes of bird and bee;
Wel-come, soft, blue, sun - ny sky, Birds and blos-soms gay;



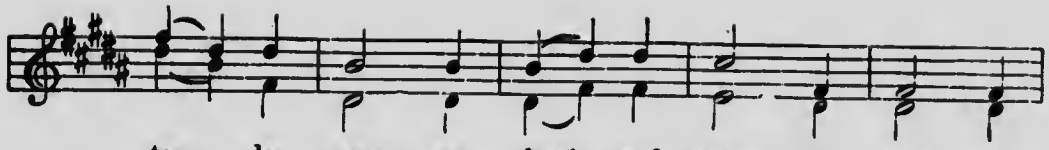
You, too, sil - ver plash-ing rill That used to talk to me.
Now you've come at last, do try A good long while to stay.

FOR FLOWERS THAT BLOOM

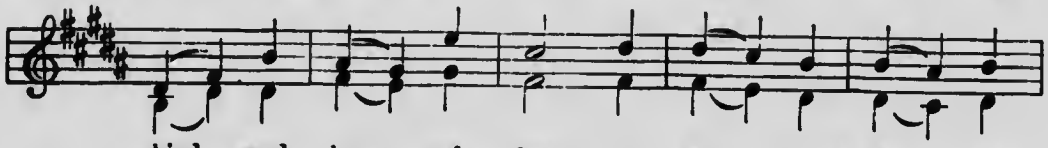
English Melody



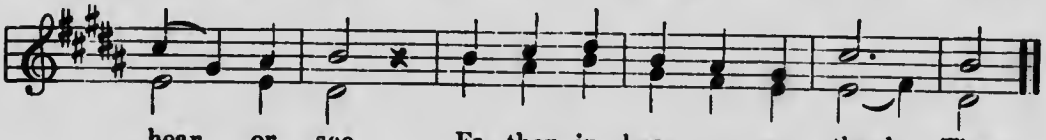
1. For flowers that bloom a - bout our feet, For
2. For blue of stream and blue of sky, For
3. For moth - er's love and fa - ther's care, For



ten - der grass, so fresh and sweet, For song of
pleas - ant shade of branch - es high, For fra - grant
broth - ers strong and sis - ters fair, For love at

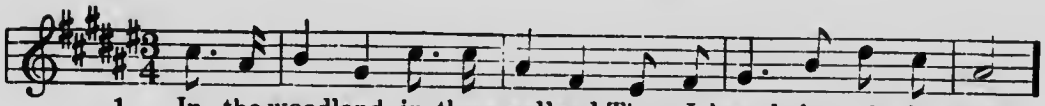


bird and hum of bee, For all things fair we
air and cool - ing breeze, For beau - ty of the
home and school each day, For guid - ance lest we

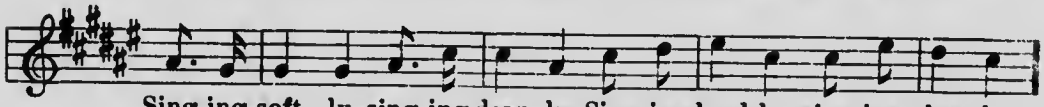


hear or see, Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank Thee.
bloom - ing trees, Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank Thee.
go a - stray, Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank Thee.

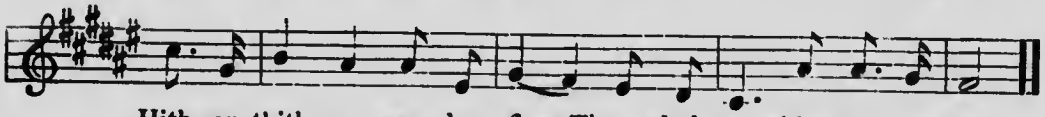
IN THE WOODLAND



1. In the woodland, in the woodland, There I heard the rob - in sing,
2. In the gar - den, in the gar - den, Bus - y bees hum all the day,
3. From the mead-ow, from the meadow, Rose the lark at dawn of day,

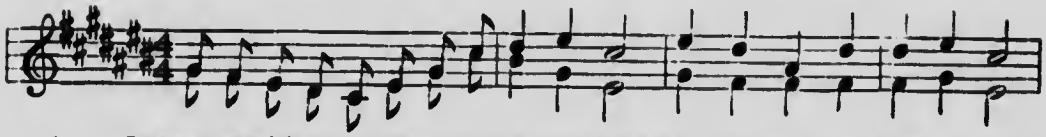


Sing-ing soft - ly, sing-ing dear - ly, Sing-ing loud-ly, sing-ing clear-ly,
Now to rose-bush, now to bow-er, Or in sunshine or in show-er,
Soar-ing high - er, soar-ing high-er, Ev - er high-er, ev - er high - er,

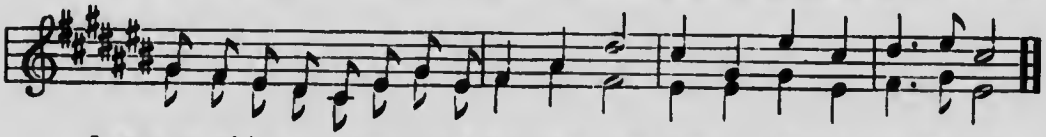


Hith - er, thith - er, as he flew, Through the sunshine or the dew.
To the hive they bear a - way Stores of hon - ey all the day.
To those man-sions far a - way In the place of per-fect day.

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER



1. Leave me with my mother, For her voice is sweet, Sweetest, sweetest melody.
2. Leave me with my mother, For I love her more, Far more, far more than you know.

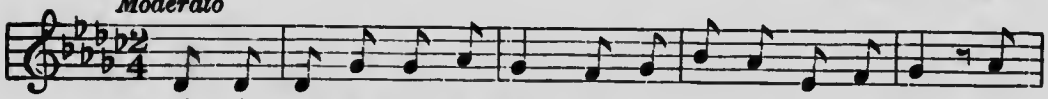


Leave me with my mother, For she clings to me, Fondly, fond-ly clings to me.
Leave me with my mother, For her heart is pure, Pur-er, pur-er than the snow.

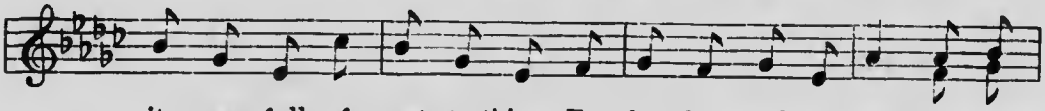
I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

JOHN HULLAH

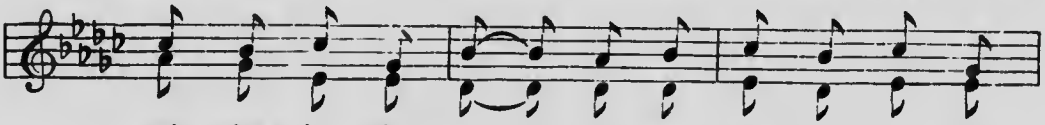
Moderato



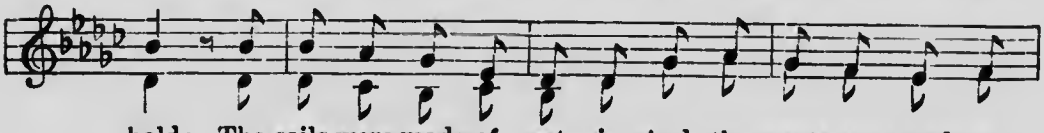
1. I saw a ship a-sail-ing, A-sail-ing on the sea, And
2. There were four and twenty sail-ors A-skipping on the deck, And



it was full of pret-ty things For ba-by and for me. There were
they were pret-ty lit-tle mice, With rings a-bout their necks. And the



rai-sins in the cab-in, Su-gar kiss-es in the
cap-tain was a duck, With a jack-et on his



hold; The sails were made of sat-in, And the masts were made of
back, And when the ship be-gan to sail, The cap-tain cried, Quack

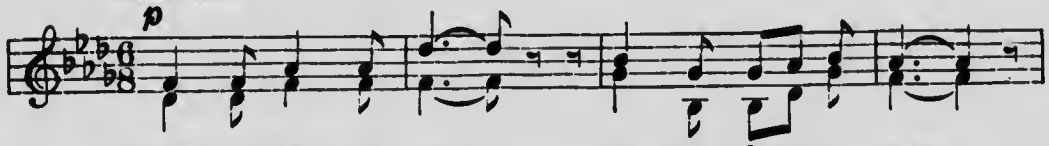
gold, Gold, gold, the masts were made of gold.
quack! Quack! quack! the cap - tain cried, Quack! quack!

REST MY BABY REST

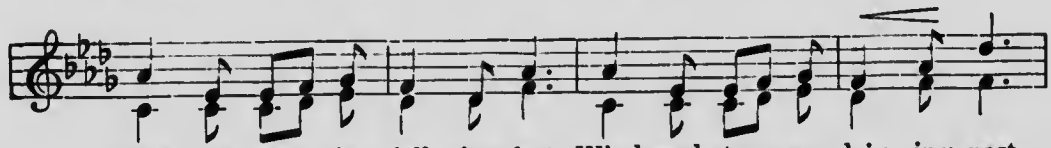
W. Lambert

Not too slow

p

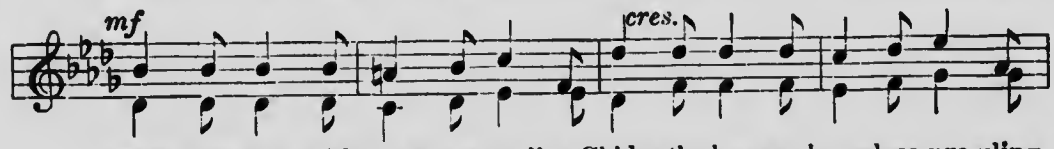


1. Rest, my ba - by, rest In thy down - y nest.
2. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep. On thy slum-ber deep
3. Rest, my ba - by fair, Free from ev - 'ry care.



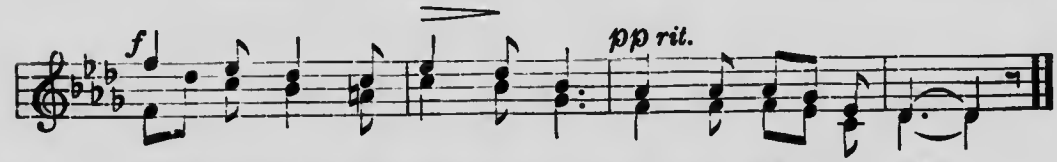
Hark! the rain is fall - ing fast, Wind and storm are driv - ing past.
May no breath of clam - or rude, Pain, or trou - ble now in - trude.
Through the wood the pi - geon flies, Seek - ing here and there sup-plies;

mf *cres.*



Hark! the dog with an-gry growling Chides the beggar, homeless, prowling.
While the hare, the hun - ter fear-ing, Tim'rous thro' the grass is peer-ing,
In her nest her fledg-lings ly - ing Wea-ri - ly for food are cry - ing.

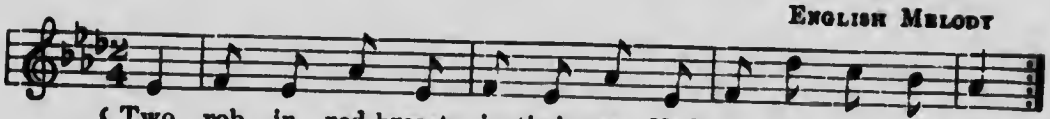
f *pp rit.*



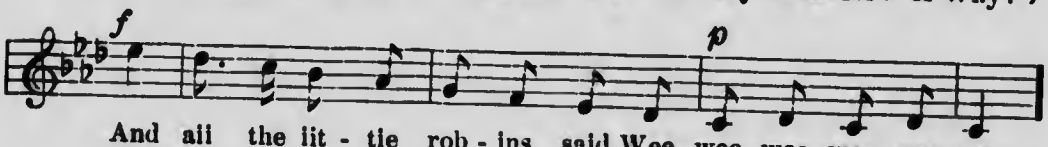
Here with peace and com - fort blest, Rest, my ba - by, rest.
Lone its watch will o'er thee keep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.
No such sor - rows shalt thou share. Rest, my ba - by fair.

TWO ROBIN RED-BREASTS

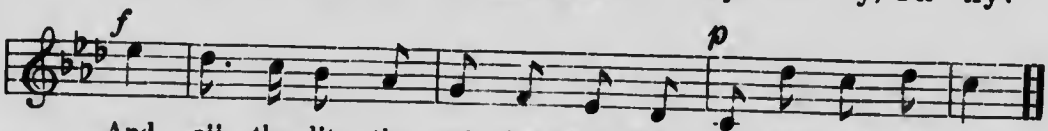
English Melody



1. Two rob - in red-breasts in their nest Had lit - tle rob - ins three;
The moth - er bird sat still at home, Her mate sang mer - ri - ly,
2. One day the sun was warm and bright, Clear shining in the sky,
The moth - er said, My lit - tle ones, 'Tis time you learn to fly.
3. I know some larg - er chil-dren fair, And oft it makes me sigh,
Who, when they're told do this or that, Will say What for? or Why?

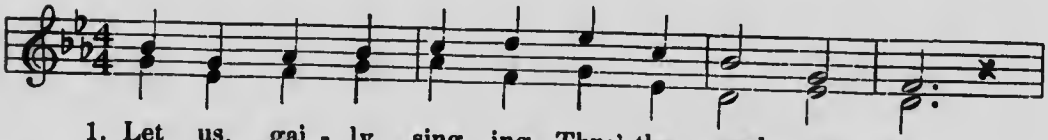


And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee,
And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try,
Oh how much bet - ter if they'd say, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!

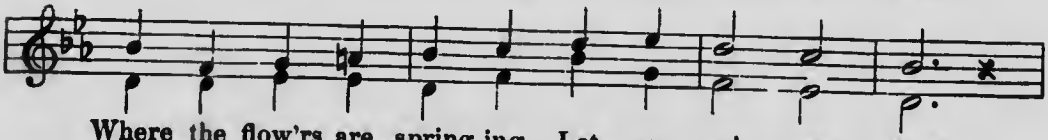


And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.
And all the lit - tle rob - ins said, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try.
Oh how much bet - ter if they'd say, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try!

LET US GAILY SINGING



1. Let us, gai - ly sing - ing, Thro' the mead - ow go;
2. Bus - tling, leap - ing, hurl - ing, Ver - dant fields be - tween,



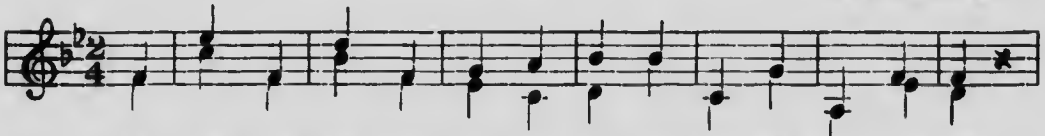
Where the flow'rs are spring-ing, Let our voi - ces flow.
To the riv - er whirl - ing, Laugh-ing brooks are seen;

Hark! an an-sw'ring cho - rus From the loft - y trees,
Where their bor - ders glis - ten, Mod - est vio - lets hide,

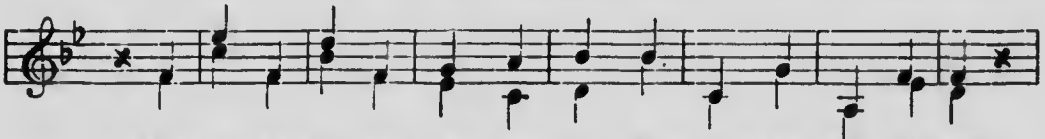
Warb - ling birds al - lure us With their mel - o - dies.
Smil - ing as they lis - ten To the flow - ing tide.

YE GENTLE WARBLERS

JOHN HULLAH

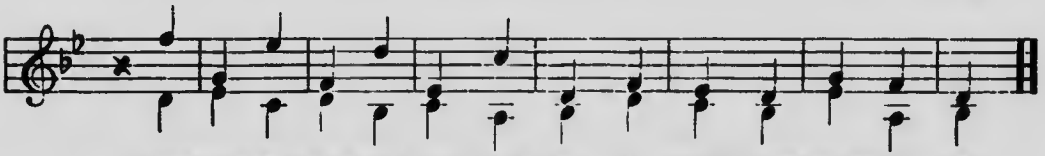


1. Ye gen - tle war-blers, hith - er fly And shun the noon - tide heat;
2. My trees for you, ye art - less tribe, Shall store of fruit pre-serve;



My shrubs a cool-ing shade sup - ply, My groves a safe re-treat.
Oh let me thus your friendship bribe, Come, feed with - out re-serve.

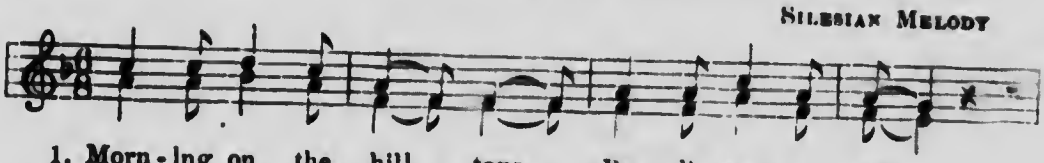
Here free - ly hop from spray to spray And weave the moss-y nest;
For you these cher-ries I pro - tect, To you these plums be-long;



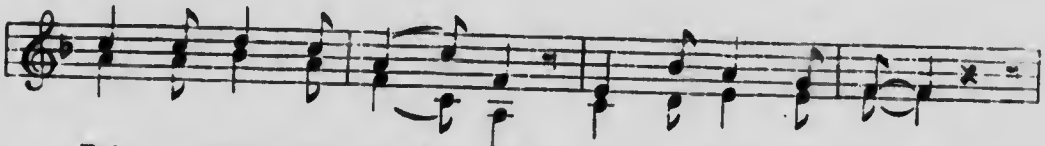
Here rove and sing the live-long day; At night, here sweet-ly rest.
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd, But sweet-er far your song.

MORNING ON THE HILLTOPS

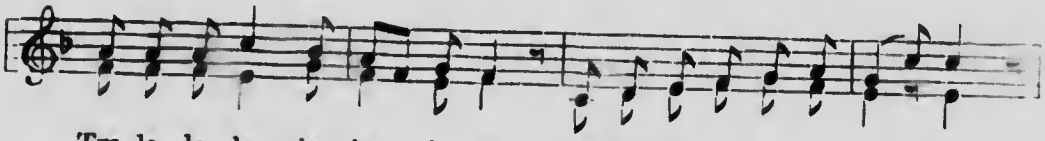
SILESIAN MELODY



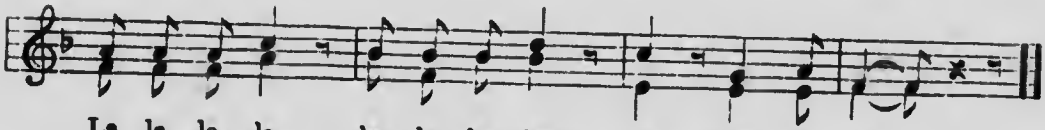
1. Morn - ing on the hill - tops, Ra - di - ant to see,
2. Dew up - on the green grass Like beads up - on a string,
3. But - ter-cups un - fold - ing, Beau - ti - ful and sunny;



Bob - o - link and black - bird Trill - ing on a tree.
Scat-tered where the blue - bird Flaps his pret - ty wing.
Bees a - mid the clo - ver buds, Div - ing for the honey.

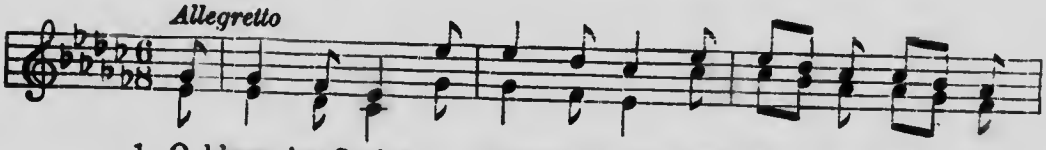


Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

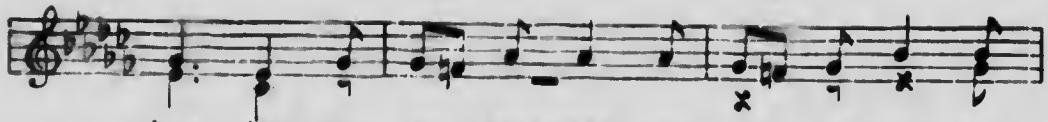


La la la la la la la la la la la la.

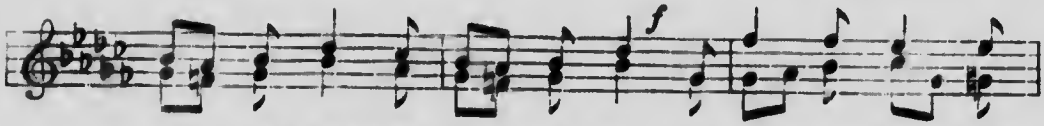
O BLOOMING SPRING



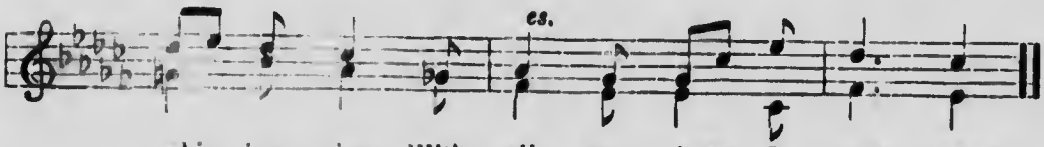
1. O bloom-ing Spring, O blooming Spring, With all my heart I
2. O Sum - mer time, O Sum - mer time, With all my heart I



love thee! For per - fume sweet, and col - ors gay, And
love thee! For wav - ing corn sa - lutes the breeze, And



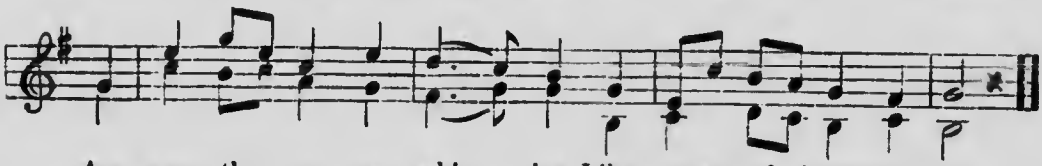
ver - dure fresh shall deck the May. O blooming Spring.on
lus - cious fruits a - dorn the trees. O Sum-mer - time, O



shin - ing wing, With all my heart I love thee!
sun - ny clime, With all my heart I love thee!

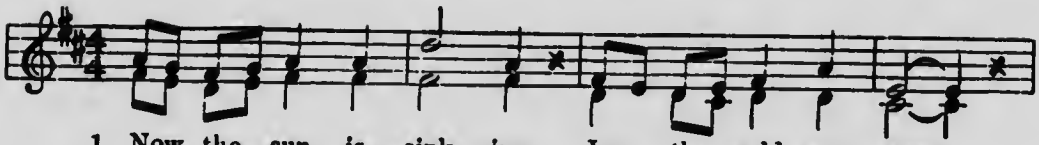
A THOUSAND STARS ARE BEAMING

1. A thou- sand stars are beam - ing From az - ure skies a - bove,
2. Like eyes of guar -dian spir - its, They watch in cease- less round,
3. And thro' their gra-cious gleam - ing, Their Mak -er is re - vealed,

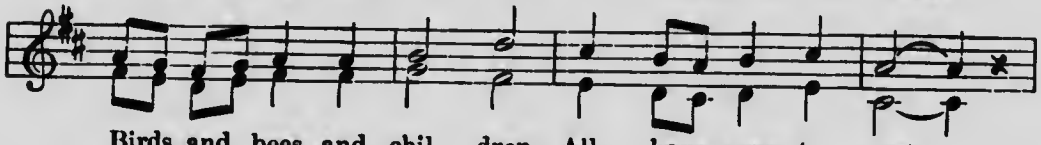


Are gen - tly on us shin - ing, Like eyes of friend- ly love.
And in their glo - ry hid - den Are depths of peace profound.
Whose pow'r and love un - bound - ed Will all His chil- dren shield.

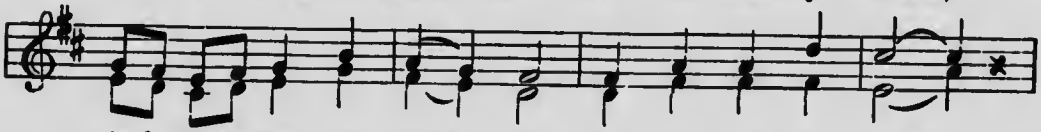
NOW THE SUN IS SINKING



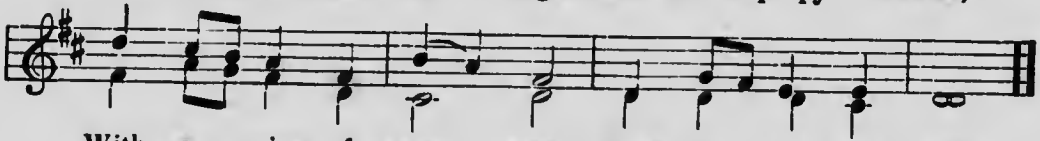
1. Now the sun is sink - ing In the gold - en west;
2. Cow - slip, dai - sy, vio - let, In their lit - tle beds,



Birds and bees and chil - dren All have gone to rest;
All a - mong the grass - es Hide their heav - y heads;



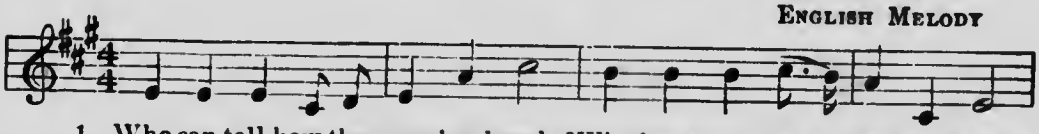
And the mer - ry stream - let, As it runs a - long,
There they all, sweet dar - lings, Lie in hap - py dreams,



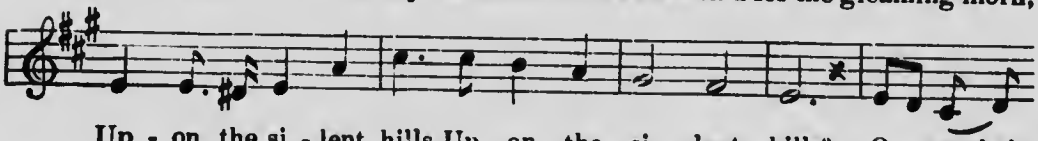
With a voice of sweet - ness Sings its eve - ning song.
Till the ro - sy morn - ing Wakes them with its beams.

WHO CAN TELL

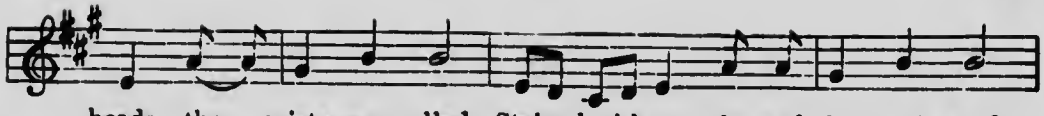
English Melody



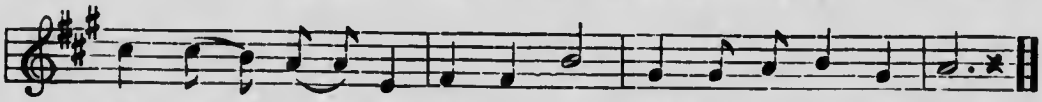
1. Who can tell how the morning breaks? Who has seen how the daylight wakes
2. Who can tell how the day comes down Over the mountains bare and brown,
3. Who can tell how the day is born? Who has watch'd for the gleaming morn,



Up - on the si - lent hills, Up - on the si - lent hills? O - ver their
In - to the vil - lage green, In - to the vil - lage green? Out of the
Out on the lone - ly seas, Out on the lone - ly seas? Pearl and



heads the mists are rolled, Stained with pur-ple and cleft with gold;
shad - ows cool and sweet, Birds go sing - ing the morn to greet;
ru - by and sap-phire blue Flood the waves with a glo - ry new,

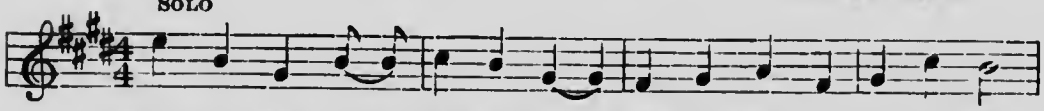


Down from the cliff of gran - ite cold, Slow - ly the sun-shine thrills.
Wood and meadow and springing wheat Glis - ten with dew - y sheen.
Like flow-ers gay of trop - ic hue, Sway'd by a sum-mer breeze.

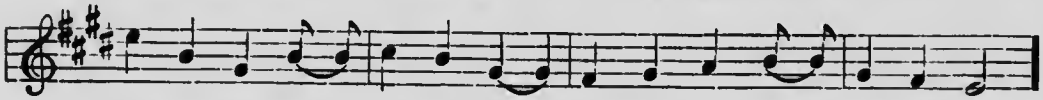
SPRING ONCE SAID

English Melody

Solo

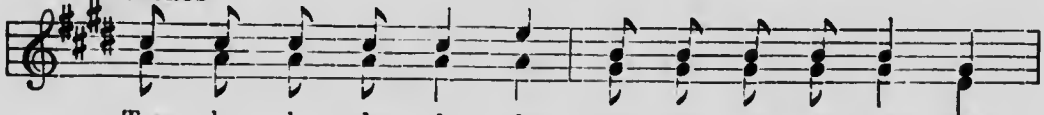


1. Spring once said to the Night-in-gale, I mean to give you birds a ball;
2. Soon they came from bush and tree, Sing-ing sweet their songs of glee;

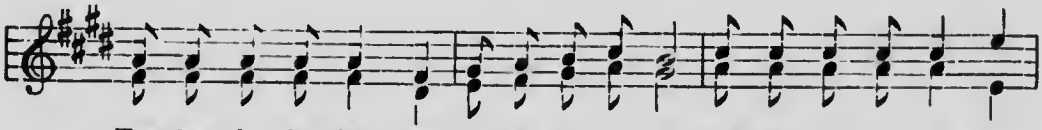


Pray, ma'am, ask the bird-ies all, The birds and bird - ies great and small.
Each one frosh from its co- sy nest, Each one dress'd in its Sun-day best.

Chorus



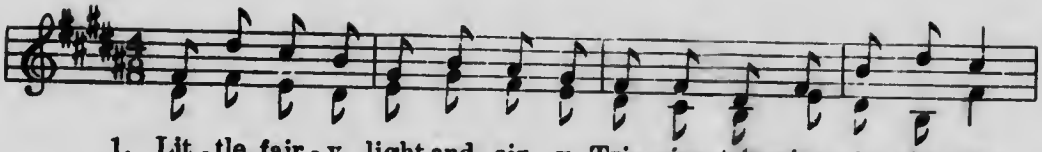
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,



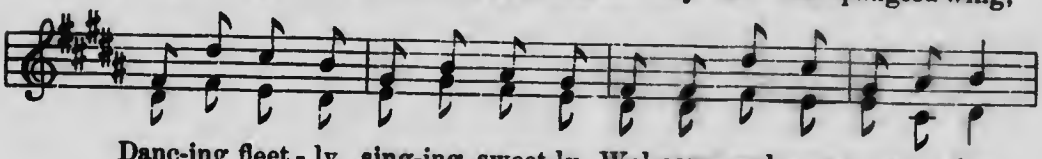
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

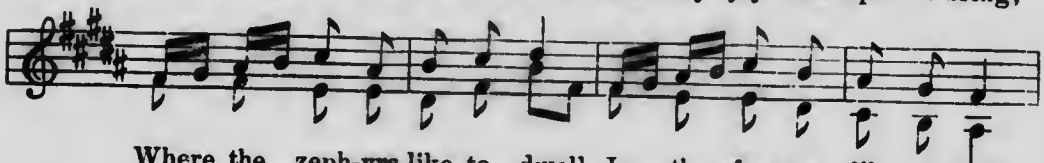
LITTLE FAIRY



1. Lit - tle fair - y, light and air - y, Trip-ping, trip-ping o'er the lea,
2. Full of gladness, free from sad-ness, On thy sil - ver spangled wing,



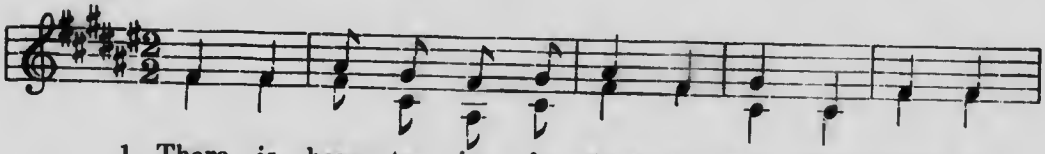
Danc-ing fleet - ly, sing-ing sweet-ly, Wel-come, wel-come now to thee.
Gold-en treas-ures, pur-est pleas-ures, To thy joy - ous spir - it bring,



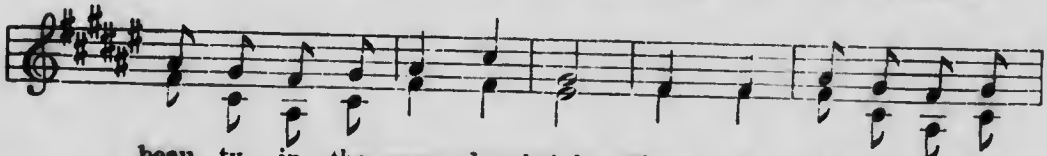
Where the zeph-yrs like to dwell, In the fra-grant lil - y bell,
Pearls that lie in o - cean caves, Far be - low the crest-ed waves

Haste thee, fair - y, light and air - y, O'er the dew - y, dew - y lea.

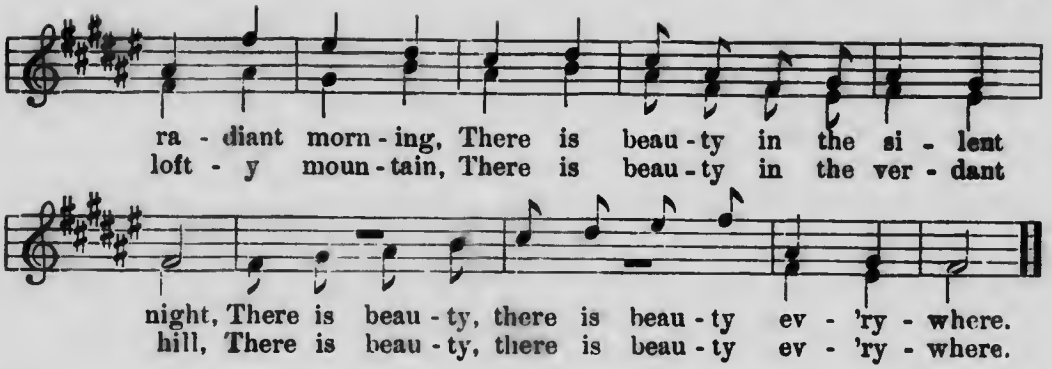
THERE IS BEAUTY EVERYWHERE



1. There is beau - ty in the skies at eve - ning, There is
2. There is beau - ty in the roll - ing riv - er, There is

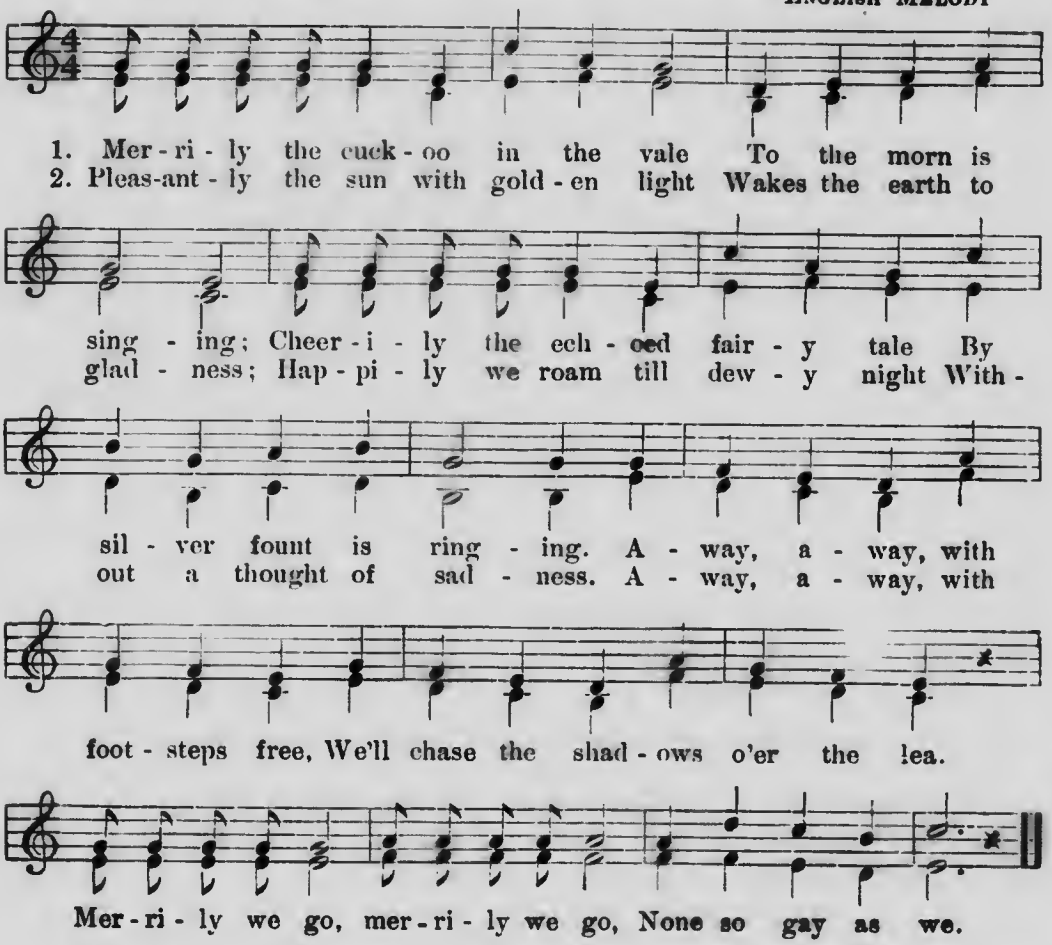


beau - ty in the noon - day bright, There is beau-ty in the
beau - ty in the spark-ling rill, There is beau-ty in the

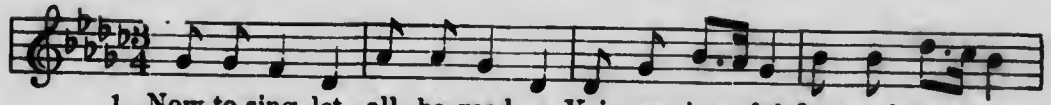


MERRILY THE CUCKOO

English Melody



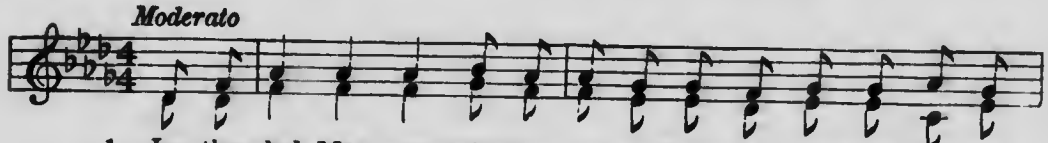
NOW TO SING



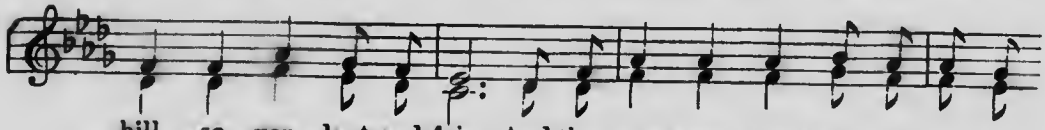
1. Now to sing let all be read-y, Voi-ces cheer-ful, firm and stead-y.
2. Fa-ces pleasant, bright and cheerful, Not one scowling, sad or tear-ful,

Do not stop or look a-bout you, For we would not sing without you.
So let each some help be bring-ing To the hap-py hours of sing-ing.

LO THE GLAD MAY MORN



1. Lo, the glad May morn with her ro-sy light is break-ing O'er the
2. O'er the rus-tic wild where the i-dle winds are blow-ing, We will
3. Lo, the glad May morn, like a child she comes to meet us, With her

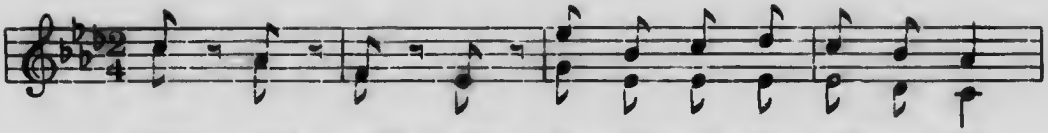


hill so ver-dant and fair, And the pure young buds from their dew-y
roam with pleas-ure to-day. On the moss-y bank where the crys-tal
brow all cov-er'd with flow'rs, And she calls the birds, all the mer-ry

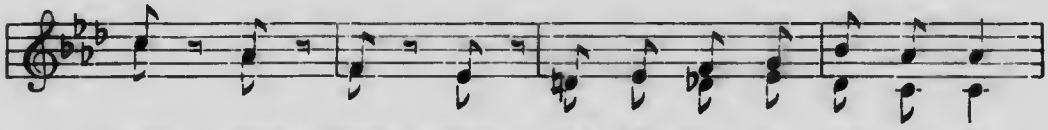
sleep are wak-ing, Mirth and mu-sic float in the air. Then a-
brook is flow-ing, We will crown our queen of the May. Then a-
birds, to greet us, And the laugh-ing bright sum-mer hours. Then a-

way, a-way, a-way, Then away, a-way, a-way, And a May-ing we will go.

COME COME COME

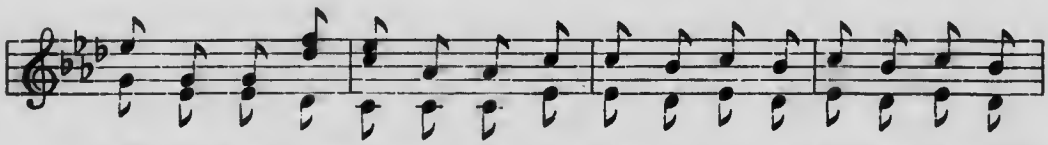


Come, come, come, come, Wel - come to our band to - day,



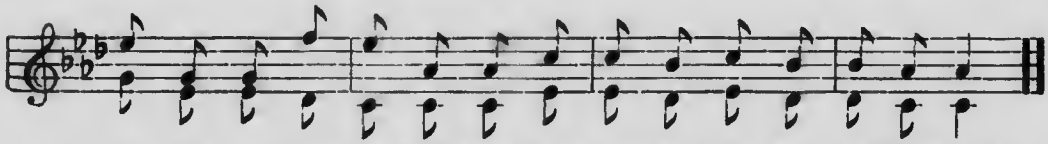
Come, come, come, come, Join a mer - ry, mer - ry lay.

1. Voi - ces blending, wel- come send-ing, Glad com-pan - ions here we greet;
2. Bur-dens light- en, pleasures brighten, Who a- mong us can be sad?



All are sing-ing, mu - sic ring- ing, Hap - py voi- ces are complete; With
None will sor - row for the mor-row, When all else a-round is glad; With

naught of sad- ness, on - ly glad-ness, Sweetest mu - sic fills the air,
paths of du - ty fill'd with beau-ty, Bright the sky that shines a- bove;



All re - peat- ing words of greet-ing, Love and joy are ev- 'ry-where.
Na- ture smil-ing, care be- guil- ing, Fills the wak-ing earth with love.

HEAR THE MORNING ECHOES

Allegretto

1. Hear the morn-ing ech-oes ring-ing From the hill-side slope so fair,
2. Yes, the hills re-turn their greeting To the shepherd's glad refrain;
3. Sweet-est tones the vales are fill-ing, As the sing-ers move a-long;

Ere the hills throw back the sing-ing Of the shepherds gathered there.
Once a-gain the tones re-peat-ing, They prolong the hap-py strain.
Ev-'ry peak re-spon-sive thrill-ing To their joy-ous morn-ing song.

'Tis ech-o an-swers thee In the morn-ing air;

f *p* *f* *p* *f*

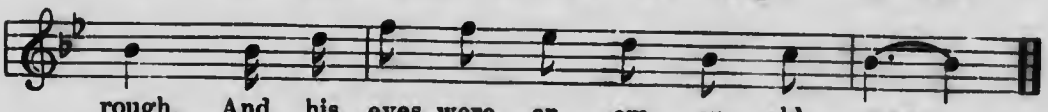
Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o, Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o, In the morn-ing air.

THERE ONCE LIVED

1. There once liv'd a pret-ty young kit-ten call'd Puff, The
2 But though he was pret-ty, he grieved his mam-ma, His

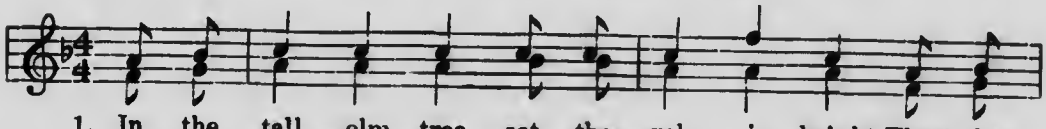
pret-ti-est kit-ten e'er seen; . . His
man-ners to her were so gruff; . . And

tail was so long, and his coat was so
then when she scold - ed he would laugh out, Ha!



rough, And his eyes were an em - er - ald green.
Ha! Would that naugh - ty young kit - ten call'd Puff.

IN THE TALL ELM TREE



1. In the tall elm tree sat the rob - in bright Thro' the
2. For the fields were green and the trees were glad, And the

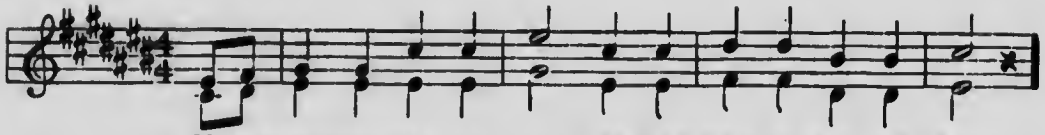
rain - y A - pril day, And he ca - roll'd clear with a
bliss - ful life that stirr'd In the earth's wide breast was as

pure de - light In the face of the sky so gray, And the
full and warm In the heart of the lit - tle bird, But the

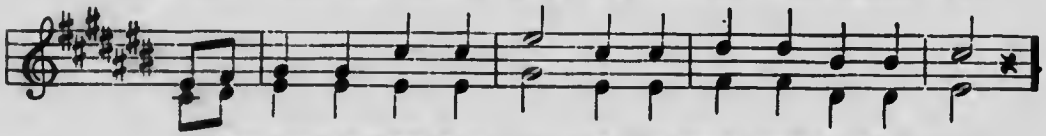
sil - v'ry rain through the blossoms dropp'd And fell on the Rob - in's
sun dropp'd down in the qui - et west And he hush'd his song at

coat, But this brave red breast still never stopp'd Pip - ing his tune - ful note.
last. As na-ture soft-ly sank to rest And the twi-light gath-ered fast.

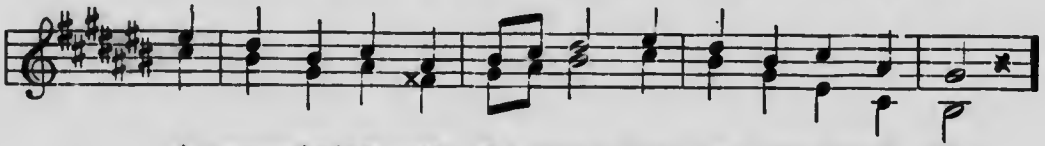
NOW SOUND OUR HAPPY VOICES



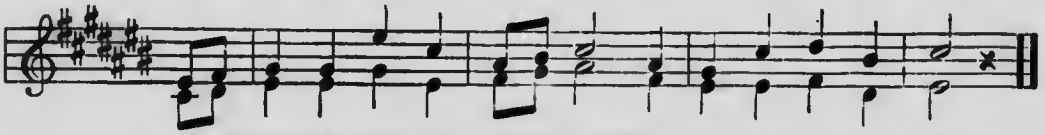
1. Now sound our hap - py voi - ces, Like song birds of the wood;
2. Ah! well may they be sing - ing, While summer breezes play;



The spring their hearts re - joi - ces, They straight are glad of mood,
When win - ter winds are spring-ing, They has - ten far a - way.



A - mong the branches spend-ing The mer - ry month of May,
Give me the heart that tak - eth A - like both frost and dew,



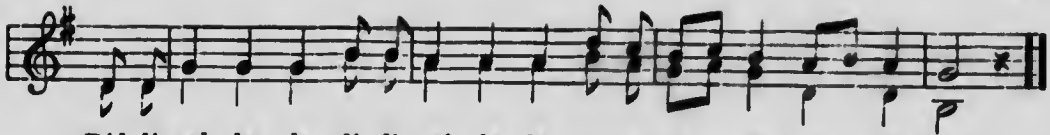
From bow'r and blossom send - ing Their joy-ous roun-de - lay.
That no mis-for-tune shak - eth, That bi - deth ev - er true.

WE BIRDS ARE HAPPY

Silesian Melody

1. We birds are hap - py all day long, With fly - ing, hop-ping, sing - ing;
2. We're full of health and free from care, To eat are al - ways a - ble;
3. And when our dai - ly work is done, We rest in cool green bow - ers;

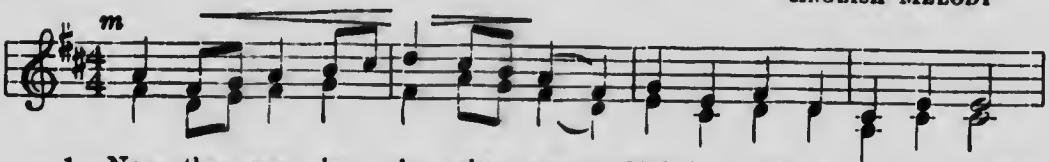
And all can hear our joy - ful song, Thro' field and for - est ring - ing.
For as we're fly - ing ev - 'ry-where, We find a well spread ta - ble.
We sleep in peace and, ev - 'ry - one, Dream o'er our hap - py hours.



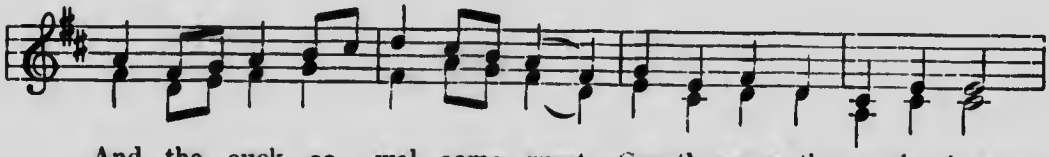
Did-di-ral la, la, di-di-ral la, la, Did-di-ral la ral la, la.

NOW THE SUN IS IN THE WEST

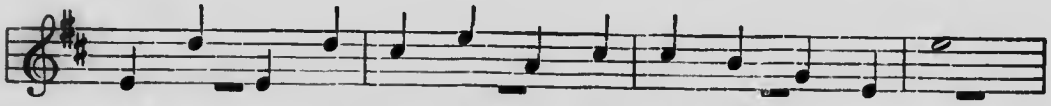
English Melody



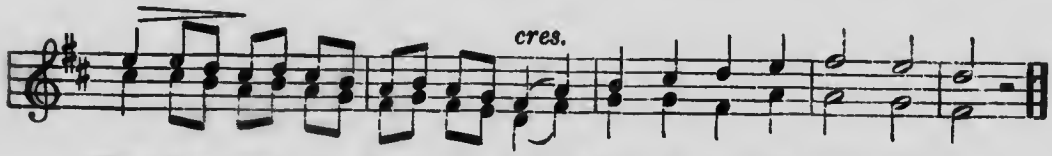
1. Now the sun is in the west, Sink-ing low be-hind the trees,
2. Hap-py is yon shep-herd boy, Climbing up the crag-gy rocks;
3. Creep-ing slow-ly o'er the plain, Evening's dusky shades ap-pear,



And the cuck-oo, wel-come guest, Gen-tly woos the evening breeze.
As he views the dap-pled sky, Pleas'd, the cuckoo's note he mocks.
And the cuck-oo's voice a-gain Gen-tly steals up-on my ear.



Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, Gen-tly woos the eve-ning breeze,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, Pleas'd the cuck-oo's note he mocks,
Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, Gen-tly steals up-on my ear,



Thus the cuck-oo, bird of spring, Still a-mid the trees doth sing.
While the cuck-oo, bird of spring, Still a-mid the trees doth sing.
Like the voice of dis-tant bell, Sounds the note of his fare-well.

IN LOYAL SONG

f

In loy - al song the strains pro - long, With

In loy - al song the strains pro-long, With cheer-ful

cheer - ful voi - ces tell - ing The heart - y praise Of

voi - ces tell - ing The heart - y praise

cres. *f*

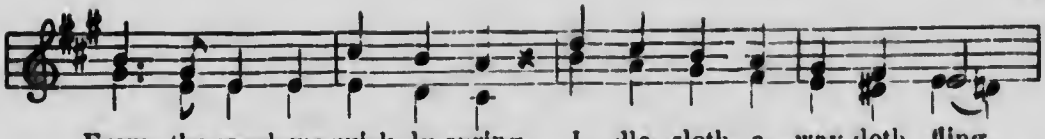
ear - ly days In an-thems loud - ly swell - ing.

Of ear - ly days

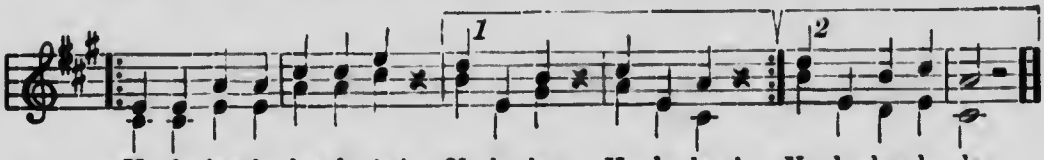
WHEN THE MORNING BEAMS ARISE

1. When the morn -ing beams a - rise, Yo lo le, yo lo la!
2. Tempt-ed by the fra-grant air, Yo lo le, yo lo la!
3. For we wan - der in de - light, Yo lo le, yo lo la!

Bright - en - ing the ro - sy skies, Yo lo la, lo la!
For the fields we soon pre - pare, Yo lo la, lo la!
Wel - com - ing each hap - py sight, Yo lo la, lo la!



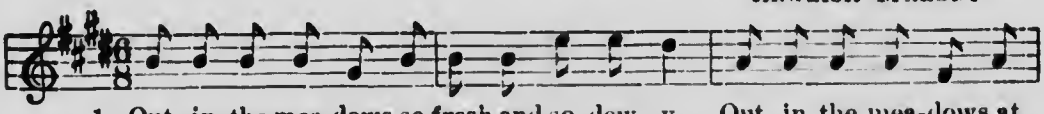
From the couch we quick-ly spring, I-dle sloth a-way doth fling.
Glo-ry gilds the loft-y trees, Branch-es quiv-er in the breeze.
Joy-ful-ly our hearts ex-pand, View-ing thus our Fa-ther-land.



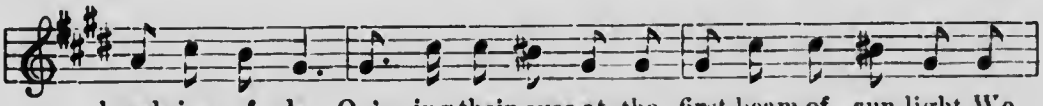
Yo lo lay, lo lay, lo la! Yo lo lay, Yo lo lay! Yo lo lay, lo la.

OUT IN THE MEADOWS

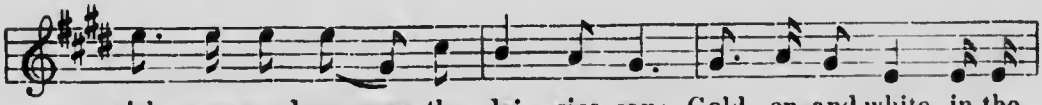
ENGLISH MELODY



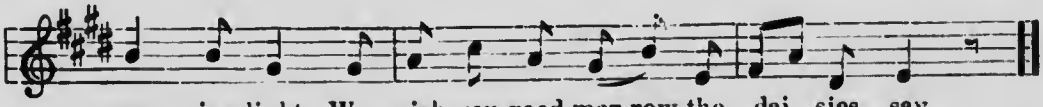
1. Out in the mea-dows so fresh and so dew-y, Out in the mea-dows at
2. Out in the fields in the glo-ry of noon-tide, Out where the bees and the
3. Out in the fields when the bright sunshine fadeth, Gilding the hilltops with



break-ing of day, Op'n-ing their eyes at the first beam of sun-light, We
but-ter-flies play, Thro' their white lids looking up in-to hea-ven, We
lin-ger-ing ray, Clos-ing their eyes as the day's glo-ry di-eth, We



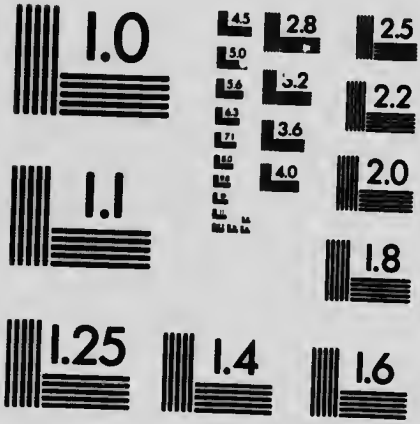
wish you good mor-row, the dai-sies say; Gold-en and white in the
love the bright sunshine, the dai-sies say; Gold-en and white in the
wish you good-night, the dai-sies say; Gold-en and white in the



morn-ing light, We wish you good mor-row, the dai-sies say.
noon-tide light, We love the bright sunshine, the dai-sies say.
sun-set light, We wish you good-night, the dai-sies say.

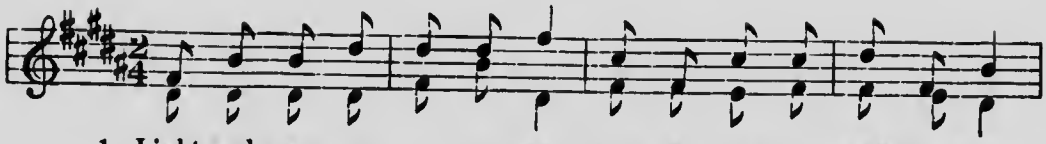
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

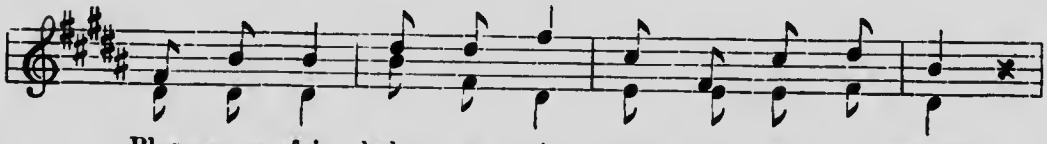


APPLIED IMAGE Inc
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

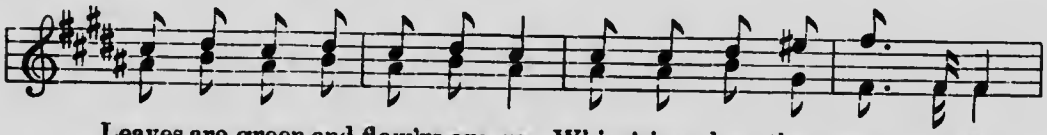
LIGHT AND GAY



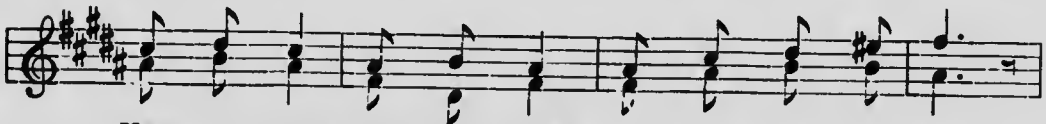
1. Light and gay up - on our way, With a trust - y staff we stray;
2. Trees o'er head and grass to tread, All a- round our path are spread;



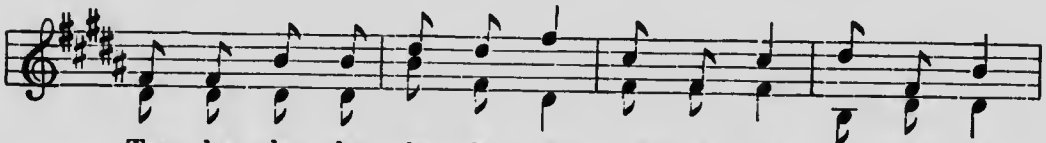
Blos - soms fair, balm - y air, Greet us ev - 'ry where.
Sun - shine gay, for - ests grey, Cheer us on our way.



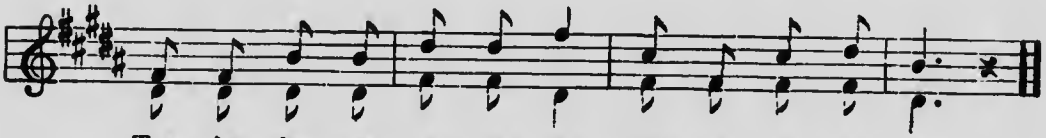
Leaves are green and flow'rs are gay, Whisp'ring low they seem to say,
Earth is rich and fair and wide, Stay we not for time and tide,



Hap - py throng moves a - long To a mer - ry song.
But with song move a - long In a hap - py throng.



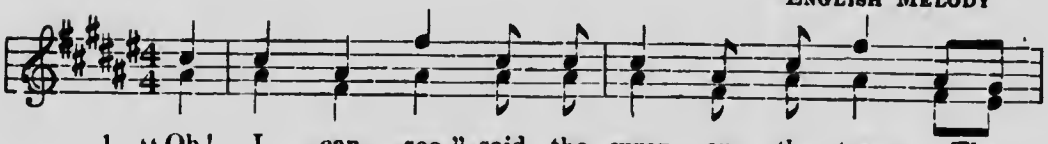
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,



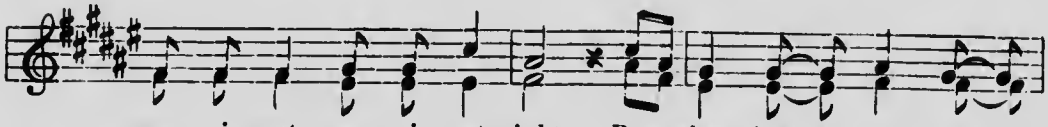
Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

OH I CAN SEE

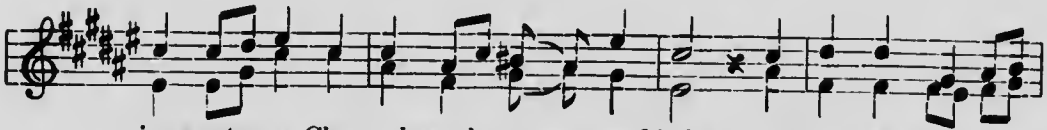
English Melody



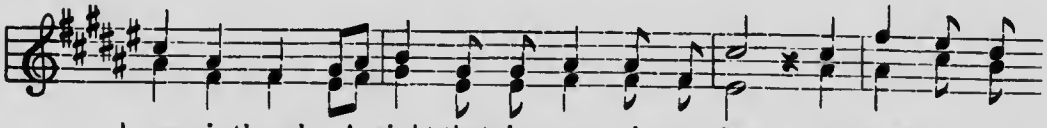
1. "Oh! I can see," said the wren on the tree, "The
2. "And I," said spar - row, "can see a big man All
3. Then all the birds sang a cheep, cheep, chee, chee; Hur -



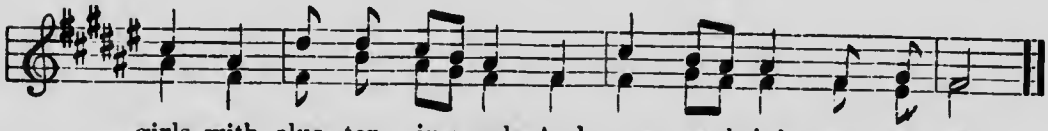
mer - ri - est, mer - ri - est sight, Boys skat- ing a - long on the
made up of ice and of snow, He wears a green hat and his
rah for the ice and the snow, And boys that come and



ice so strong. Cheep, cheep, how merry and bright!" "And I can see," said
nose is flat, The boys made him I know." "I see some snow," the
drop a crumb, As off to play they go, And lit - tle girls, with



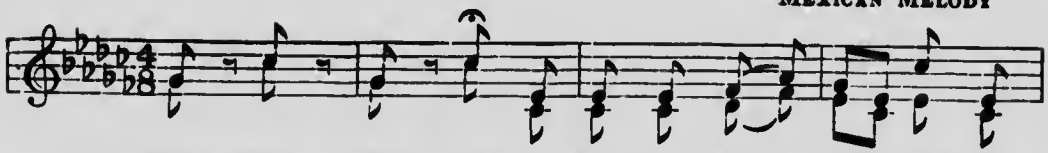
brown-ie thrush, "A sight that is pret - ti - er far, Nice, dear lit - tle
black-bird said, "In lumps thrown around by the boys; They laugh and they
clust'ring curls, Who nev - er for - get lit - tle birds! So here will we



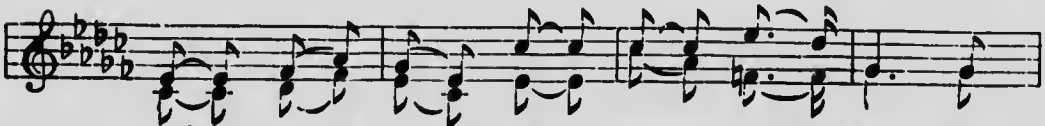
girls with clus - ter - ing curls, And eyes as bright as a star."
sing, their voi - ces all ring, I like the bright, mer - ry noise."
sing on twigs as we swing And hear their loud, mer - ry words."

RING-TING

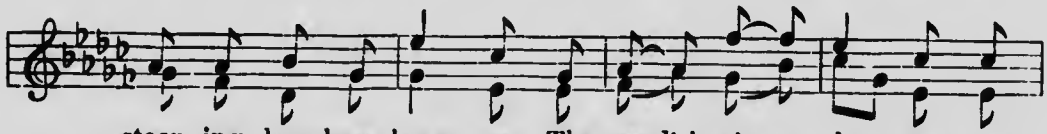
MEXICAN MELODY



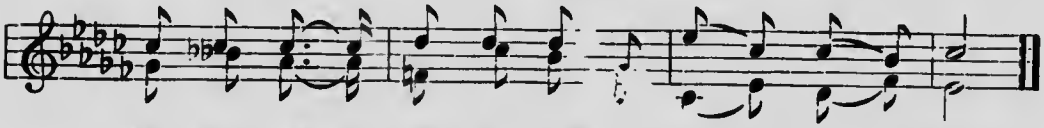
1. Ring - ting! Ring - ting! I wish I were a prim-rose, A
2. Oh! no! Oh! no! I wish I were a rob - in, A
3. Ah, well! Ah, well! Where should I fly to? Where



bright yel - low prim - rose, blooming in the spring, The
rob - in or a lit - tle wren, ev - 'ry-where to go In
go to sleep, in the dark wood or dell? Be -



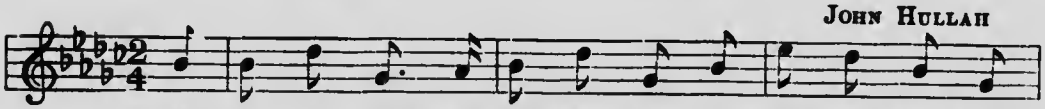
stoop - ing boughs a- bove me, The wand'ring bee to love me, The
for - est, field or gar - den, And ask no leave or par - don, Till
fore a day was o - ver, Home would come the rov - er For



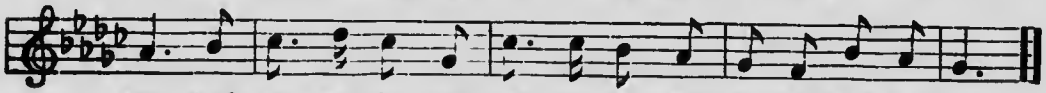
fern and moss to creep a - cross, the elm tree for our king.
win - ter comes with i - cy thumbs To ruf - fle up my wing.
moth - er's kiss, sweet - er this Than a - y oth - er thing.

MY LITTLE DEARS

JOHN HULLAH



1. My lit - tle dears, get up, and see How bright-ly shines the
2. The dew-drops spar - kle on the grass, The blos-soms on the



sun, And we will in the gar- den go And have a pleas-ant run.
trees; You would not wish to stay in bed And lose such sights as these.

WHEN FIRST APPEARS

Swiss Melody

Spirited

m *f* *m*

1. When first ap - pears the light of morn, yo ho! I gai - ly sound my
2. The tink-ling bells give mu-sic too, yo ho! As up the mountain
3. With joy the silk - en coat-ed cows, yo ho! The leaf-lets crop from
4. My dog be - fore us runs in glee, yo ho! And joins the general

f

cheer-ful horn, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho! To pas - tures fresh I
side we go, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho! And sing - ing, shout-ing,
way-side boughs, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho! And up and on-ward
ju - bi - lee, yo ho, yo ho, yo ho! And while he wan-ders

has - ten my way, And glad the herd the summons o - bey; The
free from all care, We rev - el in the cool morning air; The
still as we go, In cheer - ful tones they mer - ri - ly low; The
i - dly a - bout, His mer - ry bark rings cheer - i - ly out, The

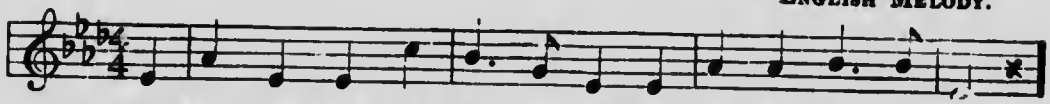
cres. *p echo* *f*

ech - oing woods re - peat the sounds, re - peat the sounds, From

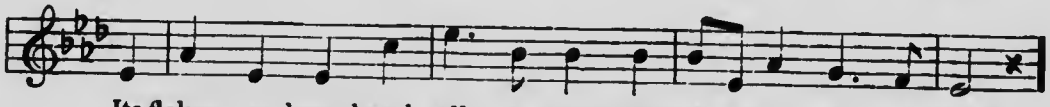
hill to hill the ech - o rebounds, Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

OH SEE THE SNOW

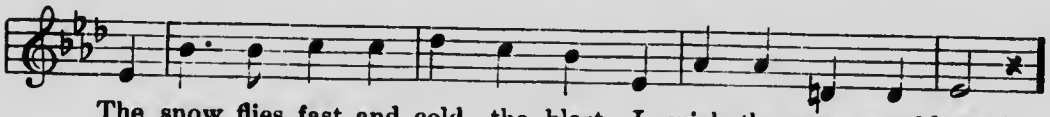
ENGLISH MELODY.



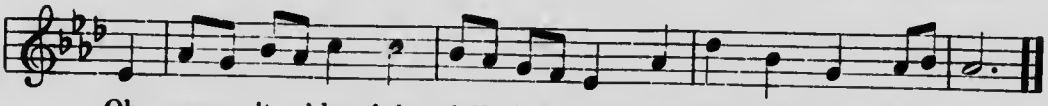
1. Oh, see! the snow is fall - ing now, It pow-ders all the trees;
2. Jack Frost is near, we feel him here, He's on his i - cy sled;



Its flakes a - bound and all a - round They float up - on the breeze.
And, cov - ered deep, the flow - ers sleep Be - neath their snow - y bed.

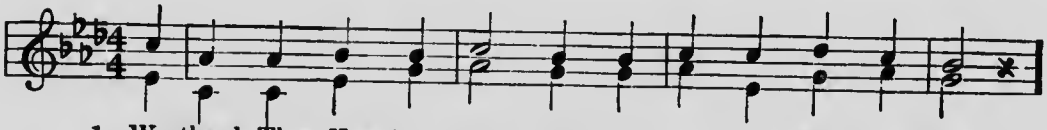


The snow flies fast and cold the blast, I wish the snow would stay!
Come out and play this win - ter day A - mid the fall - ing snow;

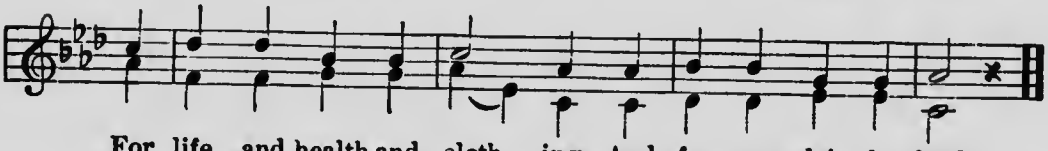


Oh, see it blow! the fall - ing snow Is drift - ing far a - way.
Come, young and old, nor fear the cold Nor howl - ing winds that blow.

WE THANK THEE HEAVENLY FATHER

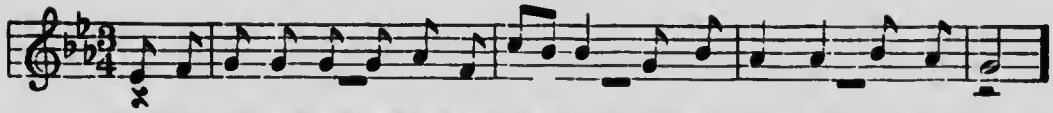


1. We thank Thee, Heav'nly Fa - ther, For ev - 'ry earth - ly good,
2. O give us hearts to thank Thee For ev - 'ry bless - ing sent,



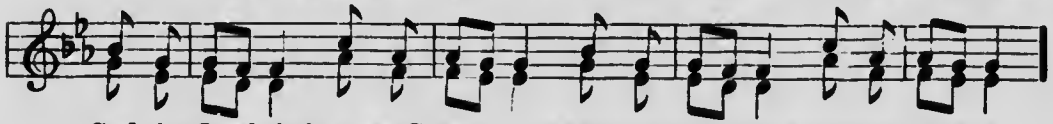
For life and health and cloth - ing, And for our dai - ly food.
And what - ev - er Thou send - est, Make us there - with con - tent.

CAN YOU TELL

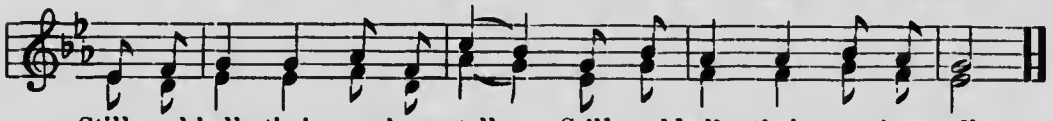


1. Can you tell how many stars are glowing, When the blue sky is un-furled?
2. Can you tell how many, man-y chil-dren, Dai - ly from their beds a - rise?

Can you tell how man-y clouds are go - ing, Fly- ing o - ver all the world?
Can you tell whose great and gen'rous bounty Ev - 'ry dai - ly want supplies?



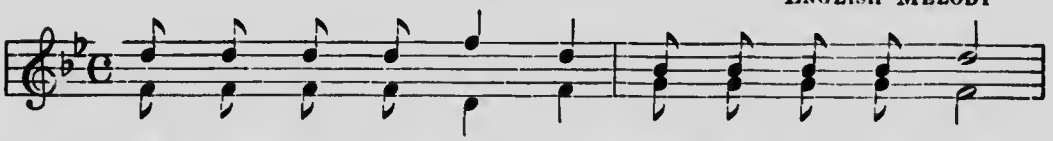
God the Lord, their great Cre-a - tor, Were their numbers millions great-er,
God has made them, God doth see them, And His kind-ness nev-er leaves them.



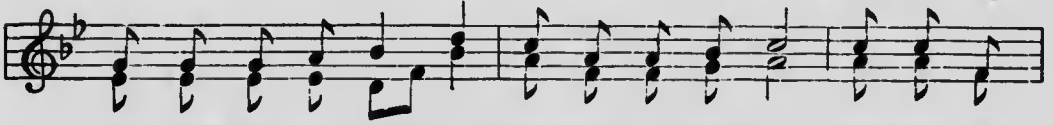
Still could all their numbers tell, Still could all their numbers tell.
Yes, He knows and loves us all, Yes, He knows and loves us all.

SPARKLING IN THE SUNSHINE

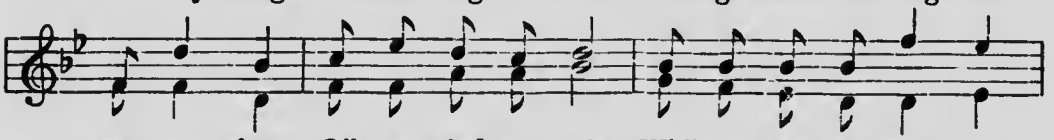
English Melody



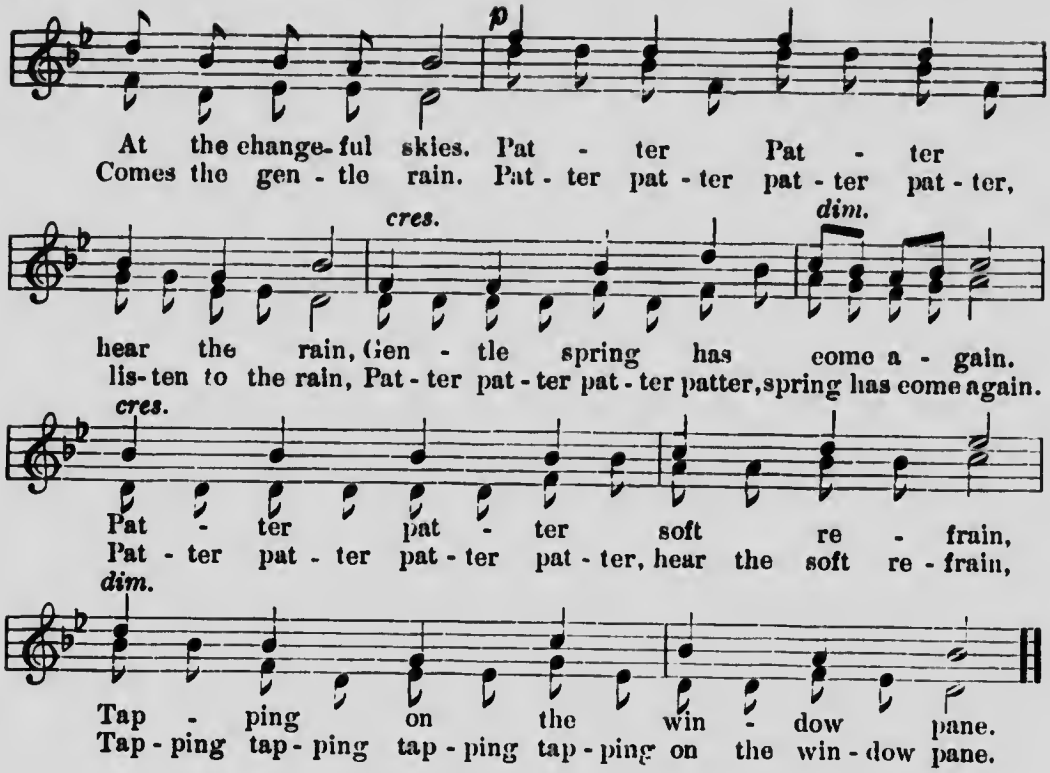
1. Spark - ling in the sun - light, Danc - ing on the hills,
2. Clouds are fly - ing swift - ly, Sun - light break- ing through;



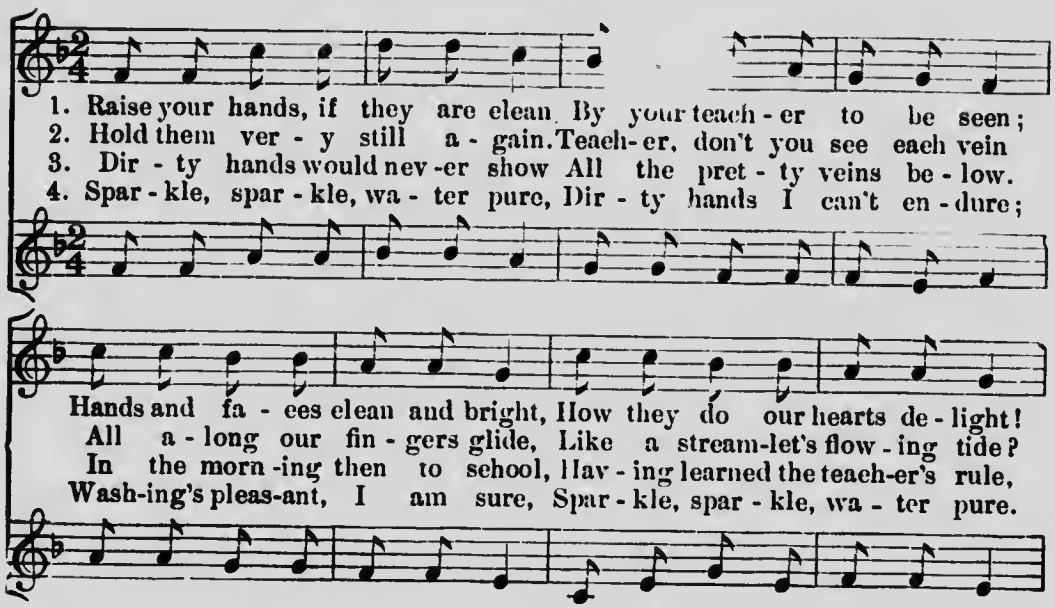
Tap - ping at my win - dow, Sing-ing in the rills, Comes the pleas -
Ev - 'ry thing is shin - ing As with morning dew. Fall- ing on

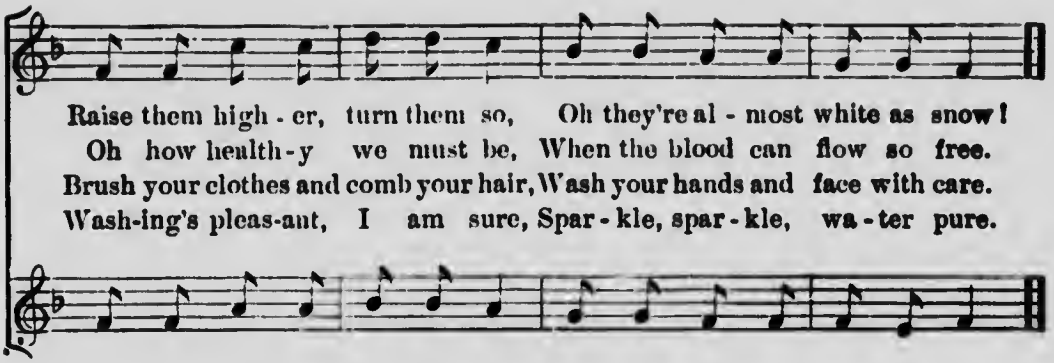


ant sun- shower, Like a glad sur - prise, While I gaze with won - der,
the moun- tain And the fer - tile plain, Giv - ing joy and glad-ness,



RAISE YOUR HANDS

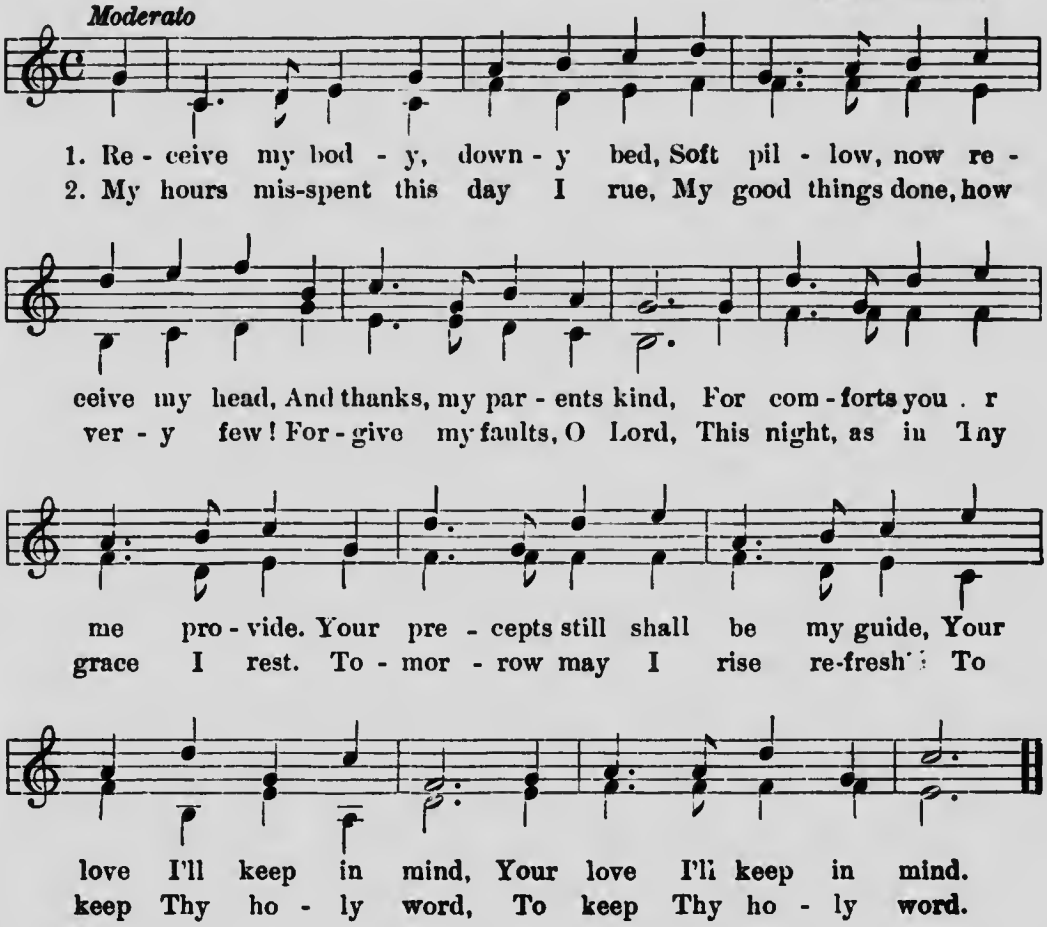




RECEIVE MY BODY

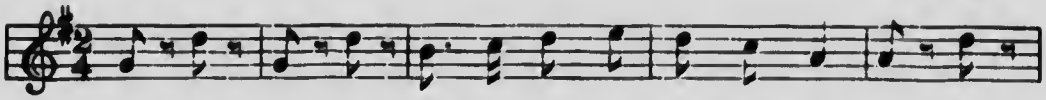
JOHN HULLAH

Moderato



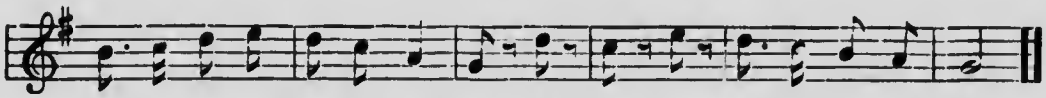
TICK TICK

W. J. R.



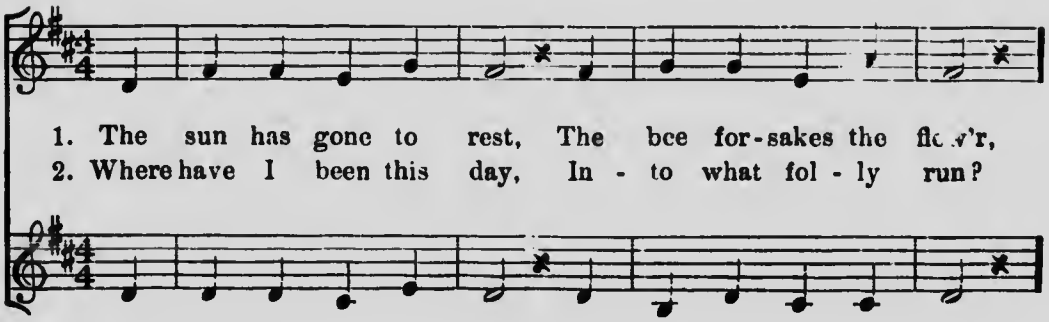
1. Tick! tick! tick! tick! Stead - i - ly the clock goes on, Tic..! tick!
2. Tick! tick! tick! tick! When at morn we gath - er here, Tick! tick!
3. Tick! tick! tick! tick! Anx-ious - ly we watch its face, Tick! tick!
4. Tick! tick! tick! tick! Brave-ly work, old clock, a - way, Tick! tick!

tick! tick! Mark - ing sec - onds one by one; Tick! tick! tick! tick!
tick! tick! 'Tis the first thing that we hear; Tick! tick! tick! tick!
tick! tick! Each im - pa - tient in his place, Tick! tick! tick! tick!
tick! tick Thro' the night and thro' the day; Tick! tick! tick! tick!

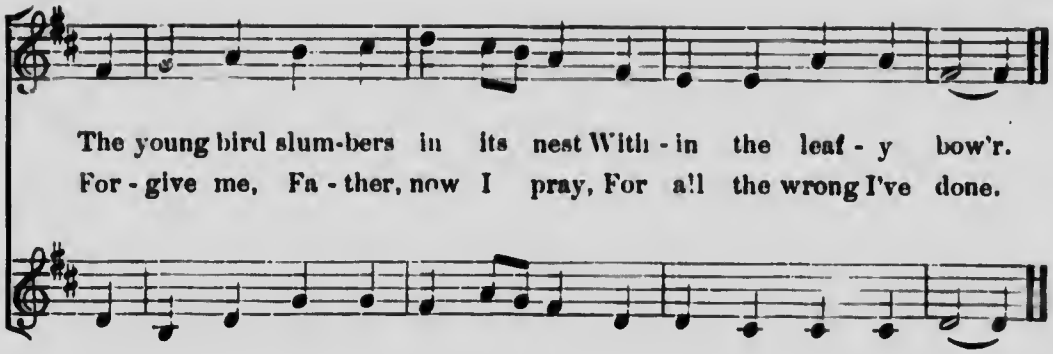


Car - ing not for rain or sun, Tick! tick! tick! tick! Still the clock goes on.
Still it says in accent. 'ar, Tick! tick! tick! tick! it work-eth on.
Till the play-hour comes apace, Tick! tick! tick! tick! And the clock goes on.
Whether we may work or play, Tick! tick! tick! tick! Still, old clock, work on.

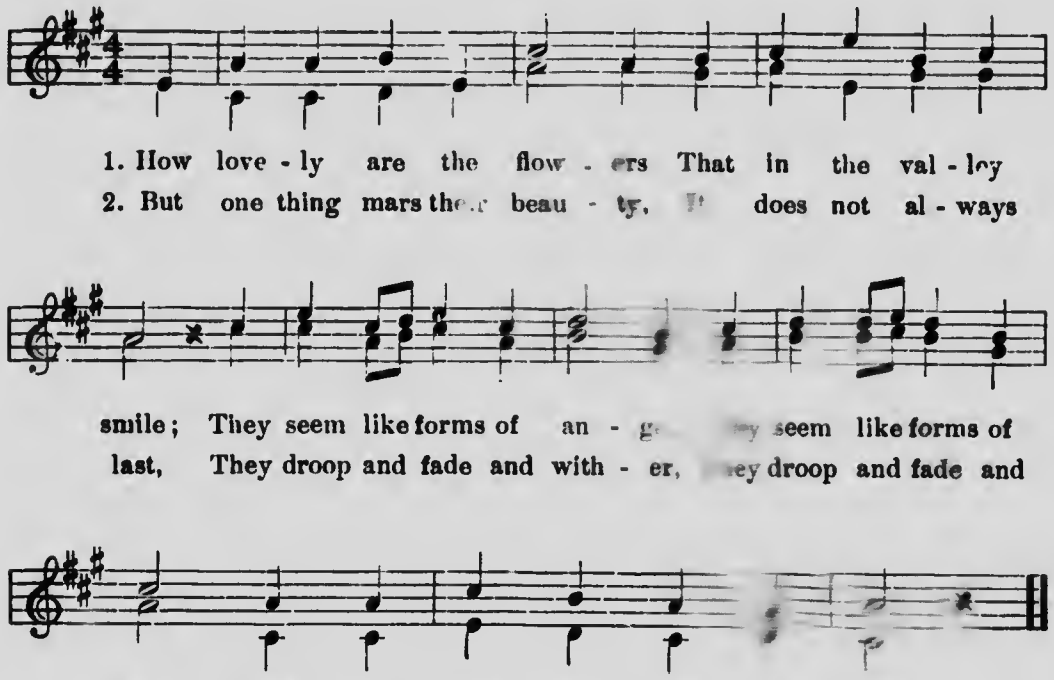
THE SUN HAS GONE TO REST



1. The sun has gone to rest, The bee for-sakes the flo.r'r,
2. Where have I been this day, In - to what fol - ly run?



HOW LOVELY ARE THE FLOWERS

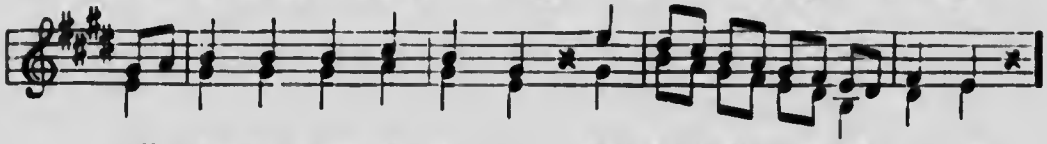


COME LET US ALL BE MERRY

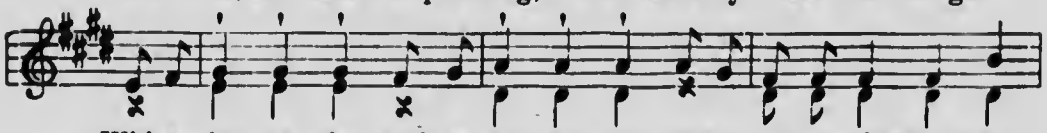
ENGLISH MELODY

Lively

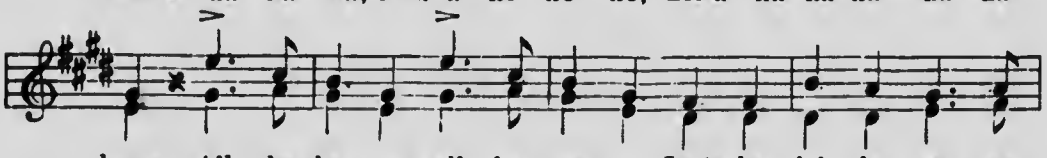
1. Come, let us all be mer - ry, For griev-ing is a fol - ly;
2. A - way with all the tra - ces Of sadness, gloom and sor-row;
3. So when the clouds are low'ring, Then let us laugh the stronger,



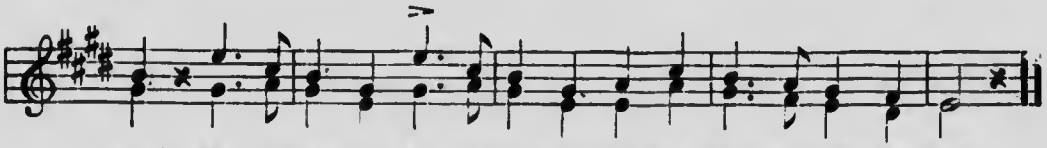
All care and trou-ble bur - y, And while we live be jol - ly.
If we must wear long fa - ces, Let's keep them for the mor-row.
For thus, all care o'er-pow'ring, We'll sure - ly last the lon-ger.



With a ha ha ha, And a ho ho ho, 'Tis a jol - ly old world, you
With a ha ha ha, And a ho ho ho, 'Tis a ha ha ha ha ha

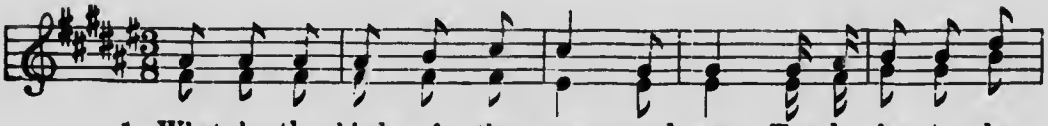


know. All be hap - py, all be mer - ry, Let's be jol - ly as we
ho!

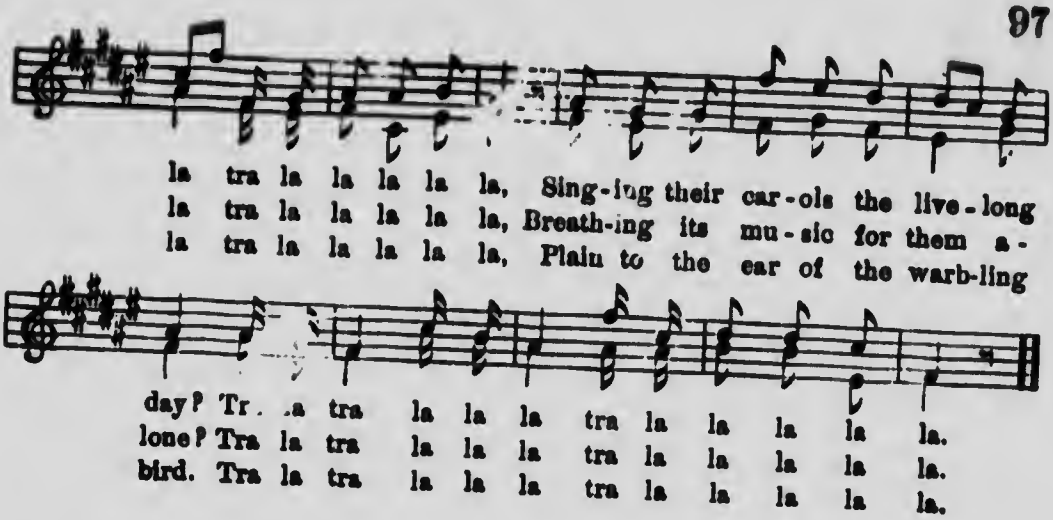


go! All be hap - py, all be mer-ry, brothers all, both friend and foe.

WHAT DO THE BIRDS SAY

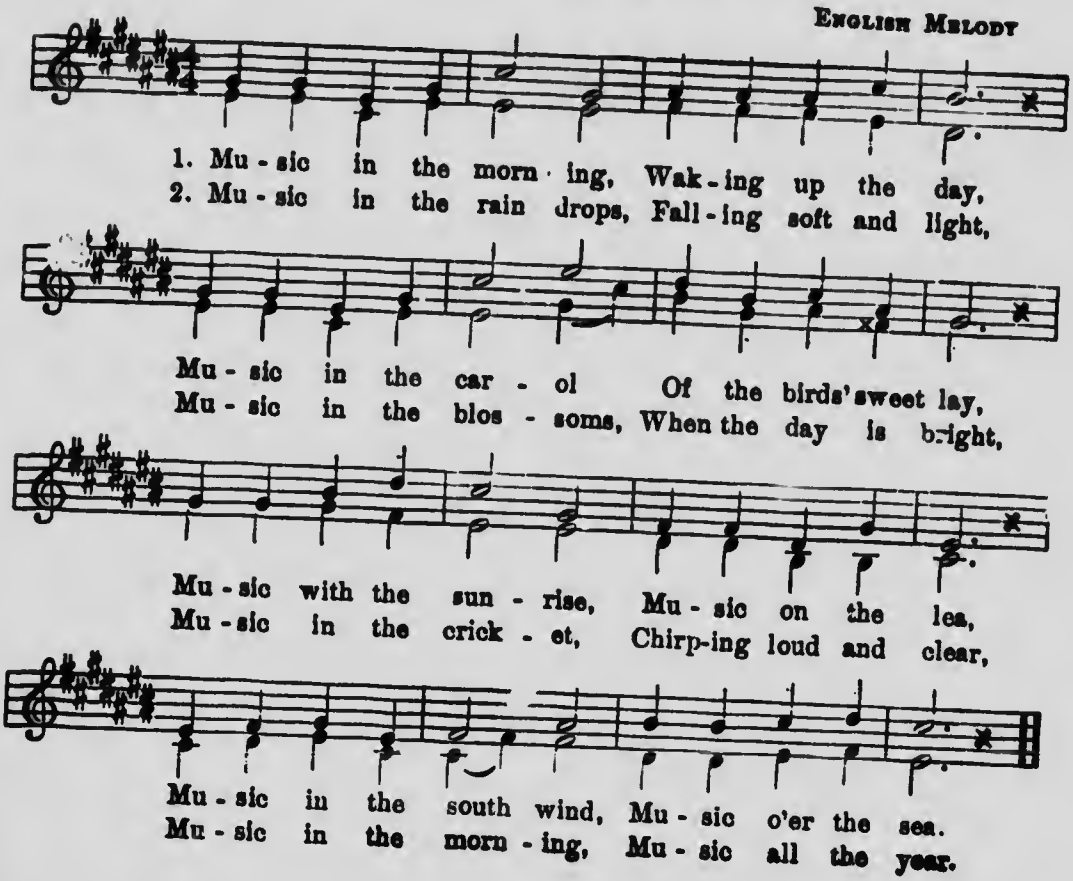


1. What do the birds of the green-wood say, Tra la la tra la
2. Have they a lan-guage, an an-swering tone, Tra la la tra la
3. Yes, there are voi - ces by us un - heard, Tra la la tra la

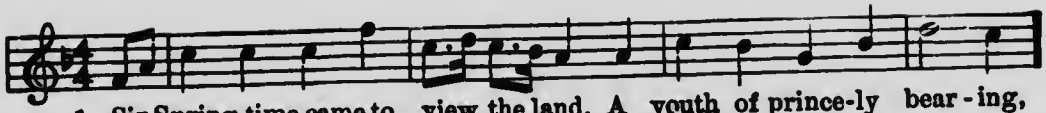


MUSIC IN THE MORNING

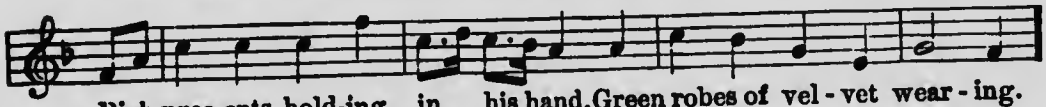
English Melody



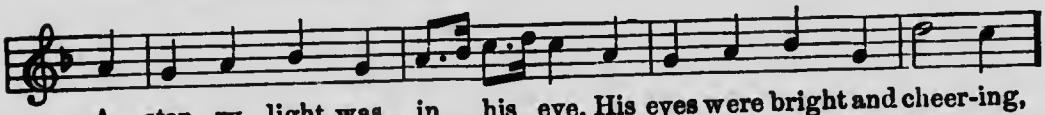
SIR SPRING-TIME



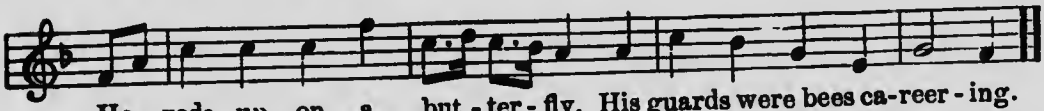
1. Sir Spring-time came to view the land, A youth of prince-ly bear - ing,
2. He gazed a - round him as he stood, On vale and woodland hill - y,
3. His breath perfumed the soft - ened air, His hands with gifts ran o - ver,



Rich pres-ents hold-ing in his hand, Green robes of vel - vet wear - ing.
He looked up - on the leaf - less wood, All des - o - late and chill - y.
He brought the birds, the blos-soms fair, Sweet li - lies, scent-ed clo - ver.

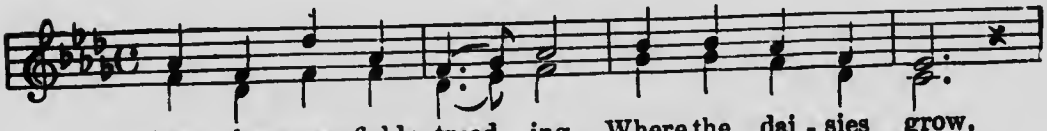


A star - ry light was in his eye, His eyes were bright and cheer-ing,
"'Tis here" said he, "I'll make a stay And change this scene of sor - row;
The sunshine streamed a - round his head, The clouds and winds were scattered,

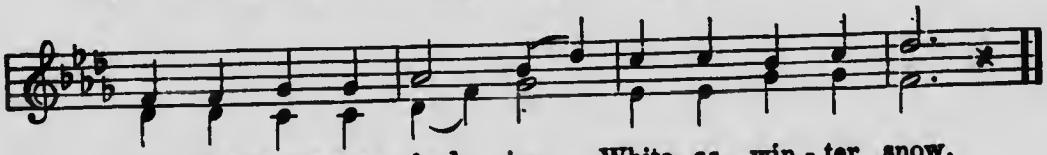


He rode up - on a but - ter - fly, His guards were bees ca-reer - ing.
The land-scape bleak and bare to - day Shall glow with life to - mor-row."
Where si-lence dwelt a - mong the dead, Gay voi - ces sang and chat-tered.

O'ER THE GREEN FIELDS



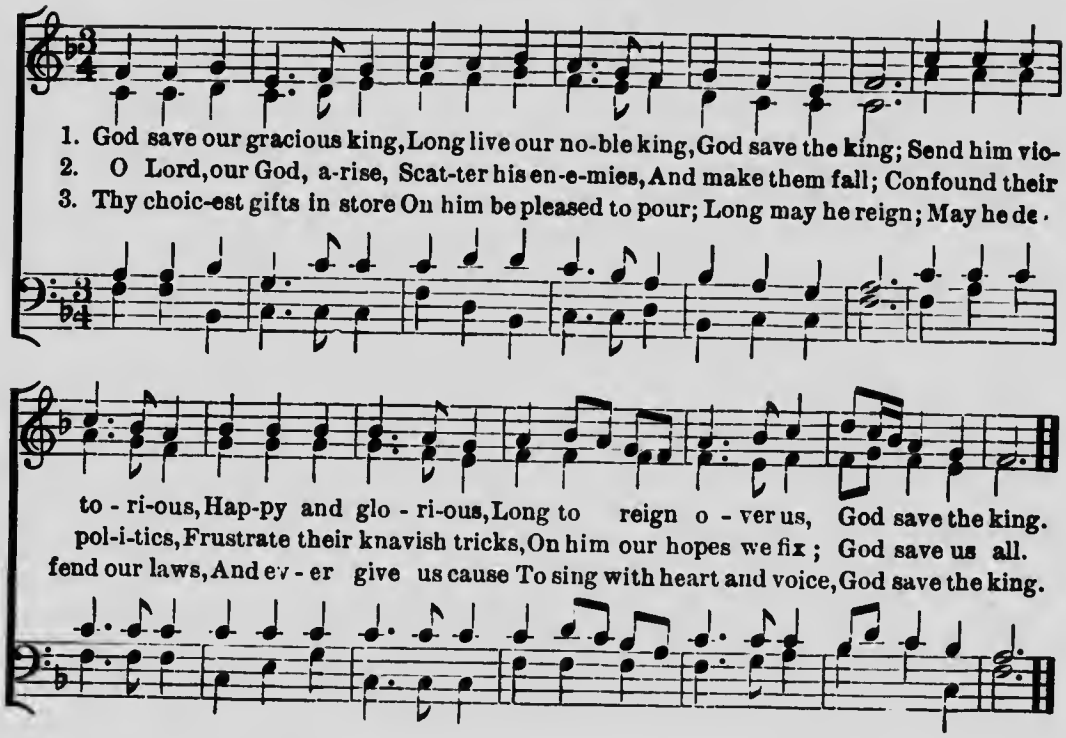
1. O'er the green fields tread - ing, Where the dai - sies grow,
2. O'er the mead-ows stray - ing, Frisk-ing joy - ful - ly,



Lit - tle lambs are feed - ing, White as win - ter snow.
Lit - tle lambs are play - ing, Full of life and glee.

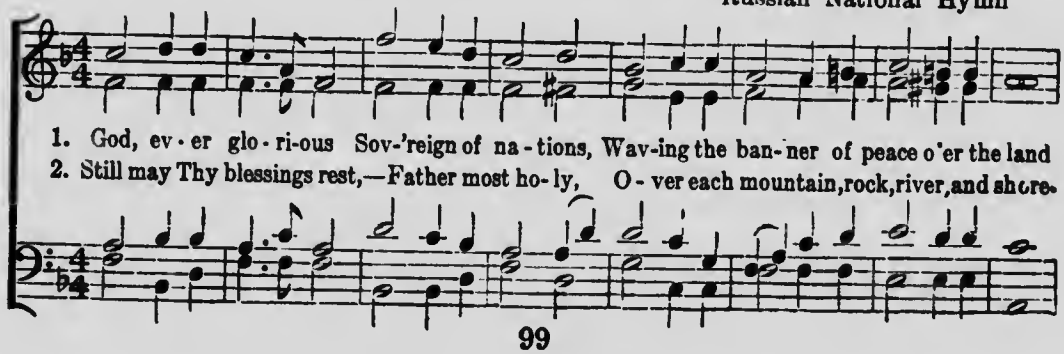
ASSEMBLY SELECTIONS

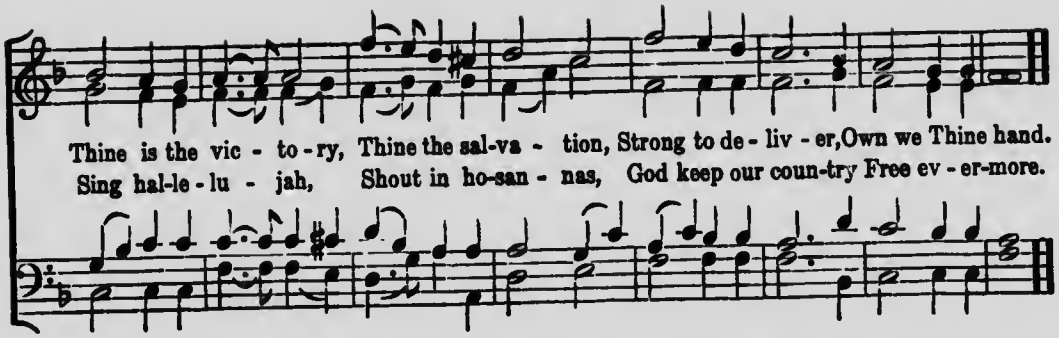
GOD SAVE THE KING



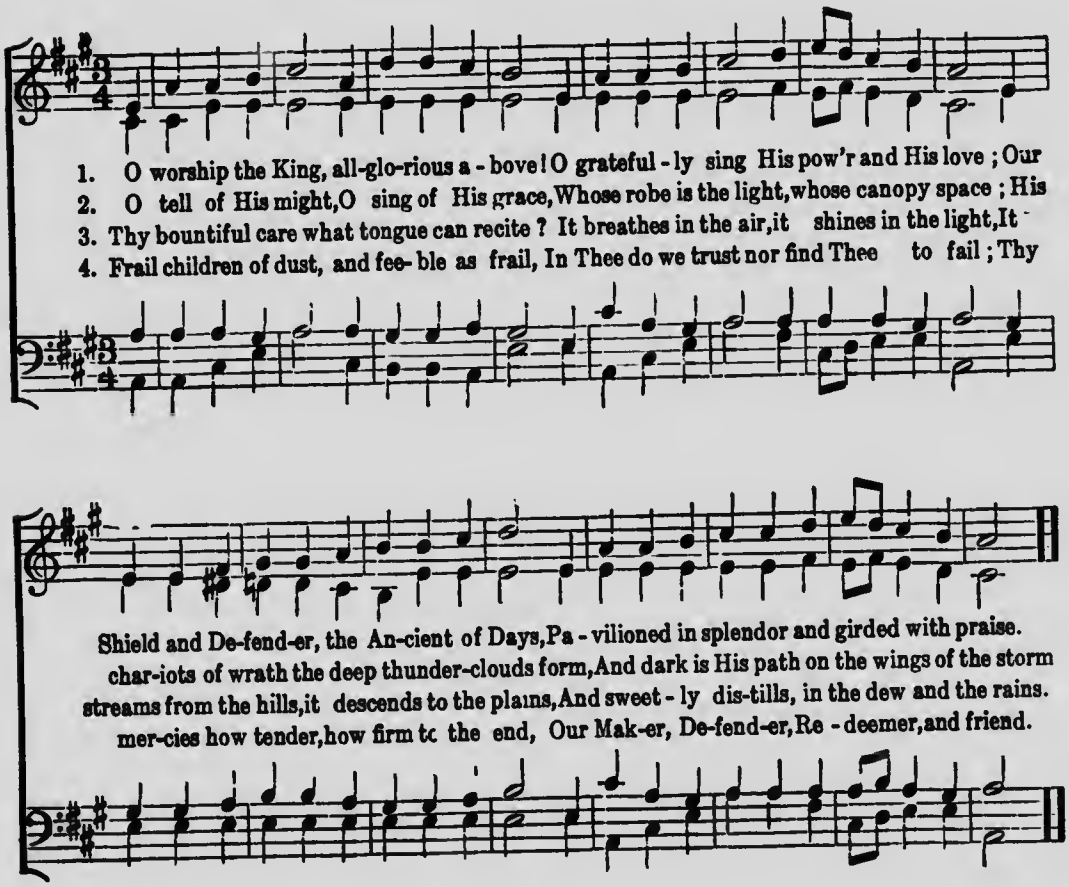
GOD EVER GLORIOUS

Russian National Hymn





O WORSHIP THE KING



A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

We'll sing at St. Anu's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The

cres - cen - do dim. *f* *sf* *f*

f *cres.* *dim* *f* *sf*

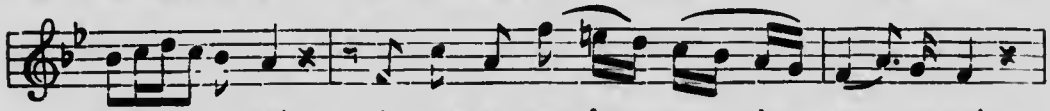
ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

f *cres.* *dim.* *f* *sf*

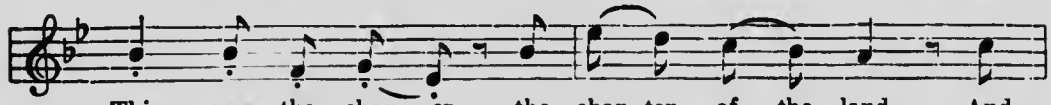
RULE, BRITANNIA

J. Thomson — Dr. Arne

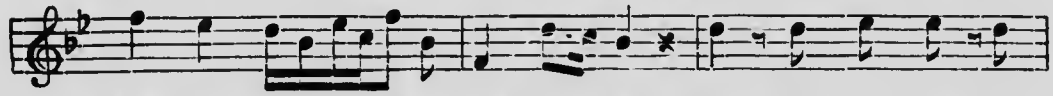
1. When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A- rose . . . . . from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in . . . . . their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their . . . . . attempts to



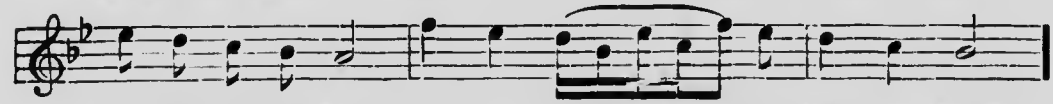
az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



This was the char - ter, the char- ter of the land. And
While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flou - rish, great and free, The
As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And

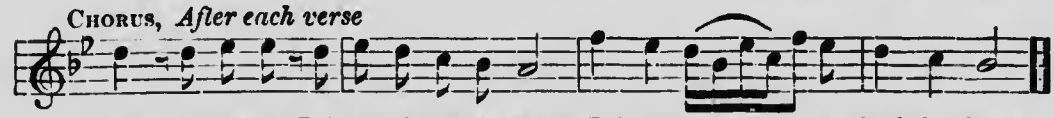


guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

Chorus, *After each verse*



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;
‖: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; :‖
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore encircles thine. Cho.

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,
‖: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; :‖
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho.

THE MARSEILLAISE

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-iads bid you rise.
2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
3. With lux-u -ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in - sa- tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires hoa- ry,
The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing,
Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded,

Behold their tears and hear their cries,
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries;
And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze.
To mete and vend the light and air

Shall hateful ty-rants mis- chief-
And shall we base-ly view the
Like beasts of bur- den would they

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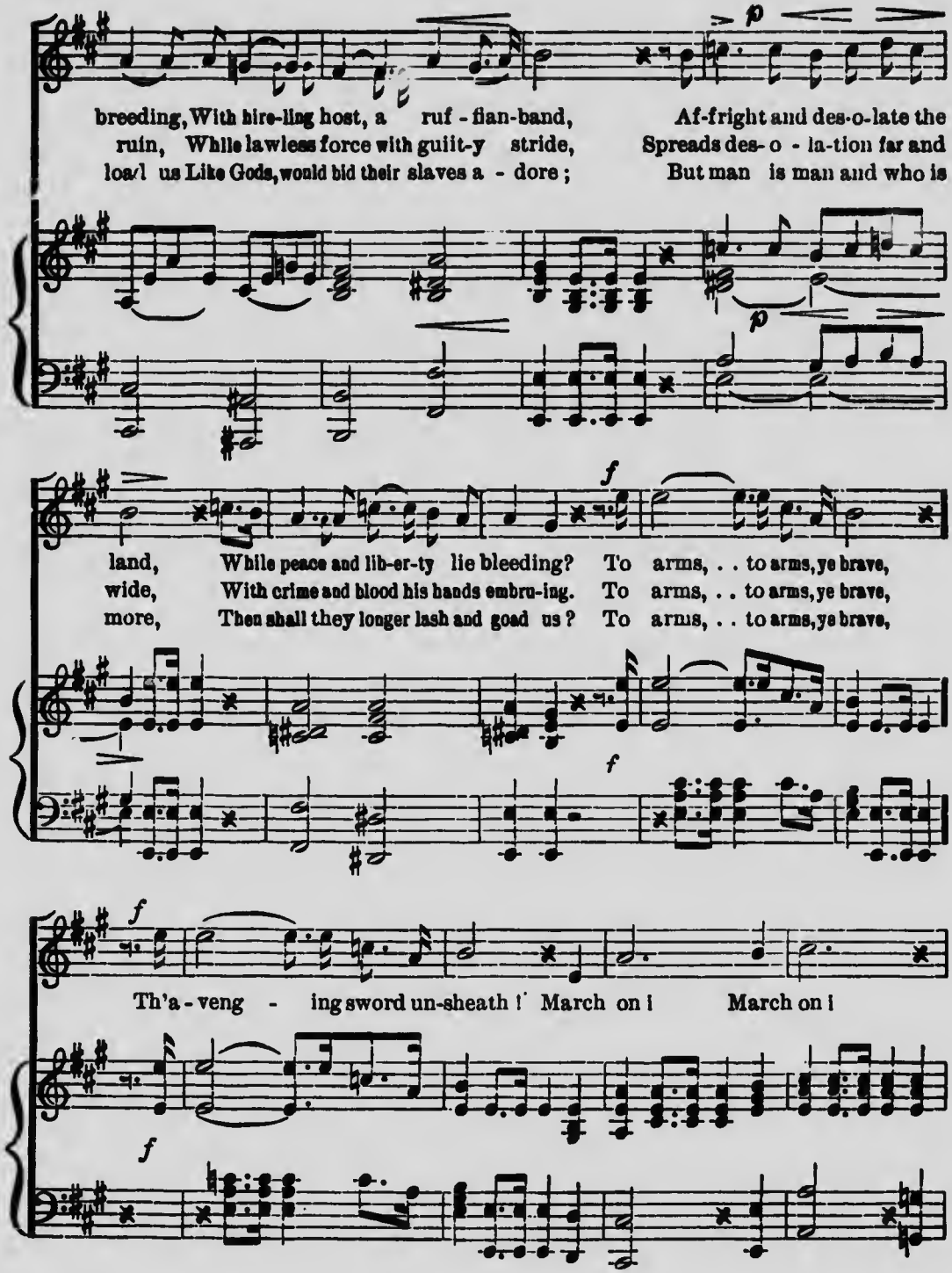
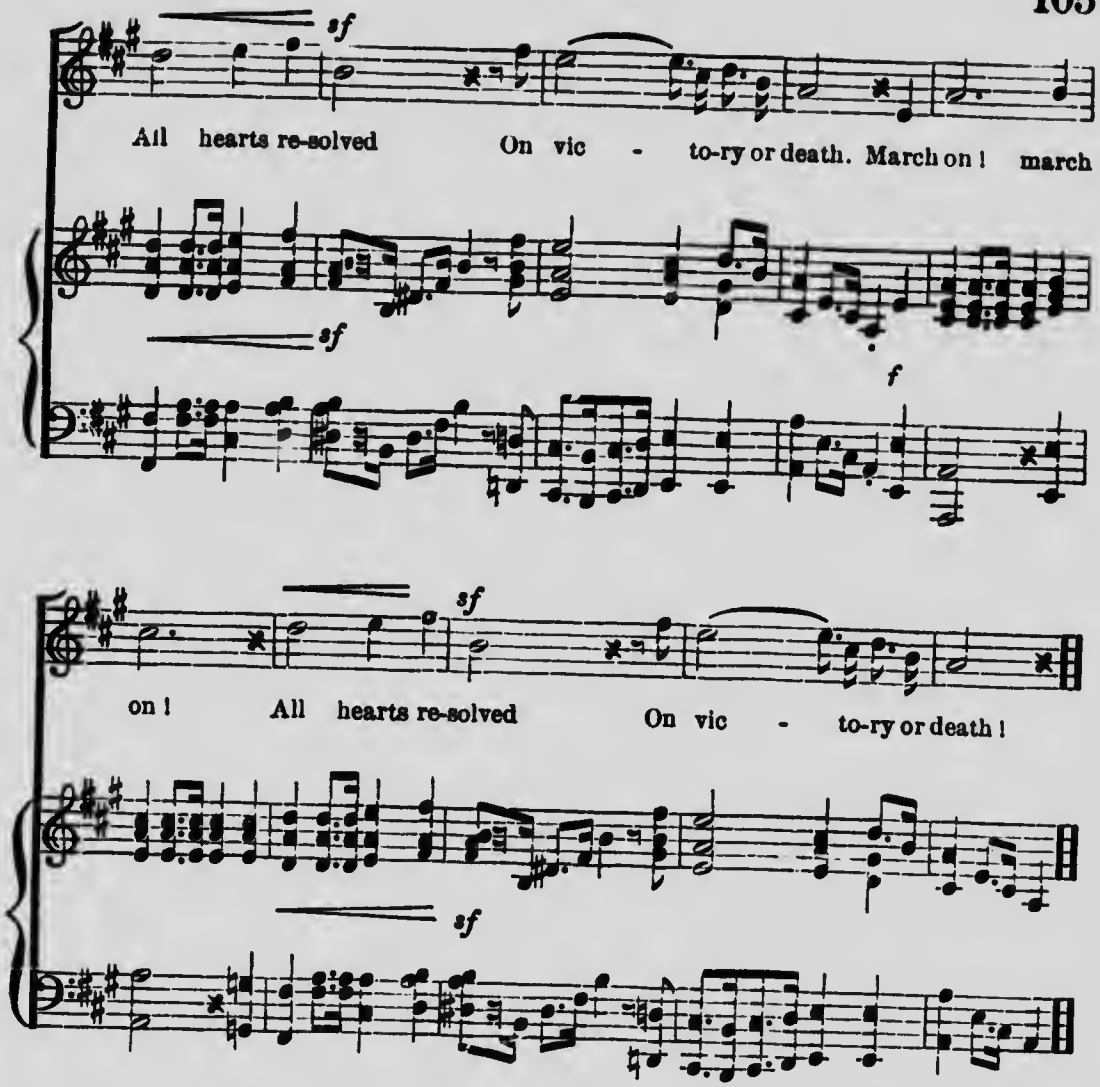

breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des- o - la-tion far and
load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore; But man is man and who is
land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath! March on! March on!



4 O Liberty! can Man resign thee?
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee?
‖: Or whips thy noble spirit tame? :‖
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms, etc.

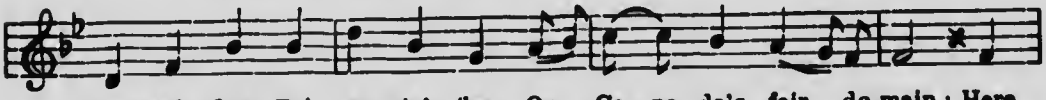
5 May patriot love and friendship glowing
Still be the aim to which we aspire.
May each spirit ever be lighted
‖: With the flame they both can inspire. :‖
All may be won; be but united,
Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet;
No more then Frenchmen will repeat
That dread cry which hath our land affrighted!
To arms, etc.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

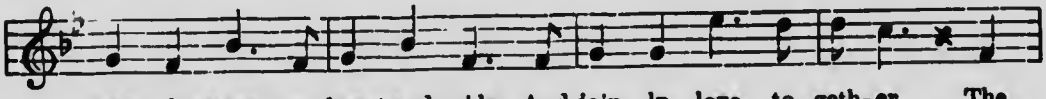
ALEXANDER MUIR

Con spirito

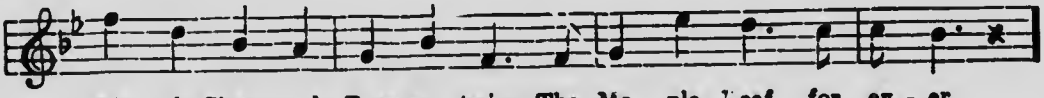
1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Lun-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-main; Here
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no-bly died; And

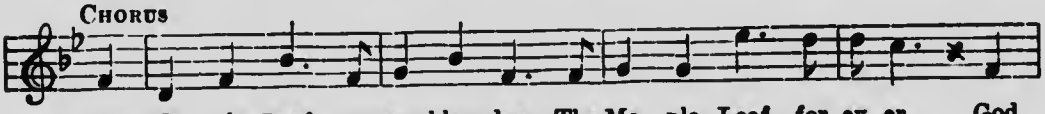


may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our

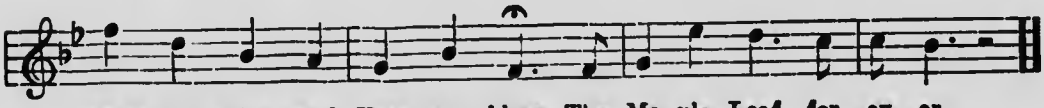


This-tle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.
watch-word ev-er more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

CHORUS



The Ma-ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er, God



save our King and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er.

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

4 On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

"BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN"

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri - tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
2. When war with its wide des-o - la-tion, Now threatened the land to de - form, The

mf *fz* *fz*

shrine of the sailor's de - vo-tion, There's none can com-pare un - to thee! Thy
ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri - tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

fz

man-dates make he - roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo - ry in view, Thy
lau - rels of vic - to -ry round her, When so no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim;

fz

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

fz *fz*

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

mp *fz* *mp* *f*

The Army and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

cres. *fz* *fz*

f *fz* *ff*

O CANADA! OUR FATHERS' LAND OF OLD

CHANT NATIONAL

The Honorable Judge Routhier

C. Leavalles
Arr. by Dr. T. B. Richardson

Maestoso e risoluto

f

poco rit.

a tempo

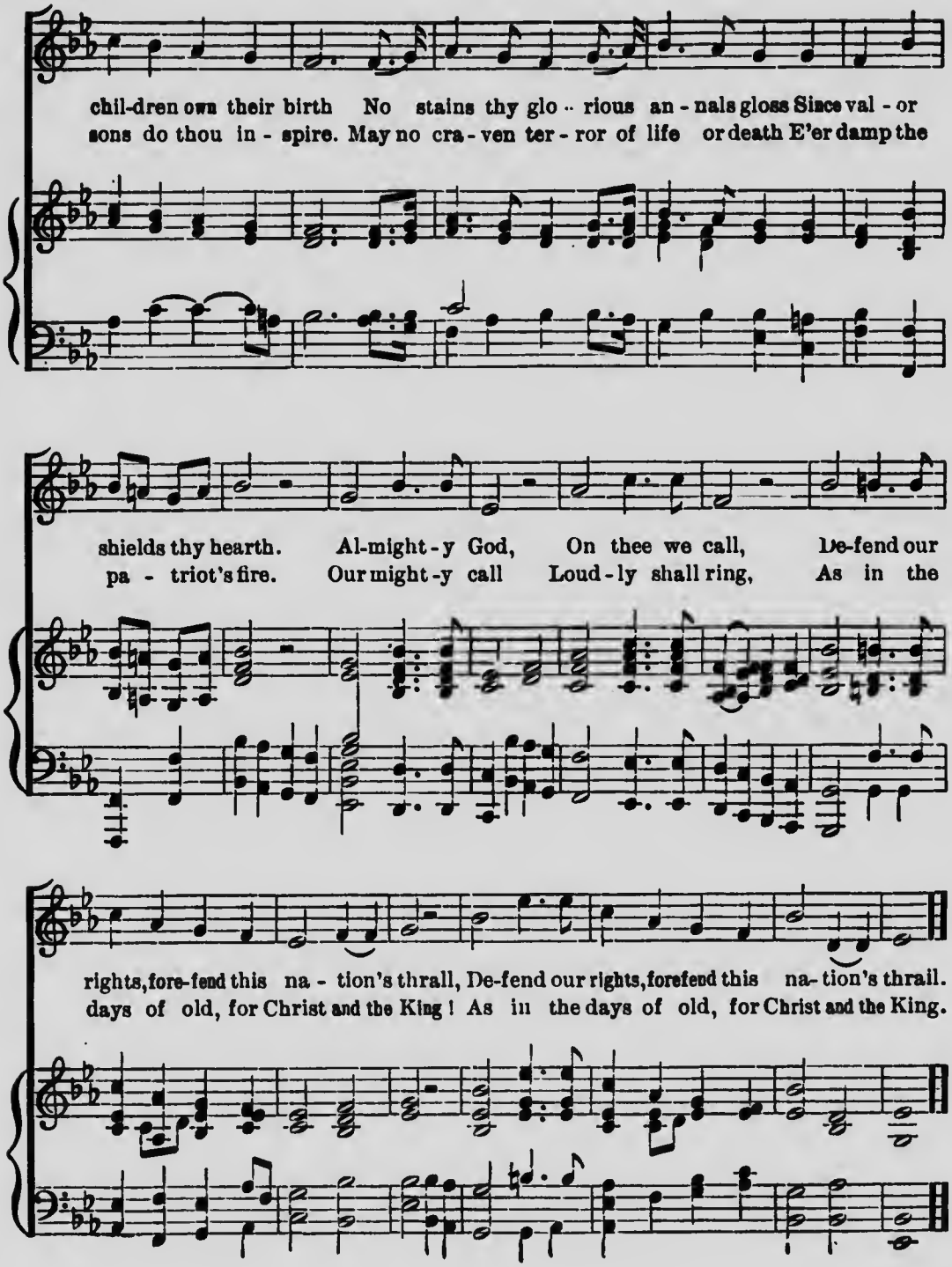
1. O Can-a-da! Our fa-thers' land of old, Thy brow is crown'd with
2. Al-tar and throne command our sa-cred love, And man-kind to us shall

a tempo

p

leaves of red and gold. Be-neath the shade of the Ho-ly cross, Thy
ev-er broth-ers prove. O King of Kings, with Thy might-y breath All our

p


chil-dren own their birth No stains thy glo - rious an - nals gloss Since val - or
sons do thou in - spire. May no cra - ven ter - ror of life or death E'er damp the
shields thy hearth. Al-might - y God, On thee we call, De-fend our
pa - triot's fire. Our might - y call Loud - ly shall ring, As in the
rights, fore-fend this na - tion's thrall, De-fend our rights, forefend this na- tion's thrail.
days of old, for Christ and the King! As in the days of old, for Christ and the King.